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The Road To Paris

*Being the Chronicle of a
Three-Months Holiday
in France and Italy*

By

MICHAEL MONAHAN

Author of "An Attic Dreamer", "Nova
Hibernia", "Adventures in Life and
Letters", "Heinrich Heine", etc.

Illustrated

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NICHOLAS L. BROWN
1925

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TO GEORGE GORDON MOORE

My dear George:

I do myself the honor to write your name on this page.

In spite of our somewhat militaristic-sounding title, you will be glad that I am not offering a belated war-book and thereby adding to the crimes of literature. It is true that

incedo per ignes

Suppositos cineri doloso,

or in other words, the subject at times becomes quite temerarious. But I assure you the peace of nations is never broken in these pages, no racial prejudices are played to or flattered, no hatreds stimulated, no blood shed save that of the grape, and no belligerency shown except toward the foes of liberty and haters of honest pleasure who unfortunately give the law in our country to-day.

While my book is largely conceived in love and admiration of France, to which twenty-five of the thirty-six chapters are dedicated, and while it is Francophil *sans* reservation, nevertheless it avoids post-bellum prejudice generally and is without a trace of Germanophobia—I have said it is not a war-book!

Finally, this book will serve to remind you of those *noctes cenaque deum* under your tall roof when, surrounded by Beauty and Wit, we discussed not a few of the subjects treated in the following pages. It will I fear be dryer work in the reading than we made of the talk; but it is your Celtic privilege to supply the mental Falernian that helps to brighten the dullest author.

Your sincere

MICHAEL MONAHAN

New York, November 1, 1924.

WITH the exception of two or three obvious or duly accredited quotations, the Author blushingly acknowledges as his own the various verses—"unlicked, incondite things"—scattered throughout the following pages. In view of his normally prosaic course he trusts that his admired young friends the *vers-libristes* will not be too hard upon a veteran, necessarily committed to the ancient idols.

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THE ROAD TO PARIS

PRELUDE

THE road to Paris goes many a mile,
Ah, many a mile and away,
And back it runs to more genial suns
And the dawn of Youth's bright day,
When with Dumas *père* and his Mousquetaire
I rushed to my first Romance,
And by Fancy led, was swiftly sped
To the wondrous land of France.

Then older grown, it was still the same,
For ever that road ran on,
And when Dumas's light was dimmed in night,
The star of Hugo shone.
With Jean Valjean to the prison pen,
Fantine to the cold world's ban;
Then searched the sea with Gilliatt free,
And fought for the Rights of Man!

Another change, and the lad is come
With a leap to manhood's hour;
Yet ever that road through his dreams hath flowed,
Luring him on to power.
And star after star shines forth to lead
The wanderer on his way,
Till the heights are won with the risen sun
Of Balzac's glorious day!

So rises the star that has led me far
With its magic sweet and sage,
And soon shall I hear the summons clear
To start on my pilgrimage.
Come, friend!—are you for the road with me
To follow the gleam to-night?—
The Road to Paris, across the sea,
And the Land of men's delight!

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST PERSON

A Belated Tour and Why Belated—The Author's Reasons for Traveling.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"
—*Rime of the Ancient Mariner.*

GENIAL and tolerant is the character I chiefly desire for the Second Person or Courteous Accostee or Gentle Reader, who is to accompany me on this individual tour and share with due philosophy in the luck of the road.

On the other hand, I am bound to give some account of *myself*, some hint of my prospectus in order to interest him in the following chronicle and secure the promise of his companionship to the end. I therefore begin on a note of personal confidence.

Imprimis, I shall not attempt in the course of this book to lift any of the hard-earned laurels of Baedeker and his ilk. In other words, I am not proposing to write a Guide-Book—perish the thought! I went to Europe mainly to enjoy myself, and I avoided no fair occasion of doing so—I may even have taken a chance or two (Think'st

thou, O Puritan, that there shall be no more cakes and ale?—thou wilt think again, or I'm no prophet!). Now I should like the aforesaid genial and tolerant reader to share these good times with me in retrospect. Believe me, I am not hugging to my guilty bosom any more serious or malign purpose.

Of course he will do wisely to model a tour upon mine, for to some extent I am a pathfinder and explorer.

Bien entendu, when I spoke just now of enjoyment I meant *rational* enjoyment, which comprehends the noblest objects of foreign travel, *i.e.*, the visiting of great cities, the viewing of historic monuments, public structures, museums, works of art, etc., as well as the lower but still estimable pleasures of good eating and drinking.

The last named was not to be had easily, under color of law, without great cost or recourse to vexatious and unseemly subterfuge, when I sailed from these shores in July, 1922. I did not, however, acknowledge this to myself as even a minor reason for my trip:—in Paris I found that it is regarded as the major and *compelling* one with most Americans during the last few years, *i.e.*, since the enactment of Prohibition. I will admit that it may have figured *subconsciously* as one of my own motives, but certainly the thought of foreign drink to be had *ad lib.*, imparted no unholy rapture to my breast.

Yet I had a normal thirst, long suppressed or but indifferently slaked from time to time; and like the majority of my intelligent countrymen, I was in revolt against the stupid Prohibition laws

which have disgraced us before the world and in particular made "American liberty" a by-word and a hissing unto the nations! And I was curious to see for myself how the old countries managed to worry along and hold their priority in so many great things without subjecting themselves to a like restraint. Finally, since Freedom had fled from our shores seaward, it occurred to me that the unknown poet who named ocean the Great Drink, was not without inspiration and a neat turn for prophecy.

But why (the genial and tolerant reader may smilingly put in) make such a fuss about so commonplace a matter as a summer trip to Europe? Is it not within the compass of anyone that can raise a few hundred dollars? Have the newspapers—and now, God help us, the Wireless—left so much as a shred of romance about it? What are the lanes of ocean to-day and the stately ships that thread their course therein, but an extension of those arrogant avenues of New York, London or Paris where dwell capriciously the sons and daughters of Plutus, the celebration of whose idle doings, their dubious gallantries amongst the rest, makes the chief glory of Journalism? Know you not how old Polyphloisbos is degraded to the posture of a press-agent and hath no nobler function than to herald the triumphs of the international Climber, Dollarocrat and Snob? Hath not even the august mystery of the Sea yielded to the overpowering vulgarity of this sham-ridden generation? Go to, then!—what can you bring from your little voyage, sentimental no doubt and so long after Sterne!—

that shall escape the taint of the universal *ennui* which the vulgarized ocean spreads round the world? . . .

In all this, assuredly, there is but too much truth; yet we shall not despair of our present task, which is to discover Europe to the individual soul of the reader, even as it was discovered to the individual soul of the writer.

And faith, now that I think of it, this strikes me as a sufficiently large order. Well, here goes at any rate! and let us beware of false modesty no less than false courage—either will bring an author to grief in a shorter journey than we are about to undertake.

I have imagined the genial and tolerant reader demurring that my little three-months' tour of Europe was hardly worth while making a fuss or a book about. But right here we must have a clear explanation and a solid mutual understanding, if we are to have any good of each other, any profit of our peregrinations in company.

The fact is, this so-called "little tour" was the most *important* event and the first day of July (1922) the GREATEST DAY in my life! You cannot go along with me unless you get a firm hold on this primary statement, with a ken of its necessary implications.

Observe, it was my *first trip* to Europe, and I had been waiting, consciously waiting and longing for it more than thirty years. Now you can't minimize a thing that has been held so long in expectation—it is bound to grow ever the larger and the more desirable. Why didn't I go before? Kind

sir, I never had the wherewithal; or if I had it for a brief interval I feared to use it that way, the liabilities being always such, etc. Then there were many years when I was not so much afraid to go as to leave others behind whom I could not afford to take along. And so the time went by, "remorselessly" as the fine writers say, and I was perforce content to learn of Europe from my books and the romancers of the cable; to translate the language of Paris and to abandon hope of seeing it, save in the pages of my favorite French authors. Europe was always *there*, at any rate; that was a solid, abiding satisfaction, and feeling that it could not get away handily, I came at length to view my eternally deferred Odyssey with a sort of dull renunciation, at least without active desire or regret. When the chance fell to me at last—quite unexpected, almost undreamed of—I was amazed that it could be done so easily; the wall wasn't near so high that I had been magnifying all those years!

So much I will confess in order that the reader may not class my trip with such trivial excursions as are negotiated through a magazine circulation contest or something of the sort. I paid full price in every way for mine, and the reader will agree that the heaviest part of the price was the years I had to wait. But in truth I didn't give a thought to *that* when finally I held in my hands the coveted pasteboards, and said to myself: "*The Road to Paris*—what a corking title for a book!"

In that moment, dear reader, it was appointed that you and I should meet on this page. Inscrut-

able is the end of all journeying by land or sea;
and what peregrination is so wondrous as that of
the printed word? . . .

CHAPTER II.

EN VOYAGE

*Taxing the Traveler—"Hands across the Sea"—
Rules of the Road—The Good Ship Lorraine—
How to avoid Mal de Mer—Celebrating at
the Three-mile Limit—A Message from
Liberty.*

THE finest thing about a sea voyage, as doubtless in regard to most pleasurable experiences, is the anticipation; this the annoyances incident to preparation and even the harassing red tape of the passport regulations, etc., are quite impotent to spoil or unedge. As for the last mentioned nuisance, which I resented most of all—some of the rigors of war-time still adhering to it—it bore hardly upon me because I had the misfortune (in this respect, at least) to be born in Ireland; and I was obliged to produce my father's citizenship papers, duly acquired some fifty years previously! The expense of getting certified copies from a distant city, the various fees and railroad journeys incident to the same, quite undeceived me as to the cost of my holiday beginning only at the dock. It may be right enough in Uncle Sam to tax his children who go abroad for their pleasure and thereby withdraw some money from the country; but I fail to perceive the logic of a

foreign Consul charging for a *visé* when we propose to spend this money in *his* country. The only excuse offered is that which has become so popular since the War—"You see they need the money!" Herein is a version of "hands across the sea" which seemed no more agreeable to me than to another.

And those extended hands, how they accompany you across the ocean and through all your wayfaring in strange places, among foreign peoples—pleading, beseeching, coaxing, wheedling, demanding, nay, threatening, now for the love of God, and again mayhap for the good of your health, if you be indifferent wise!—Not all of the same pattern either—hands ringed, white and delicate that proffer a petition like an accolade; hands muscular and of all shades of grimness that ill brook a denial; hands of age and hands of youth, hands that know toil and hands that would fain avoid it or any honest duty, deserving hands and oftener maybe undeserving ones:—these and such like shall claim no small part of your time and thought in foreign lands. And of your money, of course. This reflection may be premature and out of place here, but since it has slipped from me I add a counsel from my experience: Better give *something* always, and pass on your way; 'tis the toll of Cerberus which you may not evade often, without pain and humiliation (I still feel along my spine the malison which an evil old hag in Rome hurled after me because, having no small change, I had left her empty-handed).

Above all, never attempt to lecture foreign men-

dicancy in the tone of an American "uplifter"—there are not a few regions where the same might evoke a knife-thrust!

I will close this topic with a trite remark: we need money in every situation in life—never more than when traveling in foreign countries. Add a surplus to the most carefully devised budget; nothing so conduces to peace of mind.

My ship was *La Lorraine* of the French Line, and the trip was one of the last made by that noble vessel; she was presently relegated to some inferior service after a record of thirty years as a passenger ship; a ripe age, it would seem, for a boat of her class. I had no fault to find with her; not being absurdly young myself I was perhaps indulgent to seniority; she might have stayed on longer with my full consent.

Our crossing in almost a straight line from New York to Havre occupied just nine days—a novena of sheer delight to at least one passenger. This is reckoned slow going by expeditious globe-trotters. It was speedy enough for me. As it fortunately happened, our passage was marked by no accident of any sort, under perfect conditions of weather; wind and wave throughout being on their best behavior. There was very little *mal de mer* amongst the passengers, and I myself, though of the utterly unseasoned sort, escaped the usual tribute to Neptune.

Perhaps I may ascribe my immunity—if the "dry" reader will permit—to a judicious use of the excellent wines furnished at table *gratis* by the French Line Company. These were mainly white

and red Bordeaux. One drank them with the greater gusto, reflecting upon the enormous price which very questionable wines were at that moment fetching in New York. There was a Bar with a "cozy" at either end of the ship, where beer and other drinks could be had at a reasonable tariff. Patronage of both Bars was brisk throughout the voyage, but I did not observe any drunkenness or unseemly conduct, such as our "dry" advocates impute to the use of alcoholics in any form or degree. Certain it is that the voyage would have been far less enjoyable were there lacking the potent aids of the Buffet and Sideboard. Whatever calamities the future may bring, one can be sure that "dry" crossings will never be tolerated. Needless to say, both Bars were crowded at the Three-mile Limit, and confusion to Prohibition was drunk on the dot amid great hilarity and enthusiasm. Total strangers slapped each other on the back and even embraced in their mutual revolt against the intolerance we were leaving behind. Friendships on shipboard are proverbially easy in the making, for they usually terminate with the voyage; but I have never known so potent a factor in bringing strangers together and dissolving conventional restraints, as a common hatred of Prohibition. Certainly it was the most vivid form in which American patriotism exhibited itself during our nine days on the Lorraine.

A few persons of ungenial aspect held aloof from the vinous celebration described, and looked on with frowning disapproval. They were, however, careful to refrain from open censure or criticism

—at the moment it would have been highly perilous to affront the majority sentiment. As it was, their shrugs and grimaces passed unnoticed of the crowd, who were joyously assuaging a long-accumulated thirst.

One of the dissidents, a tall, hard-featured, ministerial person, and as I learned afterward, prominent in the Anti-Saloon League councils of the Middle-West, remarked to a companion of similar views—I was near enough to catch the words:

“It is perfectly scandalous—flagrantly outrageous indeed! Had I foreseen such a thing I never would have booked on this boat. But we’ll put a stop to this boozing of Americans on the high seas—a high-rolling lot, aren’t they? How *can* we? We’ll have a law enacted forbidding them to take passage in any ships selling or giving away intoxicants. And then the French Line will have to dry up or quit business.”

“A law!” I said to myself, “always a new law or engine of oppression for these Janizaries of a pleasure-hating God! Thank goodness, it won’t be effective for this trip!”

I should add that the ladies, a full complement in our list of four hundred-odd passengers, were by no means chary in the demonstrations above referred to. Also I noticed very few that abstained from wine at table, and as we were a fairly representative lot of Americans, I asked myself in wonderment (not for the first time) how the Great Stupidity had come to pass! . . .

Altogether, the fast receding Goddess of Liberty must have been pleased with us, since she too hails

from France where liberty is far better understood; and I dare say she followed our course with longing and regret. I trust we inspired her with hope that she would not soon be supplanted by a horrible effigy of the conquering Puritan who has dried up the land.

My sleep that night was broken with dreams of the Goddess, and in the morning I found these verses ready-made in my head, as though she had whispered them to me while I slept.

Go to France!—say to her that I am weary here,
Where my torch is aye adwindle, ever shines less clear.

Tell my Mother to recall me ere the worst be done,
And a shame is put upon me in the open sun.

Lo! I stand to point the portal of a land all free
To the hunted ones and exiled, seeking liberty.

Idle words that once held meaning, now a brazen lie:
Had I speech 'tis I should warn them with my loudest cry!

Here the Tyrant and the Bigot have renewed their ancient
lease,
While a blind and heedless people ever sees its chains in-
crease.

This the land my Mother cherished, when all other hope
had set,—
Faith of France it should not fail her,—sword of La-
fayette!

Ah! I stifle with the cant that rises from the motley crowd,
Patriots forsooth that lord it o'er a nation cowed!

What know they of Truth or Freedom, pygmies of the fleet-
ing hour,
Shrunk souls and narrow foreheads, drunk with lust of
power?

Tell my Mother to recall me, quench my torch and bring me
home;
Meet this place is for a Gaoler—bid him quickly come!

CHAPTER III

UNDER THE TRICOLOR—I

Democracy on a French Ship—Some Agreeable Officers—Social Diversions—A Voyage without Incident—Problem of an Unsinkable Safety Suit.

OURS was what you might call an uneventful voyage, I suppose, but that didn't trouble me, to whom the voyage itself was the central event. Had our ancient friend the Sea Serpent bobbed up his head aft, astern or amidships at any moment of the peaceful day, I don't think it would have excited me or added to my pleasure. But no monsters of the deep revealed themselves in our placid course, save once an uncertain glimpse of porpoises gamboling at a distance; and I had always to fall back on my fellow passengers for amusement or speculative curiosity.

We were an average American "cross-section", the passenger list denoting various racial extractions and origins. Precisely there were 407 of us, with 27 steerage folk; in all, counting the "equipment" of the Lorraine, about 500 souls. I don't know why anybody should want to go to sea with a larger crowd; that seems to me a fair number to take a chance with.

The Lorraine was dubbed a one-class ship; no

division or restrictions obtaining as regards the passengers, with the exception of the steerage. This arrangement would not serve well on larger ships where profits are increased by catering to the class-conscious; on the Lorraine it made for democratic feeling, general content and a sense of social freedom. There was no swank amongst us; if any persons harbored such quality, they were probably reserving it to astonish Europe. Afterwards I was privileged to see a varied assortment of it exhibited by tourists—not all British by a long shot!—in France and Italy.

I make no doubt that our agreeable social atmosphere, so free from the odious manifestations of the class spirit, was mainly owing to the French influence on the Lorraine; the example of her courteous officers down to the humblest of the crew enforcing the point at every turn. The dullest of us was not apt to forget that he was traveling under the Tricolor, a guest of the glorious French Republic, and for the time being, virtually a citizen of France. I am very sure that we should have acted differently on a British ship. This I say without prejudice—is not class the very essence of the British idea?

I think it a fine compliment to the French people that snob-worship—almost a religion in England and scarcely less in America—has failed to naturalize itself amongst them. *Vive la France!*

Commander Marius Aubert of the Lorraine was as dignified as his name; with the true French dignity, however, which is never so stiff as to be in danger of falling backward. To see him at the

head of his table radiating kindness and good cheer upon all his numerous guests, was of itself an impulse to happiness; and no doubt it suggested fitting reflections on the laws which made such an assembly a crime in free America!

I hope it will be my good fortune to sail under the brave Commander Aubert again, and I trust they have given him one of the best ships of the French Line.

Monsieur Villar, the handsome and efficient Purser, interested me particularly, from the strong resemblance he bore to my friend the famous poet, Richard Le Gallienne. Especially as Richard was about his sixth lustrum—the epoch of the “Golden Girl”, when because of his scrumptious looks the poet was reckoned as great a favorite with ladies in general as with the Muses Nine. There have been fools to scoff at Richard’s quaint Gallie surname as a factitious invention, but here was a living witness to the strong French strain in the poet’s blood. For the resemblance tokened race unmistakably, and was not merely of the sort dubbed accidental. *Apropos* of all this, what a ballade Richard would rhyme you to the refrain of—say—

“*When I was even as you, Villar!*”

But the man for my money was Monsieur Ducreux, the jovial and active Second Captain and, socially, the very life of the ship. I believe he was the *first genuine Frenchman* I encountered. He took my eye at once with his compact muscular figure, showing to advantage in uniform, his dashing air, *diable de coquin*, especially intended for the

ladies, and that mercurial something in his glance which betrays the race of d'Artagnan. Indeed I was confused by the many reminiscences he evoked of French fiction; perhaps most frequently of Tartarin in his milder phases, as when he was wont to sing "Robert le Diable" *chez Bézuquet*. I wonder if Monsieur Ducreux was at any time of Tarascon? Certainly he cast no discredit upon its most glorious tradition, and Tarascon might well have claimed him. Ah! Monsieur Ducreux. *La danse* was the specialty of our gallant Second Captain; he was *au fait* in the smartest up-to-date measures, and he seemed to carry *tout Paris* in his heels. He was, of course, irresistible with the ladies, cropped the prettiest partners for dance or promenade, and enjoyed himself more than the most leisured aristocrat on board. The verve and spontaneous gayety of this devil of a man would make an actor's fortune. I have often stumbled upon him in a quiet corner trying a *pas* with a pretty girl (he chiefly favored his own nation in these exercises, and there was a *chic* young woman, obviously of Paris, who could give him as good as he sent). But you never knew where he would turn up, always dancing!

Monsieur Tartar—pardon! I should say Ducreux, organized all the social functions for the young people, and on the occasion of the Glorious Fourth, conducted *un feu d'artifice magnifique*, covering himself with applause and fireworks. Besides these various duties and avocations, he had, next to the Commander, the largest share of re-

its five hundred lives. Under so heavy a charge, few Englishman would have been as gay—indeed I doubt if any Englishman could have handled the job. Have I not said that M. Ducreux was the *first genuine Frenchman* I encountered outside of books? That is why I have devoted so much space to him. In the best times, we read, French soldiers were known to bear themselves gaily and to laugh in the face of death. May France never lose the type!

With all my admiration of the brave and versatile Second Captain, I fervently hoped at times that he might be as good and reliable a seaman as he was a skillful dancer.

Our passage being so smooth and void of accident—I have known a more adventurous cruise on the Hudson river—the thought of fear never came to me, save at night, when I condensed myself into my narrow coffin-shaped upper berth and sought to woo balmy sleep, with the comforting reflection of an iceberg in our course. At such times I was indifferently cheered by the possession of an Un-sinkable Safety Suit reposing under the lower berth, which a New York concern had obligingly loaned to me, in tribute to my very modest literary reputation. In the daytime I sometimes looked at it, crumpled under the berth, with a steamer trunk and a couple of suitcases, in a posture that disgracefully suggested a hiding burglar; and I could not raise the nerve to drag it out and try it on, as the owners had politely advised. Still there it was, sizeable enough, and I was conscious that I derived from it a certain advantage over my stateroom

partner—he hadn't one, at any rate. But at night undressed and in bed—one never loses the feeling on shipboard that it's the last time he will take off his clothes—I felt that it was wholly inadequate in case of a catastrophe, and that all would be ended before I could get a leg into an armhole. No doubt it was all that the owners claimed for it, an admirable and ingenious device calculated to save life under the most desperate conditions. Perhaps I should have put it on every night like a suit of pajamas, but I could not face the "guy-ing" of my stateroom mate, who chanced to be a young and thoughtless person. And so I lay, as it were, naked and defenceless, thinking of the awful depths beneath our swift-moving ship, and of the unnumbered dead lying white and spectral at the bottom; who sometimes in my wildered dreams reached up clutching hands to detain and drag us down, down to themselves!

DRIVE on, good ship, thro' the thick o' dark,
For thy haven is far away,
And thou hast many a league to mark
Before the peep of day.

Heed not the shudders along thy keel,
Nor the sea's mysterious moans
Aye gurgling up from the dim profound,
With a mutter of dead men's bones.

Down, ever down lurks the ancient Death
In his lair of spectral sheen;
And many there lie of Adam's breath
Who pay him court I ween.

Some guard a treasure they strove to keep,
And dying still hold in vain:
Earless they list and eyeless they peep,
And stiff is their mortmain!

Yet poor be they and the lave their kin
As they slid from the mother's womb;
All, all would they give to sin one sin
Where living men have room.

Away! away from this grisly play,
While life rides on the prow:
Adieu, ye dead! too long are ye sped
That we should weep you now.

Haste, haste, good ship!—thou hast bravely done.
Lo, the fleurs de lis advance
To show in the East our harbor won,
And the sacred land of France!

CHAPTER IV

UNDER THE TRICOLOR—II

Making Friends Aboard—Old Friendships Recalled—Introduction of Ruy Blas—Two Interesting Frenchmen—Buffet Discussions of Prohibition—A Clever Frenchman's Views on our National Dry Law.

Oh the days of my life have been many,
And some of those days were but drear;
Yet once I was careless as any,—
And faith it was only last year!

—*Old Song.*

IF the reader please, the verse ending the preceding chapter is to be regarded as a *prolepsis* or anticipation (what should we do if the Greeks hadn't invented those fine words?) In point of fact, the Lorraine is still bowling along, and we have to report some unfinished business with the folk aboard.

Reading, conversation and flirtation are the principal resources against boredom or *ennui* in an ocean voyage. The first I avoided as being too much of my ordinary workaday life, so that I gave but a careless glance to the ship's newspaper—is not journalism the one thing inescapable? The last I cheerfully waived in favor of the young

people or those elders who remained happily wedded to their illusions. This left me all the leisure I required for conversation—and intervals of reflection dreamy for the most part, holiday musing of the *dolce far niente* sort, wherein the thinker is at no trouble about loose ends.

I still believe that the eighteen days I passed on the ocean, going and returning, furnished the best enjoyment of my tour. Depression soon yielded to those long peaceful days gliding over an untroubled sea, under a tranquil heaven. I was happy and content as I had not been in many years. Euripides truly has it that the sea washes away all the sorrows of the world.

Quis exsul se quoque fugit? One cannot flee himself, and wherever one goes he is sure to form relations and associations that confirm the identity which he would perhaps be glad to shed for a while. In a Passenger list that revealed not a single familiar name (as I had noted with satisfaction) there were several persons, friends of my friends, as it chanced, who were to make me realize what a tiny world we live in, after all! . . .

My stateroom companion was a young man from Boston, an art student, who rejoiced in a year's holiday before him, in pursuit of his laudable ambition. He was an agreeable, rather picturesque looking young fellow, with an immense but harmless stock of what philosophers call the Joy of Life. This caused his hours of retiring to be somewhat uncertain, and sometimes made his room more desirable than his company; but on the whole we were as contented with each other as two persons

of so unequal ages could be. I never saw any specimens of his art, but I am bound to say that he possessed the most complete painter's outfit that one could imagine—there was absolutely nothing lacking to set him up as a rival to Goya or Velasquez. He was of a Spanish cast of countenance, which favored his artistic *métier*, and as I could not readily remember his Plymouth patronymic, I dubbed him, not infelicitously, Ruy Blas. This he accepted with the insouciance of youth, and riposted by calling me Père Goriot. Matters being thus set at an equilibrium between us, we found much to like in each other, and decided to hunt up a hotel jointly in Paris.

Ruy Blas's intention was to spend the greater part of his time sketching in Brittany and Spain. He possessed several costumes which were admirably adapted to a sojourn in the latter country where, barring the language, he might easily pass as a native. One night he wore a Toreador outfit at a masque gotten up by Monsieur Ducreux, and coming to bed very late, long after I had retired, managed to poke his unbated foil into the pillow, within an inch of my ear. Our friendship was a little strained in consequence; but the lad had a way with him which would have procured his pardon for a graver offence, and the Toreador incident was soon forgotten.

My young friend was both intelligent and well read, but he did not infect me with any additional passion for Art. However, he confirmed my grip on the fact that youth, irrevocable youth, is the period for having one's good times. Ruy Blas was

out to collect his, whether or not he should bring any masterpieces back from Brittany or Spain.

In the comfortable *fumoir* of the Lorraine, Monsieur Henri Sandré and I became acquainted without formality. I judge it would have been more difficult in Paris, where I was afterwards to pass a memorable evening with him. Aboard ship, M. Sandré usually wore a nautical-looking cap and might have passed for an officer in the seafaring line. In Paris he dressed like a business man of the better commercial class; and whatever costume he might choose to wear, he was always a notable, though quiet, personality, a true Frenchman of the French, and a gentleman to boot. He was a well-featured man, something above the average stature, forty years old and looking older, due to a full beard and moustache, as well as his gravely correct manners.

In M. Sandré's habitually subdued expression, in the absence of the characteristic gayety of his race, in his somewhat pessimistic view of his country's future, I read the story of one who had borne a full share of the strain and anxiety of the Great War. The accuracy of this guess was borne out in our many conversations. My friend was by profession a *métallurgiste* or iron founder; he controlled two factories employing over a thousand men, one near Bordeaux, the other at Paris. During the war these plants were practically commandeered by the Government and put to the manufacture of munitions; toward the close of the war, the national currency being crippled, they had

even turned out some coins of the smaller denominations.

Similar things happened in our country and, it is said, developed a plentiful crop of millionaires. Not so in France, fighting for her life and demanding the extreme sacrifice from every son. M. Sandré was reticent on this point, but I guessed that the war had left him poorer rather than richer; and I was surer of this when I saw him carefully load his pipe with villainous French *tabac* from a small Government package. (This French tobacco was so hateful to me that I afterwards paid exorbitant prices in Paris for English or American brands). The Government has a monopoly of tobacco, and it sorely needs the money, he explained, and I never could tempt him to change the stuff the smell of which I endured only for the sake of his conversation; it was evident that he bought and smoked it as a patriotic duty. However, he would never allow that the "quality" was any way inferior to ours.

By the way, the French cigars were quite as bad as the smoking tobacco, and I dare say for the same official reasons. In Paris I was able to procure Henry Clays at a good price, which I usually smoked in self-defense whenever I found myself near a Frenchman with his bunch of *asafoetida*.

M. Sandré was a man of uncommon culture—I often asked myself, could we show his like among our American industrials? I noticed in him at once the fine percipience of the French mind, with its discrimination and delicate analyzing judgment. Finer qualities I believe than we may claim for the

Anglo-Saxon mind, even as the French language is a finer intellectual instrument than the English. And pray what makes the mind of a people if not its living tongue?

My friend and I communed in both French and English. He was not fluent in the language of Shakespeare, but I had little the better of him in the tongue of Hugo; although we were both strong on the literary side, English like French being easier to read than to speak. I soon found that he knew Kipling well and greatly admired his work, having himself traveled extensively in the East. (I was, by the way, astonished to find later so many translations of Kipling in Paris, "Kim" being a pronounced favorite). By dint of good-humored perseverance and frequently touching the button, we became fairly *en rapport*, as it were, and I believe never wholly unintelligible to each other. M. Sandré was a practical and resourceful person; when my pronunciation of a French vocable struck his refined ear as a complicated outrage of Volapuk and Czecho-Slovakian, he would alertly produce a Pocket Dictionary and ask me to identify the crime. I doubt if we helped each other much in our respective tongues, but at any rate we passed the time agreeably and to the entire satisfaction of the Buffet management.

This reminds me that on no subject was our *entente* more cordial and complete than in regard to Prohibition. Although not a wine-grower himself nor in any wise concerned with the traffic, M. Sandré had interests at Bordeaux, which city has been hard hit by the practical extinction of

its American wine trade; and his dislike of our great "experiment" was therefore unqualified. Indeed he considered it as an act of national imbecility, a piece of legislation monstrous and unprecedented among civilized peoples, and as a measure of administrative economy, the most ruinous stroke of folly ever perpetrated. As a traveler in remote countries, he had often experienced the saving value of alcoholic beverages, rightly used; in some parts of Indo-China the drinking water was highly dangerous without an admixture of Absinthe, foolishly proscribed, as he allowed, by the French Government.

"What do you gain by this *sacré* Prohibition?" he cried. "I will tell you, *mon ami*, in a few words. You beggar your own manufacturers and business men, without a *sou* of compensation, and enrich the same class in England and Canada. You sacrifice billions of legitimate revenue at the bidding of some religious cranks, and by taxing to meet the deficit, oppress your people and depreciate American goods. You deprive your people of honest and harmless wines and beers while you suffer them to be poisoned by injurious substitutes—indeed you cannot stop the traffic if you would. Rich though you be in money, in population and industries, in the natural resources of your immense country, Prohibition has shown you to be poor in *le bon sens*, the common sense of nations, poor in statesmanship, poor in civilization, poor in all that makes the higher brain of a people and affirms its destiny."

These were strong words, and as I do not pre-

tend to literal accuracy in reporting our conversation, I fancy they were even stronger as spoken by my friend, with many vigorous interpolations in French, which I spare the unilingual reader. In particular I have deleted Mr. Sandré's remarks upon what he called our stupid and sinister journalism, to which he ascribed in no small degree the victory of the "dry" forces. I was fain to agree with him that France, decimated and impoverished as she is by her awful sacrifices in the Great War, has still no call to envy us, with our incubus of Prohibition.

This conclusion having been happily arrived at, we allowed Francois to close for the night.

CHAPTER V

FRANCE

*Arrival at Havre—First Impressions of France—
To Paris via the State Railway—Ancient Towns
en Route—"There was a King of Yvetot"—
Rouen and Joan of Arc—Alleged Degeneracy
of France.*

Look where she looms, a low gray shore,
And overhead a pale gray sky;
Yet all is there forever more
For which men care to live or die!

OUR nine days' voyage came to an end at last and we disembarked at Havre, rather against my will. This was what I had come for, and yet I hung back, reluctant and uncertain, as one is apt to do upon the threshold of a great experience—indeed I may say a passion, since France has always been a passion with me.

Our stay at Havre was limited to the time necessary, to pass the *douane* or customs, and to have our passports *viséd*—matters which were dispatched with commendable celerity. There had been something of a scramble getting on shore, and the last meal (breakfast) was remarkable from the absence of most of the waiters. Auto-service was generally in requisition, and I saw my *garçon* (whom I had liberally tipped the night before) looking on disinterestedly at a distance while I

skirmished frantically for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. Memo., it is a foolish notion to pay your tips before you have had the last service.

The famous port and city of Havre calls for no description by this hand; as I have said, our stay was of the briefest and permitted of no valuable observations. It seemed to have the unkemptness of such maritime places in full share, and I noticed more ragged children there than in any other French city which I visited. As everybody knows, Havre is the port of Paris and enjoys a very considerable commerce.

Monsieur Villar, the debonair Purser, was standing by when I got aboard the train for Paris—a special for the Lorraine passengers. He kindly gave me some necessary instructions, and the very last thing I saw, leaving the station, was his smiling, clear-cut Le Gallienne profile. Holding the poet in a warm affection, I construed this as rather a favorable omen.

So I was in France at last, and the dreams of a lifetime were about to be fulfilled in some wise—richly and pleasantly I made no doubt. I was traveling on a State Railway, in a first-class carriage, *vis-à-vis* with my friend Monsieur Sandré. (Afterwards I was to learn that there was no great difference, in point of comfort, between first and second-class travel in France, and I remain an *intransigent* on the subject of government ownership of railways). There were many thrills for me in that two-and-a-half hours run to Paris, as we passed by or stopped at places bearing names

famous in history or romance. I shall never forget the pleasurable start it gave me when I read the sign at a modest station—*Yvetot*. “Good Lord!” said I, thinking of American recentness, “what a country we have here!” And I fell to recalling and piecing out the words of that ancient French ballad, “*Le Roi d’Yvetot*.” . . . O Sheboygan . . . O Ponkapog! what can we do about it?—after all, antiquity has something to say for itself; civilization comes of that plant.

Presently we stopped at Rouen, in the front rank of ancient and memorable French cities; and the whole glorious, lamentable story of Joan of Arc flashed through my mind. Our half-hour *étape* permitted me to see something of the configuration of this grand old Norman city, with its imposing Cathedral and mediaeval streets. I promised myself that I would soon return and spend several days exploring reverently every vestige sacred to the Maid who there gave up her spotless soul in fire. Alas, I was unable to carry out this good intent, but I do not lose hope that the opportunity may yet again be afforded me. *Aidez-moi, Sainte Jeanne d’Arc, délivreuse de la France. Tu sais que j’ai été longtemps de ta foi vraie!*

Again the train started, following the course of the silver Seine; a beautiful river, of course, but somewhat disappointing to American eyes, on the score of grandeur and magnitude. My companion looked a Frenchman’s joy and pride in the noble stream that washes his dear Paris: I was thinking of the reaches of the Hudson above the Paliades!

Presently we fell to talking about the present state of France and the chances of her fully recuperating from her tremendous efforts and sacrifices in the Great War. And this seems a fitting place to call a halt to the insidious, malignant libel touching the alleged degeneracy of France, which in default of other weapons, her enemies keep in constant commission and circulation. Some foolish, honest people are deceived by it, no doubt; but it is a lie, a slander, an infamy! France is not degenerate! Less brute power she may have than England or Russia or Germany, but hers is a more valuable sovereignty—she is still the spiritual leader of the nations. In the past she led all nations by the costliness of her sacrifices for liberty; in the future she may have to defend liberty for and against them all!

That is the grand rôle of France—a rôle to which our own country once aspired, but which she has forfeited through abandoning her true ideal.

France degenerate? A lie! Like the mother of the Gracchi, she has but to fling the dust of her dead sons into the air, and out of it will spring new heroes! Or like Antæus, she need but touch her own sacred soil watered through a thousand years by the blood of her chivalry, and instantly her vigor is renewed.

France degenerate! France failing! That may be talk fitting enough for her avowed and beaten enemies, or for a knot of vipers whom she has plucked out of her bosom. Nor need it surprise us from certain false friends who stood with her in the great trial for their own protection; but it

should never be heard on the lips of those who love liberty.

They rather will remember the grand Nation who first freed herself at the cost of a titanic struggle, and then sent her heroic sons to spread liberty on their bayonets throughout Europe. The nation without whom there had been no free America and the liberties of Europe would not exist. The mother of the Great Revolution, the most benign and salutary event in human history, which has proved an inexhaustible source of hope and courage to the oppressed of the earth.

France! the nation of Chivalry, of Genius, of the Arts. France! that summoned all the peoples to the baptismal font of Liberty, and when the healing waters failed, gave generously of her best blood. France! the supreme, the imperishable Republic.

Perish the tongue that speaks her ill! Confusion unto all her enemies to their farthest generation! Glory evermore unto her who carries in her left hand the torch of Progress and in her right the sword of Liberty!

CHAPTER VI

PARIS

A Lodging in Montparnasse—First Impressions of the Gay City—An Overwhelming Panorama—Life in the Latin Quarter—Ruy Blas gets his “Baptism of Paris”—A Danger for Artistic Youth.

UNRIVALLED Charmer!—there she lies
Within the arms of winding Seine;
And to her breast the Pilgrim flies
To love his fill and ease his pain;
While Time’s gray shadows fall and rise,
Yet never seem to dim her reign.

MEANTIME we were drawing on to the principal objective of my visit to Europe, and presently the thought imposed silence upon us. I gave myself up to printing the landscape on my memory, which seemed the loveliest I have ever looked upon, with a loveliness and character peculiarly its own. So strong and manifold are literary associations in regard to France, that one must have a care to be strictly honest in formulating his impressions. Even so, I will take the risk and affirm that I have never seen anything to compare with the country from a point fifty miles beyond Paris, approaching from Rouen. The beauty of it left me awed and wondering, and I now realized why this “pleasant land of France” has so long been the world’s desire—the prize of many a

bloody war during centuries, even unto our own day. This charming French landscape appeared to me literally "composed", such were its order, elegance and harmony; all characteristic French traits, you will observe.

Save Italy (which I was to visit later) I have seen no country where the Creative Artist had so consciously fashioned His work. Yes, it is palpable that God loved France into beauty; His shaping and molding hand can be traced in her delicate configurations, in her sweet plains and gracious valleys, her low hills that rise like the breasts of a lovely woman, her many-winding silver streams that lace the land in a pattern of enchanting loveliness. And I said to myself, what must this country mean to a son of France when it can raise such emotions in an alien breast? . . .

At length we roll into the Gare Lazare, and the guards announce "Paris!" I am rather incredulous as to the fact, and dismount from the train a little shaken and undecided, yes, a little fearful, as at Havre. But the moment is highly inopportune for sentimental reflections—action is now demanded, with cabmen and hotel touts yelling at us in French and English, and porters contending with Gallic vehemence for our luggage. I fling myself into the breach and carry off Ruy Blas from a pair of whiskered Bolsheviks who seem to judge his youth suitable for abduction. I select a taxi, after a searching look at the driver (physiognomy is my strong point) and behold us careering madly toward the Latin Quarter. Our billet was at the Hotel Odessa, in the street of the same Rus-

sian name, quite near the Gare Montparnasse; Ruy Blas having selected this hostelry on the recommendation of a *rapin* escaped from Paris to the City of Beans. There my penetration was justified by the driver's demanding and obtaining from our ignorance about three times his legal fare, to which we recklessly added a *pourboire*, in order to begin *comme il faut*. *Ah! l'Apache sacré, mais n'importe, mille tonnerres!—nous sommes à Paris enfin.*

And very contentedly I crooned to myself Richard Le Gallienne's fine lines:

We are with France in brotherhood
Not of the spirit's task alone,
But kin in laughter of the blood:
Where Paris glitters in the sun,
A second home, like boys, we find,
And leave our grown-up cares behind.

It was mid-afternoon, the tenth day of July, when we had arranged for our apartments, on different floors, at the Hotel Odessa which specializes on *moderne confort*, though not quite in the American degree. A piquant and rather unusual type of French girl, with red hair and blue eyes, who barely qualified for the notice "English spoken," displayed in the public entrances, made us very reasonable terms; me she especially favored as I was contemplating an extended sojourn. My room was on the third floor and the resources of *confort moderne* did not include a lift or elevator. It was large enough, of a cheerful coloring, quite decently furnished, and there were awnings to the two large French windows which opened like doors, in the usual fashion. The bed was large, clean and com-

fortable, also entomologically untenanted; I was provided with a writing table, and there was a roomy wardrobe.

Finally, there was a neat marble wash-stand and *running water*!—this was the major article of *confort moderne*, to which the Parisians continue to make slow but sure approximations. On each floor there was a common toilet which had the two great virtues of being clean and never out of order; the bathroom was on the second floor, and you paid extra for your bath, the *fille de chambre* bringing you a voluminous robe and conducting the affair with ceremony.

These observations upon the internal economy of the Hotel Odessa, which I was to make my home during seven or eight weeks, will suffice for the present. I had slept but little the last night on shipboard, I had lunched heavily on the train—and I threw on that bed the famished look of a lover. My Toreador friend was of like disposition; so here in bright day, within an hour after our arrival in Paris, we were both abed and asleep. *Fi donc!* An inglorious and unromantic fashion of spending one's first day in Paris, with which we were both confessedly in love; but Paris would wait, and one must fortify himself for a honeymoon, *n'est-ce pas?*

To a person tolerably acquainted with the history, the romance and the literature of Paris and having a little imagination on his own account, the first days in the City are a veritable intoxication. There is so much to be seen on every hand to give one pause; the monuments fairly jostle one another,

while statues of famous rulers, kings, queens, generals, statesmen, poets and artists solicit one's attention at every turn; and more than all is the wonderful panorama of Paris itself, with its matchless parks, squares and boulevards, and the thousand spectacles of its enchanting and varied life. To walk the streets of Paris is a delight and a privilege which at once explains and justifies the fanatical devotion of the native born. There are other great cities, richer in wealth and population, but immeasurably inferior in charm, in the attributes of mind and genius, in the stigmata of a refined civilization. One fact alone signalizes its unique fascination—it is the *only city* in the world that causes the stranger to forget home and country, like him that has eaten the lotus leaf which annuls memory. Who that has tarried within her gates but a short time has not known the *nostalgie de Paris*—the longing and home-sickness for the bewitching City? I have seen a German, and a fanatical patriot to boot, weep as he recalled his happy days in Paris; and I know what my sorrow was when I was forced to turn my back upon her.

Well said old Michel de Montaigne in his rude fighting age—the age of Shakespeare:—

*Paris a mon coeur des mon enfance . . .
je l'ayme tendrement, jusques à ses verrues et
à ses taches. Je ne suis Français que par cette
grande cité, la gloire de la France et l'un des
plus nobles ornements du Monde.*

... "Paris has had my heart from childhood.
I love her tenderly, even her warts and
blotches. I am a Frenchman only through this

Great City, the glory of France and one of the noblest ornaments of the world."

What a long roll of illustrious exiles has she sheltered and consoled, among them the German poet Heine, more French than the French, who has written so many pages to her glory! And the best word of all is that of old Anacharsis Cloots—a Prussian!—who by an ironic anti-climax lost his head during the Revolution:—

Paris est une Assemblée Nationale par le force des choses, c'est le Vatican de la Raison. Pourquoi donc la nature aurait-elle placé Paris à distance égale de pole et de l'equateur, sinon pour être le berceau, le chef-lieu de la confederation générale des hommes? Rome fut la métropole du monde par la guerre. Paris sera la métropole du monde par la Paix.

"Paris is a National Congress by the force of facts—she is the Vatican of Reason! Why should Nature have placed Paris at an equal distance from the Pole and the Equator if not to make her the cradle, the capital of the general confederation of men? Rome was the metropolis of the world through War; Paris will be the metropolis of the world by Peace."

Bravo, Anacharsis!—thou hast not been entirely fulfilled as a prophet, but there is great virtue in thy words, which will bear pondering over, even in thy native Prussia to-day.

From all this it will be gathered that our two *locataires* of the Hotel Odessa yielded fully and promptly to the spell of Lutetia. It was beautiful to mark the expansion, the efflorescence of Ruy

Blas in this magical atmosphere. He blossomed out in all the permitted eccentricities of artistic costume, flowing tie, slouch hat, etc., while his black curls, which I suspect he kept pinned up on ship-board, flowed loosely over his collar. In short my lad was an incorrigible romantic, and I think his only regret was that he had no excuse for dyeing his hair green like Baudelaire, or donning the Gautier red waistcoat.

Americans are apt to be a bit greedy getting their *baptême de Paris* (Paris baptism), *faisant la noce* (as the French have it) on their introduction to the gay City. Our two friends went with the majority in this particular, and had a very good time for several days, eating and drinking the best, without burning up Montmartre or indulging in any criminal excesses. Ruy Blas's romantic temperament was happily mitigated by a strain of Yankee shrewdness; he knew how far his money should carry him, and he governed his budget accordingly.

However, these first glorious days in Paris held a disappointment for Ruy Blas, as I judged from observation rather than from any avowal of the lad. I believe that from reading Murger and other French writers of that ilk, he had expected that directly upon his landing in the Quarter, some charming Fantine or Mimi Pinson would fall a prey to his good looks and propose to him *un ménage à deux*. Nothing of the sort occurred, and it was borne in upon my young friend that such romance in light-o'-love affairs, if it ever existed

* The ancient Latin name of Paris; French, Lutèce.

outside the novels referred to, was no longer to be culled on the Left Bank.

I am told this is an early disillusion with many young Americans of the atelier, some of whom content themselves with a substitute which is neither nice nor romantic, and which therefore cannot be discussed in these correct pages. I will only say that the vulgar Parisian *cocotte* has, at her worst, a more fetching *allure* than her sister of New York, nowadays so apt to be of the race of Rahab . . . It is whispered that she has fearful pleasures to give, and those long addicted to her are to be known by certain visible stigmata which point them out as the favorites of Libentina and Libitina, ancient goddesses of Desire and Death.

Ruy Blas was not of the class of prodigals mentioned; he would have *his* kind of romance or nothing, for he was intelligent enough to estimate the peril which licentiousness holds for the artistic nature. At the end of seven or eight days he left for Brittany, fortified no doubt by his brief experience of Paris; with some practical wisdom added to his store, and a little less "siller" in his pocket. I gave him a farewell dinner at the Hotel l'Avenue—the best in our neighborhood—where we drank Bordeaux at ten francs the quart, the like of which I had never sampled in New York. We parted finally with many good wishes and promises to write, etc. Afterwards I had one or two cards from him, and then silence; I was not to see my Toreador again. Adieu, Ruy Blas!

CHAPTER VII

AMONG THE LITTLE PEOPLE

Noise and Patriotism—A Bastille Celebration as contrasted with our "Fourth"—The French Fille-de-Chambre (not à la Sterne)—Trials of the Bearded Lady—A Wonderful Paris Summer.

IN Paris there is many a she,
And some are fair and some are shady,
And some are as they ought to be,
Others as e'en the good Lord made He,
While in perfection there you'll see—
Excusez-moi!—the Bearded Lady!

IT is morning, about 9:30, in Montparnasse. I open the windows of my room (closed for quiet during the night) and a confused clamor rises from the street, pierced by many staccato notes. This is market day in the quarter, and just across the way is a miniature *les Halles* or public market, where towering masses of vegetables are grouped with artistic effect. On such mornings all manner of hucksters and small *potager* peddlers throng into the quarter and with the chaffering housewives keep up a noisy Babel that lasts until half after noon, when it suddenly quiets down and the market vanishes—

Like heath that in the wilderness
The wild wind whirls away.

Noise is one of the characteristics of the quarter, but one is inclined to make the best of it as a trait of the Latin temperament. It would seem that my neighbors labor hard at it every day to tire themselves out, and there is no let-up until the small hours.

Four days after my arrival in Paris we had the great historic celebration of the Fourteenth of July, anniversary of the fall of the Bastille; and heaven be witness there was enough noise made on that occasion to last us through a whole year! I wandered about the old St. Antoine quarter, beloved of Dickens, where the celebration was at its fiercest pitch of patriotic clamor and intensity; and I easily persuaded myself that the crowds I saw were quite ready and apt for another job of the Bastille kind. It is true that barricades have been long out of fashion, while the Third Republic gives ever more promise of permanence; but one feels that they would rise tomorrow if the occasion and the French temperament demanded it. There are still too many people in France who believe—and agitate!—that a change in the form of government would be good for the country. If the plans of those people ever come to a head, we may rely upon it that St. Antoine will account for himself in the old approved fashion.

I noticed that, officially, the fullest scope was given to the popular celebration of July 14—the great day of the Revolution—and in point of fact the demonstrations occupied three days, a genuine carnival of the patriotic spirit. By comparison, how pale and perfunctory seems the American ob-

servance of Independence Day, now commonly regarded as the most boresome date in the calendar! Of course, our mixture of races precludes the sort of patriotism that fires the French heart, and we have come to think more of "moral perfection" than of the central motive of nationality! Also we are latterly in the habit of apologizing for our American Revolution (with a deprecatory regard to British feeling) and attenuating the causes which provoked it. Contrariwise, the French glory in their Revolution (a bigger affair certainly), and it is still the most vital source of their national patriotism.

But I am keeping Albertine, the *filles de chambre*, at the door, who has come to ask if I want *déjeuner*. Always Albertine asks this question, *Monsieur veut-il du petit déjeuner?*—although I summon her each morning for this purpose and no other. Then we occupy the same time in settling upon the items of the *menu*, which are also unvaried—eggs or a slice of *jambon* (ham), *petit pain* (the delicious crusty French bread—my mouth waters as I recall it!) *café au lait*, coffee and milk, (with plenty of chicory), and a little fruit—apparently only grapes were to be had, though Albertine offered me a choice every morning.

A good girl Albertine, with no small share of the bright intelligence which surprises one among *les petit bourgeois*, the "little people" or humbler classes of Paris. It is a race gift of course—one does not find it among similar people in our country. At the risk of incurring censure as an extreme Francophil, I will venture to hold that the

French people, especially of Paris, possess a degree of genius unknown to any other nation. I would define it specifically as the genius of *common sense*. And now I understand that Balzac, in depicting his common sort of characters with so much shrewdness and wit, was simply fulfilling his task as an honest creator of types. One might call him the father of French nature as well as the first of French novelists . . .

Albertine was comely enough, with good eyes and teeth, but a rather sallow complexion; unluckily, her upper lip showed too much of that repellent down which is the bane of French women.

Hélas! la pauvre femme de la moustache—how the wits great and small have poked fun at her, even such good-natured giants as Dickens and Thackeray. Her case is lamentable enough, without making sport of her affliction; and so common!—the Bearded Lady of the American side-show would not earn her salt in this country. It is too sad a thing to laugh at—and indeed the French do not use it as an occasion of mirth. I have seen girls who would have been strikingly pretty but for this unnatural and offensive addition; they were not, however, neglected by the other sex on this account—use reconciles the French to what seems monstrous in alien eyes. Whence and how does it come anyway that so many French women are defeatured and unsexed in this wise? I have never seen any learned treatises on the subject, but I daresay it is somehow attributed to the Napoleonic wars—everything otherwise unaccountable is credited to that source! For several generations

France has suffered from this *lusus naturae* and her women have wept. It would seem that the wonderful French genius we have been admiring should have invented an efficient depilatory by this time.

It must often lead to painful and ludicrous mistakes, always to the mortification of the woman. One evening I was waiting for a train in the Metro (Subway) Station Des Abbesses, which was but dimly lighted, like all such places (the French could learn something from New York in this respect). On the bench beside me sat a person whose form I saw imperfectly but whose large moustache justified me in accosting one of my own sex. I said in my best French, "Monsieur, will you be so good as to inform me where I should change for Montparnasse?" The person rose in agitation, and to my horror I saw before me *a bearded lady!*

Albertine, luckily for herself, was not formidable in this degree; the future held a menace for her, but at present she could pass with the majority of French women. And she was to be married in the fall, to which end she was rigorously saving her sous and scrupulously exacting tips from her *locataires*—French servants are not the least backward in this particular. When I had given Albertine her weekly tip, amounting to ten per cent. of my bill, she would still beg something further—*pour l'Eglise, s'il vous plait!*—with an arch smile. Poor Albertine, she earned far more than she got in that hard service, which held her from early morning until late at night. I reckoned that she did the work of three women, as such trades are

measured in America; to which add the labors of a hotel porter, lugging trunks up and down stairs, etc.—there was no man employed at the Odessa. The labor unions and the advocates of women's rights have a long journey yet to go in France.

Albertine was an honest girl and a virtuous; she regarded with fear and horror the cocottes, very numerous in the quarter, and she rebelled at cleaning after them and their fugitive partners. Most of the hotels make no scruple of admitting such persons—business has very little conscience in Paris. I was long finding a place which offered suitable guarantees on this point...

But good gracious! it is half-past ten o'clock, the breakfast has been cleared off, and Albertine is hanging about the door, anxious for a chance to do the room (my late-lying habits are a sore cross to the honest maid, who derives from Breton stock). The weather is glorious—never have I known such a summer as this one in Paris, where I wear a light overcoat every evening and never sweat out a collar! Think of that, ye swelterers in Manhattan! I wondered why people left Paris in July and August for the seaside. A mere social convention, I suppose; certainly I should not have asked for a more delightful summer resort than Paris as she was last year, *bien entendu* (I was hardly more comfortable at Dinard later on). People said, however, that the weather was phenomenally cool, with more than the usual rainfall. And not a single electrical storm with crashing thunder and the destructive levin bolt that works such havoc around New York. I never lay

awake in the Paris night with a quaking heart, listening to such a storm and expecting to be snuffed out any moment—a frequent experience in my peaceful New England village.

Extraordinary contrast between the French temperament and the moderate, subdued climate; why the hot, mercurial French are not more amenable to the influence of their quiet skies, is a problem that I must leave to some deeper philosopher. In fine, the Paris weather suited me perfectly, and I am chiefly in love with Lutetia on account of that wonderful summer, throughout which I never lost a whole day from my sightseeing and exploration by fault of the weather.

And now I really must start, with an *Au revoir* to the sly Albertine dissembling her impatience to see my back; she follows me to the stairhead and learning my objective, calls shrill directions after me. Arrived at the first floor, La Rousse gives me supplementary cautions and instructions in her quaint, *pension* English—one does not mind a blunder or *bêtise* from such a pretty mouth. How charmingly kind these French girls are, and how sweetly they insinuate a proper interest in you! . . . What splendid weather for walking! I look up to the lovely sky of Paris, a gray-blue sky, clement, Lutetian, just as it was no doubt when Caesar's black orbs first blinked at it; and an emotion of thankfulness rises in me that I am permitted to be here in the City and amongst the people that I have known and loved through my books since boyhood.

I am off at last *via* the narrow Rue Odessa, busy,

crowded and proletarian, also perennially athirst, since there is a wineshop at every other door—past the Gare Montparnasse with the big near-by cafés, their *terrasses* crowded thus early with *consommateurs*, too palpably American many of them—to the Rue de Rennes which I follow to the Boulevard Raspail; and gaining courage from the perspective of that noble street, decide to continue my walk as far as the Madeleine.

CHAPTER VIII

THE MADELEINE

Sketch of a Famous Church—Art Treasures and wonderful Bronze Doors—Praying for More Children in France—The accepted Legend of Mary of Magdala without Scriptural Warrant—Her Unique Glory.

WOMAN whom first our Lord did greet,
When risen from his winding sheet,
He drank the air of morning sweet—
Oh that Easter morning!
Magdalen! Magdalen!

Thou who wert there betimes to see
The Victim pale of Calvary
Victor and Lord arise to be,
The Powers of Darkness scorning :
Magdalen! Magdalen!

No other standeth in thy room,
Not she that bore Him in her womb,
For thou wert quick to reach the tomb,
On wings of love upholden.
Magdalen! Magdalen!

All sisters frail in thee have grace
Who didst His sacred feet embrace,
And first beheld'st His risen face
That Sabbath matin golden.
Magdalen! Magdalen!

Here in this Temple of his Word
Thou sharest the glory of thy Lord,
Beloved and cherished—aye, adored!

Forever and forever.

Magdalen! Magdalen!

THE Madeleine, built in the style of a Greco-Roman temple, is the favorite, the *darling* church of Paris with the better class of Parisians and I think the majority of visiting foreigners, especially Americans. It is favored by its location on the grand Boulevard in the heart of the rich commercial district—perhaps the most brilliantly animated and interesting thoroughfare in all the world. I am resolved not to *baedekerize* (as the reader has been warned in the Preface), but as this chapter is devoted to the Madeleine and its patron saint, a few facts in regard to the famous church will be in order.

The Madeleine (French for Magdalen) was commenced in the reign of Louis XV (the cynical monarch chiefly remembered for his *Après moi le déluge*), and is therefore not to be ranked with the more ancient Paris churches like Notre Dame, Saint Germain des Près, Sainte Chapelle, St. Etienne du Mont, St. Séverin, etc. Napoleon in 1806 decided to convert it into a Temple of Glory—of his own glory particularly, to be sure, which underwent a decline about 1815. The pagan gods were dispossessed finally in 1842 and the Roman Catholic worship restored. Always it is the old cry—"Galilean, thou hast conquered!"

The façade of the Madeleine is austere imposing with its fine colonnade, the pediment surmount-

ing which (carved by Lemaire) represents the Last Judgment—a piece of strong conception which facing this Street of Vanities, never fails to call up sober reflection. I was even more poignantly impressed by the subjects depicted on the great bronze doors, the several panels of which illustrate the penalties of sin as forbidden by the Tables of Sinai. One of the strongest represents the prophet Nathan denouncing the holy King David for his seduction of Uriah's wife—the “one ewe lamb”—and the putting away of her husband. Though the figures are small, restricted to the size of the panel, they are charged with tragic impressiveness, especially that of the Man of God with energetic arm extended and accusatory finger leveled at the guilty King:—*Tu es ille vir qui fecisti hanc rem!* (Thou art the very man who did this thing). Bathsheba hides her face in her hands. The dead body of Uriah is shown on the side. A terrific epitome of sin and judgment.

Like the Pantheon in Rome, the interior forms one vast cupola receiving light from above. There are several lateral recesses or chapels containing notable sculptures and paintings including the *Marriage of the Virgin* by Pradier and a picture of Mary Magdalene at the foot of the cross by Bouchot. On the High Altar is a sculptured group of Marochetti—*St. Mary Magdalene borne to Heaven*.

I visited the Madeleine many times, as I was in the habit of using the Nord-Sud Metro line to the station which bears its name, and I was always impressed by the truly religious atmosphere of the

church and the evident piety of the attendant faithful. It seemed to be the most numerous attended of all the Paris churches; at High Mass on Sundays the edifice was always taxed to its capacity, many people standing through the service. Evidently religion is not at the low ebb in Paris which we are sometimes asked to believe.

On one of my last visits to the Madeleine an usher handed me a slip with a prayer printed thereon for "more children in Christian France." The country needs nothing so much!—a population of at least fifty million *Frenchmen* is required to make safe the future.*

WHAT an extraordinary rôle in the Catholic faith and legend is that of Mary of Magdala! Her name is almost universally taken as symbolic of the repentant female sinner—the woman recalled from the abyss of death and judgment by the voice of her compassionate Lord, and afterwards preferred by Him, even before his Mother, as the first witness of the Resurrection. She is commonly identified with the "woman taken in adultery,"

* I take advantage here to note how the "declining birth-rate of France," so consoling to her enemies, is kept in constant circulation. We have heard much of it lately, since efforts have been made to "correct" our sympathies with France. Why not put on mourning and drool our grief similarly for England? She has only about the same population as France (38,000,000) and yet she "swings" the greatest Empire in the world! It is a truism that mere numbers do not make a people formidable. France had but twenty-five millions at the time of her great Revolution, and presently she dominated all Europe. In the preceding generation Frederick the Great of Prussia had beaten a coalition of half Europe, raising his country, a small state, to the pinnacle of power.

Macedonia and Rome were small states controlling great empires by their brains and spiritual force; such to-day are England and France.

concerning whom the Saviour pronounced a few of His memorable words; she is believed to have been the penitent sinner who bathed His feet with her tears and wiped them with her hair, at the house of Simon the leper. Hence the special favor with which she is regarded and the almost unique honor in which she is held by the Catholic faithful.

This popular making over of the legend of the Magdalene, this remoulding and shaping it "nearer to the heart's desire", seems to be regarded with indulgence by the higher spiritual authorities, no doubt from the view that it tends to edification.* And it will not be gainsaid that this conception of the Magdalene has given rise to innumerable acts of mercy and forgiveness, uncounted rescues of the fallen and abandoned, since it first began to dominate the Christian mind. The people indeed are entitled to have a hand in the making of their religion; and it may not easily be denied them.

Doubtless few worshippers at the Madeleine know or care to know that Mary of Magdala was not, on the authority of the Gospel writings, a woman of bad character; that there is not the slightest evidence to identify her with the "woman taken in adultery" and so memorably pardoned by Jesus; similarly, that we have no Scriptural warrant for taking her to have been the woman, sinful or other-

* Of a similar tenor is the vulgar devotion to the Bambino in Italy, which is carried to extravagant lengths, with the barely accorded tolerance of the clergy. We are apt to forget how strong an influence is *race* in stamping the character of a religion. As regards the public in general, Catholicism in France has quite a different mark from Catholicism in Italy.

wise, who figured in the immortal incident at the house of Simon the leper (or of Lazarus).

Matthew tells the latter story: he does not name the woman, nor does he say aught as to her character good or bad. Mark relates the incident in nearly the same words, omitting to name or characterize the woman.

The version of Luke is more detailed and eloquent, but it is substantially the same, except that it characterizes the woman as one "which was a sinner". Like the two other synoptics, it *does not name her*.

John gives the incident as occurring at the house of Lazarus, and names Mary, the sister of Lazarus, as the woman who anointed the feet of Jesus with ointment of spikenard. This is the briefest of the four accounts and it differs from the others in several particulars. But not only does it *not name* Mary of Magdala, it names *another* person.

As for the "woman taken in adultery", John alone tells that story, and he does not name her or give the slightest clue to her identity.

It is therefore clear that Mary of Magdala has had her character taken away from her, in the development of the Christian legend, without a tittle of right or justice. But as already pointed out, so much good has resulted from the popular perversion of her story that the good saint herself is probably content to let things be as they are! We know at least for sure that she was of a most loving nature and self-sacrificing spirit.

The glory of Mary Magdalene is of the purest ray that shines forth from the Gospel; she remains

forever associated with the most touching and beautiful passage in the history of our Lord, and in an eminent degree with the stupendous fact of His resurrection.

But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping; and as she wept she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre.

And seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.

And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing Him to be the gardener, saith unto Him, Sir, if thou hast borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.

Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master.

Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father; but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God.

—John XX—11-18.

After all, the people are sometimes blessed in their mistakes; and this one regarding the charac-

ter of Mary of Magdala is marked by a *curiosa felicitas*: without it, the Madeleine would not be standing in Paris, nor should I have written this chapter!

[Renan, with every reason to attack and discredit her as the first witness of the Resurrection, does not, of course, give countenance to the vulgar misreading of the Gospel Texts which I have noted above. He says only (Life of Jesus) that "she appears to have been a very excitable person. In the language of the time, she had been possessed of seven devils: that is to say, she had been afflicted with nervous and apparently inexplicable maladies. Jesus, by his unspotted and gentle loveliness, soothed that excitable organization. The Magdalene remained faithful to Him, even to Golgotha, and on the day but one following his death played a most important part, for she was the principal medium through which was established faith in the resurrection."

Anatole France (who undoubtedly knew better and is therefore the more censurable) has painted the Magdalene as a loose woman in his clever but somewhat viciously conceived "Procurator of Judea."]

CHAPTER IX

ON NOTRE DAME TOWERS

Persistence of Religion in France—Influence of the Grand Churches—Recoil of the Pendulum—Carrying both Religion and the Revolution—Visit to the Great Cathedral—Ascending the Tower in Mid-July—Meeting an Old Friend—Was it a Dream or a Sunstroke?

THEY builded well, those craftsmen old
Who laid Our Lady's granite feet,
And raised her turrets frowning bold
The thunders of the cloud to meet;
And hung on high the pillared arch,
And fashioned all with shrewdest care
That should defy the ages' march—
Then blessed the work—and left it there.

THOSE who believe that Religion is dead or dying in France, are but ill acquainted with the spirit of the French people. A very brief residence in the country sufficed to expose the fallacy of this notion, fostered by a section of the newspaper press and a certain type of literature. I myself was prepared to find the old Faith in decadence, the ashes cold on its altars, the priests few and perfunctory, the congregations dwindled and indifferent. The ancient historic religion of France—the religion of Clovis, of Charlemagne, of

St. Louis and Jeanne d'Arc, has been all but supplanted (to credit certain witnesses) by the liberal and undogmatic faith which sprang from the Revolution.

Great, then, was my surprise to perceive in France the very reverse of all this and, in literal truth, such vitality of the religious sentiment as I had never witnessed in my own country. Make no mistake about it!—France is incorrigibly, unalterably Christian and Catholic. The old religion is of her life-blood, entwined with all that made her great in the past—art, chivalry, civilization, even her long unrivaled military prowess. It is to be noted, however, that while clinging to the old Faith, France does not abandon the Revolution, mutually destructive as they seem; she will carry both as Caesar, swimming for life, carried his sword and his Commentaries!

The grand historic churches of France, so numerous in Paris and throughout the land, filled with the treasures of art and august memorials of every kind, are no doubt the chief source of the prevailing religious sentiment. It seemed to me that in this regard they exert a more sensible influence than even the churches of Italy; but perhaps the question is one rather of the difference of race. Certain it is that the oldest Christian Church is nowhere else so attractive as in France; ecclesiasticism has its best warrant there, and offers little to cavil at or to repel the disinterested spectator. The priests, always in sacerdotal garb, are never to be mistaken for laymen; and there is universal testimony to their sincere piety, their efficient but not

obtrusive zeal, and the general exemplariness of their lives. An American lady—a non-Catholic—remarking to me how powerfully she was drawn to the great churches of Paris, added with a sigh: “After all, it’s a *real* religion that fosters the life of the soul. In our country the church is little more than a social convention and a warrant of respectability.”

ONE tolerably hot day in mid-July I climbed the north tower of Notre-Dame Cathedral (over 220 feet in height), mainly to see an old friend with whose lineaments I had been familiar during many years, but whom I had never, so to say, personally greeted. I allude to the striking if unpulchritudinous person, the Grand Gargoyle, whose correct likeness appears elsewhere in this book. Often I had said that I should not die happy until I had shaken hands with him; and beyond expectations my wish was now to be fulfilled.

It chanced that I was the only person this afternoon making the ascent of Notre-Dame. There were but few visitors in the Church, amongst whom I had strolled about for an hour looking at the wonderful stained-glass windows, especially the *rose window*, more than forty feet in diameter, masterpieces all of an art that has declined. I had viewed Coustou’s *Vow of Louis XIII*, above the High Altar, a nobly impressive work; the bas-reliefs depicting the life of the *Virgin and her Son* with the naive realism characteristic of mediaeval art; and the statues of the two royal Louis’s—finding, as always, something to dislike in the *divus*

pose of *Le Grand Monarque*. Also I had visited the Treasury where are shown the coronation robes of Napoleon, the blood-stained relics of three martyred Archbishops of Paris, and various other objects. There was one grisly exhibit which I think, with due deference to the Cathedral Powers, might well be spared—I allude to the section of an Archbishop's spine pierced by the arrow which caused his death.*

Now I was working my way to the summit of the tower by a corkscrew staircase which seemed to turn and twist with amazing perversity. When I had reached a considerable height I paused at a landing place to breathe, and asked myself if this was an entirely rational proceeding. Being a person of robust habit and more than average weight, I figured that in the event of a stroke or seizure, due to the heat and abnormal exertion of the ascent, there would be no halt for me from the top to the bottom! I grew a little cold at the thought and for half a minute debated whether I should back out of the situation. Then I remembered my friend waiting so long on his giddy perch, and "By Quasimodo", I said, "I will not disappoint him!"

The most trying part of the ascent is, of course, in the upper stages of the climb, where for long spaces you have to feel your way in complete darkness, stumbling and bruising your shins

* Archbishop Affre wounded mortally on the barricades (1848) while making a plea for peace. The others were Sibour, assassinated by an unfrocked priest (1857), and Darboy, fusiladed under the Commune (1871).

against the sharply turning steps which afford barely room for one person; and often fearing, not without reason, a slip and a fall backward, the consequences of which might be of a *scrambled* description!*

Enfin, I was not to die that day and at last I attained the summit, with no breath to spare and a violently agitated heart. Then I rested on the topmost platform, and it took some minutes to recover my *aplomb* and convince myself that I had not done a foolhardy thing.

The view presently diverted me—it is one of the finest and most commanding to be had within the City. At one's feet is the magic ring of Paris (a circumference of about twenty-five miles) within which the eye is challenged by the various monuments, columns and spires, the massive churches, palaces and public buildings, with the Eiffel Tower gigantically astraddle over the Champ de Mars and dominating the entire circuit. Then the eye seeks the Seine and follows its looping course, here and there spanned by noble bridges; or rests upon the great masses of green which indicate the parks

* The Comanile of Sacré-Coeur on Montmartre is considerably higher, but a good part of the ascent is made by lift—a modern convenience at which no doubt the Gothic conscience of Notre-Dame would revolt. I went to the top of Sacré-Coeur with a party of visitors, one of whom, a woman weighing about 225 lb. immediately preceded me up the corkscrew stair. In case of an accident to her I felt there was small chance for me; and most ungallantly, but unknown to her, I held a heavy stick at arm's length between us, as to repel boarders! Luckily the ascent was safely made, and the view from the tower, extending fifty miles from Paris, together with a sight of the *Savoyarde*, the largest bell in the world, quite repaid me for whatever risk I had incurred.

(The *Savoyarde* weighs about eighteen metric tons.)

and the Bois de Boulogne. And I said to myself, "Surely the whole world cannot show the like of this picture."

My old friend perched on his granite ledge and granite himself, overlooking the Great City far below with that gaze of insatiable curiosity which he has worn for seven hundred years, recalled me fully to myself. I went up to him, clasped his arm, and patted his rugged cheek. I was actually proud of myself; he was so much older than I, and yet I had won to him in the space of a comparatively short life. If he could have spoken I know he would have said approvingly, "There are no flies on you!"—there was none on him, at that elevation.

Many of these singular creations of Gothic art and fantasy are attached to Notre-Dame, on the towers and the body of the church, at different levels. The French call them *Chimères* (Chimeras) or monsters, and Americans commonly dub them Gargoyles—a ridiculous misnomer; very few of them could be utilized as waterspouts. But if they are monsters I call them *lovely monsters*, and I think Paris has nothing more wonderful to show us, and surely nothing that makes one so poignantly regret their creators, the mediaeval artists. I studied them long from the tower, beginning with *my* fellow and spying them out over the vast structure; and I brought away with me a book of their portraits



Simarz—of a quaint monkish aspect

which I count amongst the most valuable souvenirs of my tour.*

How long I remained on the tower of Notre-Dame I cannot say, but it seems to me that the light suddenly faded and I was reluctant to make the descent in darkness; hoping, besides, that a custodian would come to guide me down, as it was, of course, known that I had ascended. Then a half moon rose, throwing a chiaro-oscuro over the great structure; and I still lingered, dreading or vaguely expecting some uncanny or portentous event. Still I possessed my senses, for I remember saying ironically to myself: "This comes of too much Victor Hugo!"

Presently I was conscious of an agitation, a movement amongst the Chimeras—they were actually freeing themselves from their immemorial stations, flitting from point to point, but mostly ascending from the lower levels and coming to mass themselves on *my* tower! The space was so narrow that I feared to be crushed by the crowding goblins or hurled to death on the pavement below. Curiously, however, they seemed to be blind to my pres-

* The Chimeras are of various shapes suggesting human, diabolical and animal resemblances; many of them are winged and some horned; all are marked by some striking character. It is evident that the ancient artists gave and were allowed full scope to their imagination in evolving them. Their variety of expression is astonishing and especially the wonderful intentness with which they look down on the City. A few of them have a sort of monkish or ecclesiastical turn, indicating, perhaps, a satirical motive hardly to be expected in the ancient times of their creation.

Very quaint is the received explanation of the use of such figures on churches. Demons were anciently believed to have a great horror of beholding their own likeness; hence such images were placed on sacred edifices to drive them away. At any rate, forms of goblins and devils abound in Gothic architecture,

ence, and still more strange, though shrinking terrified in their midst, I was never an instant in contact with them.

My old friend—they called him Belphegor—raised his head from his hands and looked at them sternly.

“How now,” he said, in archaic French that was yet intelligible to me, “what is this latest flurry about? Have I not often warned you of the useless folly of such antics? You, Helgard, are back of this mischief-making, I’ll warrant.”

The demon, thus addressed, of a truculent countenance and with an enormous mouth which reminded me of a famous American orator, came forward a little, evidently as spokesman for the rest, and replied with sullen assurance:

“It is true, O Belphegor, that we have not your calm nor patience, since you appear to have resigned yourself to an eternal ignominy. How much longer are we to stay here, exposed to the ridicule of men? Is it not clear that we have already wasted ages in this grotesque slavery, and for what end?—to demonstrate that our enemy the Church *cannot be destroyed!* A pitiful conclusion indeed. Let one of you that has kept his eyes open since the burning of the Templars tell us if he has ever really nursed the hope that we should overcome her.”

Thus challenged, a demon with a long beard made reply: “I for one hoped that the damned race would have wiped themselves out in the war between the Armagnacs and the Bourguignons, when there would have been no call for a church,”

“And after,” put in another, of a quaint monkish aspect, “we might have done well enough through our good friends the English, but for that pestilent jade, Joan of Arc. Hey! hey! she got her deserts, at least.”

“Well said, Simorg,” quoth a leering devil, with a slack, pendulous lip. ‘I spied her hanging about the walls of Paris with the Truant King, her lover and keeper, and faith they ran away together like a pair of turtle doves—where were her St. Michael and St. Catherine then! I’m only grieved to the heart that she was burned where we could not see the sport. Ho! ho! a fine morsel was my Miss Chastity for the licking flames that searched out every part—ho! ho!’”

The bloodthirsty satisfaction of this odious fiend was echoed in a gruesome chorus by the rest, all save Belphegor, who maintained his stern and quiet pose.

“Aye, aye,” he rejoined, “and of what avail has been the condemnation and the burning of this girl at the hands of the priests, which we looked to see work great harm to the Church? They have made her a saint and her image is in every Church in France—aye, under our feet as we prate.”

“And Catherine de Medicis,” came from an imp of a slyly saturnine mask; “there was a friend of ours, if she only knew it! How we danced and made merry that night of St. Bartholomew—you remember, brothers? And how vexed we were

that *our bells** did not sound the tocsin for the slaughter instead of those of St. Germain-l'Auxerrois, plague take it! Here, we said, is the death of our Enemy at last, drowned in a torrent of innocent blood. Alack, it was not to be, and our weary durance continued."

"All due to that accursed turncoat Henry IV," fiercely asseverated a choleric devil who had not yet spoken. "Had he not sold himself and become a sacrament-eater, who knows what might have happened? The slippery old *trousseur de femmes*! Ha! I was watching from my tower that day when Ravailac gave him what he was not looking for."

"And a shrewd stroke it was," approved Simorg. "Our chance should have come again under that old lecher Louis XIV, with his endless wars, his harem and his bastards that bled the country to death. What can you say of a religion which survived all that? True, the Nantes business helped a little in its day, but it seems to be forgotten, like so much else. We are always beaten in the end. The Devil is in it,"—he added playfully,—then in a subdued tone, "or rather He whose Name we are forbidden to utter!"

A strong shudder ran through the Goblin crew.

Helgard broke in fiercely: "If we could not win with the Revolution, what chance is there of ever winning? We saw the churches emptied, the Guillotine set up, and the gutters overflow with the blood of priests. We saw a prostitute borne in triumph above the crowds and enthroned upon the

*The several bells of Notre-Dame are of tremendous size and weight; it requires eight men to ring them.

High Altar of a desecrated temple. But Napoleon set up the Church again, and all is as it was before—nay, our humiliation is the greater; and still we remain fastened here, grinning and impotent, a symbol of the Church's victory!"

"The end is not yet," pronounced Belphegor tersely; "our fight is not without hope or honor. If a thousand years are but as a day to Him we dare not name, are they more to us, being of the like immortal essence? Take courage from this fact—our strong helper Voltaire lies in the Pantheon."

"Aye truly," rejoined Helgard bitterly, "low he lies in his crypt, but the Cross surmounts the Pantheon!"

On hearing these words, a frightful clamor arose from the assembled fiends. Belphegor advanced toward Helgard with menacing arm extended, while his fiery antagonist seemed to brace himself for battle, the mass of his fellows closing in behind him.

"Have done with this madness," shouted Belphegor, "and return to your places. It is not for you to say, Helgard, that the Eternal War has been decided!"

In the combat and confusion that ensued, the Goblins seemed to divide pretty evenly in support of the two opposing leaders. I shrank closer to the wall as the tug of war was joined between the hurtling monsters; when presto! I awoke to see the blessed sunlight of late afternoon gilding the sombre towers of Notre Dame with its declining rays; while far below at our feet the first shadows

of evening crept upon the Seine.

Apprehensively I glanced at my old friend:—he was there, immobile as ever, tenoned and mortised in granite, looking down with inscrutable gaze upon the City.

I gave a sigh of relief, patted his cheek kindly, said *Au revoir* to him, and warily descended the winding stair.

More than half-way down I met a custodian evidently coming to seek me. He looked at me solicitously.

“Monsieur il est en retard. Un peu malade peut-être de l’ascension ou d’un petit coup de soleil? Je vous viens de chercher.”

“Mille remerciements, Monsieur,” I reply; *“je ne suis pas malade, mais j’ai eu un rêve; et un rêve étrange, ma foi!”*

And I pressed a small gratuity into his pliant hand, while he smiled vaguely—whether at my explanation or my French, I cannot say.

CHAPTER X

A RAILWAY JOURNEY

Adventure of the Polizei-hund—Adventure of the Discourteous Traveler—The Value of a Bluff—Humorous Aspects of French Railroading—Laissez Faire on the Government Line.

'Tis good, my son, that you should travel
And see all countries near and far,
E'en some that make the U. S. gravel
In Art and things not up to par;
But here's a fact beyond all cavil—
You'll never meet a Pullman car!

ON a bright morning in late July, Paris arose cheerful and smiling, as is her wont, whatever her tricks of the night before; and I woke in holiday mood, for I was to start for Brittany by the eight o'clock train. The faithful Albertine, summoned to receive my last commands, did not share my gayety, having in prospect the loss of a week's tips, always reckoned upon her slowly increasing *dot*; but she was somewhat consoled by the fact that I was keeping my room, and doubtless she promised herself *une revanche* upon my return. Poor Albertine! I hope she is installed in her own *ménage* by this time, with an honest husband, and forever done with slaving for *loca-*

taires, especially *les vilaines femmes* of her aversion.

Taking along a single grip, I hied me to the Gare Montparnasse. I was to travel a matter of eight or nine hours by the *Chemin de fer de l'Etat*, or State Railway, which, as I have heretofore hinted, failed to command my unqualified approval, used as I was to the best appointed and most efficient (if the costliest) railroads in the world. However, I will admit that the French railways serve their purpose well enough, the privately owned lines being notably better than those under State control; while allowance should be made for a general "letting down" in the service, and in essentials of comfort and convenience, due no doubt to the War. My ticket read to Dinard and I secured a place in a first-class carriage.

It looked as if I should have the compartment (holding six places) all to myself, when at the last moment before starting a tall youth came aboard leading a German dog of the species called *polizei-hund** (police dog) and took a seat in front of me. The dog, which was the largest of his breed I have ever seen, and fierce-looking to boot, stretched his loathly form between our feet and rested his formidable jaw (muzzled) on his paws, keeping a furtive eye upon me. The animal was of an ugly yellowish color, and the smell of his dogginess quite filled the compartment.

* One sees a great many of these German dogs in Paris and rather wonders at the fact, in view of existing relations. The reason for it seems to be that the French dogs are generally a puny pestered-out lot; perhaps, too, *their* birth-rate is on the decline!

I smothered my rage until in a few minutes the conductor or *controleur* appeared to *viser* our tickets, when I asked that the dog be removed.

The young man speaking then for the first time, revealed that he was an American, which fact softened me in a degree. He explained that getting his ticket in a great hurry to catch the train, there had been no time to arrange otherwise for the transport of the animal, and he promised that it should not incommode me.

The functionary of the Chemin de fer de l'Etat understood that I was objecting to the presence of the animal, but his air of indifference was perfect; he was evidently waiting to let us settle the dispute between ourselves. I am convinced that he would not have put a hand on the dog, under any provocation. Finally he grinned and went away, as if assuming that the matter was settled; and we saw him no more until the train was approaching Dinard. Fancy such an incident happening on an American train, and in a Pullman—*oh la farce, la bonne farce!*

I felt that I could not go to extremes with a compatriot so very young and guileless, who seemed, besides, a well-bred, prepossessing lad. He agreed to shift "Max" to the proper "wagon" for animals (an equivalent of our American baggage car) at the first convenient station, a promise which he later made a lame pretence of fulfilling; and in the meantime to keep him as far from me as the limited space permitted. At a word from him, the dog stretched his ungainly length across the threshold of our compartment—a formidable symbol of

Verboten! In this posture I was not getting the full richness of the bouquet of him, at any rate, being seated myself at an open window. Finally I resigned myself to the situation, and fell into chat with my young companion.

His folks were passing the summer at Dinard, and he was returning from a run into Germany where he had bought "Max". Had paid a good price, too, for Max was a pedigreed dog—and he explained to me, at great length, the rare points of his canine acquisition. My lad also volunteered the confession that he had been at the *Folies* the night before, and was deuced sleepy; in fact he had been stifling yawns for some time.

Presently, with an admonitory word to Max, he lay down on his side of the compartment, and fell asleep at once, with the happy facility of youth. In turn I composed myself for a nap, but was not a little troubled, whenever I chanced to open my eyes, to meet the yellow gaze of Max fixed steadily upon me. He had evidently got it into his Teutonic head that I would bear watching, and he devoted himself to the job.

Our train was making very good speed—on that score at least the Chemin de fer de l'Etat is not vulnerable to criticism. We stopped only at the more important stations and very few people got aboard; nobody presented himself to claim a place in our section (which I rather hoped would happen, to the discomfiture of that carefree conductor); and Max held the fort in malign security.

His master never moved for a couple of hours; lying easily on his side, with head lightly supported

on his arm, he was plunged whole seas beyond our ken; as I was later to realize in a painful way. Lord! how that lad snoozed, and how I envied him, so bored was I by that journey and the surveillance of the polizei-hund. A dozing fit from time to time was the best I could manage, the thought of that *sacré chien* oppressing me like a nightmare. *He* did not trouble himself about sleeping, trusty animal! for he had *me* on his mind.

Toward four o'clock I awoke with a start, feeling a *cold* pressure against my hand. I opened my eyes to find Max nosing me suspiciously and *without his muzzle!*—he had worked it off while I slept. Here was a charming situation! And his master still lay blissfully unconscious, dreaming no doubt of the *Folies Bergère*.

I made as if to get up when a menacing growl stopped me, and Max showed his terrible teeth in a significant or Prussian manner—*Verboten* again! Then I recalled that these animals, stupid but ferociously devoted to their masters, are trained to guard them with sleepless care and to show no quarter to a stranger. Already I had noticed that he ignored any friendly overtures on my part and would not suffer me even to pat him.

This tension lasted a half-hour or so when a noise in the passageway diverted Max's attention; he went out to investigate, and at once I bolted the door behind him. Then I flung myself upon the sleeping youth and dragged him to his feet, stammering and confused by the rude awakening.

“You blithering young fool!—do you realize that you will get yourself into a mess with this nuis-

ance of a dog? He has worked his muzzle off and is threatening the whole car."

As if to confirm my words, at that instant we heard Max barking furiously, and shrieks of women from the end compartment which the dog had invaded. The young man turned pale and picking up the muzzle dashed to the rescue. I looked into the next section, found it vacant and quickly transferred myself and luggage to the same. "No hard feelings, my boy," I called to the youth, as he was passing my door with the re-muzzled and crestfallen Max, "but I don't crave any more dog during the rest of this trip."

However, the day was not to end without another disagreeable incident, trivial like the one related, but perhaps worth the telling as showing the vicissitudes of "traveler's luck", especially on the *Chemin de fer de l'Etat* where the policy of *laissez faire* seems to be strictly enjoined upon its responsible functionaries. Under such conditions what a riot of crime we should have in America!

We had stopped at a station about an hour from Dinard, and the train starting again I left my compartment upon a necessity; being absent from it not more than three minutes. Returning I found two persons, a man and a woman, in the section, the former occupying my seat which was on that side nearest the window. There were four other vacant places in the compartment; mine, however, was the most desirable seat. I glanced over the man's head and saw my grip in the rack; then said quietly:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you have taken my seat."

Something about the man—I could not precisely say what it was—reminded me of Max; a vague suggestion of *Verboten*. He replied gruffly, but in good English, though I guessed that he was neither English nor French:

"You're all wrong about that—the seat is mine now. I found it vacant, and I took possession."

I rejoined as calmly as before, though my pulses were going a bit faster:

"Again I must beg your pardon, sir. I have occupied that place during the last two hours, and left it only three minutes since on a necessity. You see my luggage in the rack over your head?"

To this the intruder responded harshly and with a sudden deepening of his accent which made me again say to myself, "*Verboten!*"—"You should have placed something on the seat if you wanted to hold it. Your luggage in the rack doesn't count. You are evidently ignorant of the rules of traveling. And don't imagine, *because you are an American*, that you can have your own way here. I took the place properly, and I will keep it."

His face had flushed up during this little speech, and his utterance had thickened; ending he cast a triumphant look at the woman sitting opposite him, who for her part did not seem comfortable. Mentally I noted, *there* is the source of his bravado.

Had the man (whether Teuton, Slav or Jew) been civil and conciliatory I should have left him in possession, from regard to the presence of a lady; though I believed him to be wholly in the wrong.

In point of fact, as I learned later on, he was slightly in the right, *technically*, because I had left no article on the seat. But the asperity of his tone, the swelling insolence of his manner, and above all, the fling at my nationality, stiffened me to make an issue with him. Since he had chosen to play Cock-of-the-Walk before his lady friend (I believe she was a French woman), I decided to call his bluff and waive the fact of her presence. His risks were much less than mine, for he was a younger and stronger man.

I therefore stepped close to him and said:

"I don't know anything about those traveling rules you speak of, but it doesn't matter. I *do* know that I have paid for this place and occupied it until you took it while I was absent for a minute. And now I propose that you get out of my seat."

Realizing that there was but one alternative, he yielded without another word, quite to my surprise and perhaps to my relief. When I judged that the lesson had sunk in sufficiently, I left the compartment—but we were then pulling into Dinard, at the end of our journey.

Some three weeks afterwards I saw this couple again in Paris. I had come out of the Conciergerie and was treating myself to a bock on a café *terrasse*, while enjoying the view of the Seine. By that second sight which the presence of an enemy confers upon us, I perceived them seated at a table within the café. Recognition was mutual and instantaneous. I affected to look away unconcernedly; when I turned my head again they had vanished.

In future I shall try to chasten my hot young

blood and exercise more self-control in regard to putting anyone in bodily fear:—the mental consequences to the threatened party are apt to be of a serious nature, as in the instance above related.

But sometimes in the silent night I wake, with a cold sweat starting, and ask myself, “Good heavens, what should I have done if that fellow had not weakened!” . . .

Allons! the guards are calling “Dinard! Dinard!”—I wonder what they are supposed to *guard*, by the way; surely not the passengers?—and I alight at the pretty station, glad to find myself in the heart of ancient Brittany.

CHAPTER XI

A BRETON HOLIDAY

Fashionable Dinard—Homage to the great god Swank—St. Malo the Quaint and Mediaeval—Literary Memories—Excursion to Mont St. Michel the Peerless—Historical Sketch of the famous Abbey—Long Dominion of the Monks—Period as a Prison—the Dungeons and their Doubtful Legends.

ASHIMMER lies the quiet Rance
Where Hervé Riel drove his prow,
And poised in air with golden lance
The Angel stands on Michael's brow.
On all the shining land is peace,
And peace on all the shining sea;
And here the thousand wars shall cease,
And Christ be Lord of victory!

I HAVE called this chapter "A Breton Holiday," with the motive of strict veracity which characterizes my history. In Paris and later in Rome (as the patient reader shall learn in due time) the business of visiting monuments, galleries, etc., was often strenuous enough, and at its lightest could hardly be regarded as play. But while in Brittany I gladly surrendered myself to the holiday spirit. There were no galleries to explore, catalogue in hand and greedy *cicerone* attendant; the masterpieces all about were chiefly of nature's making,



Looking down with an insatiable gaze upon the city

and the cant of the connoisseur was happily unheard. In a word, I proposed to laze and loaf and have a good time, leaving it on the knees of the careless gods whether I should ever make a page of copy from my visit to Brittany. And this, I reckon, is the best way to receive and store up impressions which may become fruitful at the appointed season. The soul refuses to be coerced or driven; leave it in peace to gather its oracles, and thou shalt be rewarded in good time.

Dinard is a modish, expensive, socially select town of between five and six thousand inhabitants. It is quite celebrated for its *bains de mer*, and the charming, sheltered *plage* or beach seems to have been formed on purpose by a discerning Providence for people of much money and leisure. These appear to be mostly English, from the nearness of the place, I dare say, to the "tight little Island", and they have given a quite special mark to Dinard, which almost effaces its French character, in deference to the wealthy British *clientèle*. English is spoken or maltreated everywhere, English inscriptions abound, there is an English (Anglican) church, English manners prevail; and without captious motive I dare not deny that there is a fine flavor of English caste feeling in the social atmosphere. The swell hotels make rather a parade of flunkeyism, of the English variety—this is something which cannot be had in perfection from French *gens de service*.

For the rest, Dinard is up-to-date in an un-Gallic degree, with numerous fine hotels, two Casinos (one calling itself the High Life!), golf and tennis

clubs, etc. It has no antiquities except some British dowagers of awe-inspiring manners; in fact it is that rarity in France, almost a new town.

A fleet of passenger boats, *les Blanches Vedettes*, ply between Dinard and the quaint, interesting towns on the Rance,—St. Malo, Dinan, St. Servan, St. Cast, etc.; these boats also run to Cap Frehel and the English isle of Jersey. I made several of these excursions, at very moderate cost, and enjoyed them exceedingly. The weather was delightful during my entire sojourn; to say true I have never known such midsummer weather in the States and doubt if it is to be had “at any price”. I suffered not a moment’s discomfort from heat, and usually I wore a light overcoat. If everything else failed here, Brittany ought to go a long way on its summer climate.

I loved especially to make the little excursion across to St. Malo and lose myself in the tortuous wynds of that quaint mediaeval city, long famous for the breed of fighting men of the sea, who went out from her port to meet the English foe. Happily the flags of both these great and kindred peoples are now entwined in peace and amity. May they never again be unfurled to mark a renewal of strife between those who have exchanged hostages so sacred, pledges so inviolable!

The walls of St. Malo, mounting in places to a height of fifty feet or more, and built to defend the city against the sea as well as leaguering enemies, are wonderful structures that carry the mind back to many a stormy page of history and help us to realize the slow advance of civilization.

Hardy was the race that laid those foundation stones in the sea and raised on high those ramparts that have through long ages defied the fury of the elements and the assaults of the besieger. Peace and life are to be had on easier terms in our day—at least we were thinking so until the world took fire in 1914!

One may walk on St. Malo's walls without paying a fee to anybody or having to endure a stupid lecture from a cheeky, illiterate *cicerone*, such as too many of these folk are apt to be, and the worst specimens of whom one encounters in Italy. I took some credit to myself for surveying every foot of the ramparts, *la tour de Bidouane* included, the view from which over the Rance was as inspiring as, in the opposite direction, a look into the upper storeys of the town afforded spectacles unexpected and diverting.

It was a delightful experience to stroll about the tortuous, narrow, mediaeval lanes of St. Malo, with the tall houses or rather caravansaries that still shelter a great part of its population, and to call up visions of the far heroic times when warfare was of daily wont and men were of sterner mould than they are fashioned today. But at the end of it all I rejoiced that the Middle Ages were back where they belong, and that the practical nuisances as well as monstrous superstitions of them can never be successfully resurrected (although the attempt is made from time to time!)

To my reproach, be it said, I did not get out to the tomb of Chateaubriand, for although the rock or tiny islet on which he is buried, lies only a short

distance from the shore, I could not find a boatman to take me there. I was told that at low tide one may walk out to the tomb; which, unluckily, did not suit my convenience. But I often gazed at the sea-washed rock which holds all that was mortal of the great René, and felt that I was rendering appropriate homage to his spirit.

In truth the once great fame of Chateaubriand has much fallen off during many years and is scarcely known to the present generation; yet a century ago he was almost as famous as Byron, then in full splendor, whose Luciferian genius he admired and ventured to rebuke. Both are now under a sort of occultation and the Frenchman has somewhat the worst of it. Peace to René!—he had many noble thoughts that ever return to us, like the resurgent sea that moans eternal requiem about his grave.

Far more vital and aggressive (as more recent) is the renown of Flaubert and Maupassant, those Norman giants of the latter half of the Nineteenth century. One recalls associations of them and their work at every step in Normandy and Brittany, contiguous provinces from which they drew their most lasting creations. Emma Bovary flits about the streets of Rouen—I'll swear I caught a glimpse of her in a cab!—and Maupassant's peasants look at you from the fields and roads as you whirl by in an auto car—say the admirable "Quicksilver" directed by M. Jules Boutin, the most enterprising citizen of Dinard, who unites in himself functions and capabilities which I had thought impossible to a Frenchman.

MONT St. Michel is the chief magnet that draws visitors to the coast of Brittany; for a reason to be mentioned later I shall not attempt a detailed description of this unique religious and historical monument wherein nature and man have combined to produce the most surprising results. I permit myself only to offer a few notes suggested by my two whole-day visits to the place.

The trip by auto-coach, carrying some twenty-five tourists, was most agreeable and occupied two hours either way. Coach and all we were ferried across the Rance to the opposite shore, and thence driven over a splendid road to the foot of the famous Mount (united to the mainland by a dike since 1876). The reader will understand from this parenthesis that pictures showing Mont St. Michel entirely surrounded by the tempestuous sea are either imaginary or of distant date.

Mont St. Michel is a granite rock rising some 275 feet above sea level. The grand Abbey Church built thereon and whose foundation harks back to the Eighth century, is crowned by a tower over a hundred feet high, and this in turn is surmounted by a spire 117 feet in altitude (constructed in 1897). The grand statue of St. Michael the Archangel by Frémiet (one of the great sculptors of modern France) made of plated copper, *répoussé* and gilded, tops the spire; it is twelve feet high from the base to the point of the sword and weighs eight hundred pounds. St. Michael is therefore perched at a height of about 475 feet above sea level.

Mont St. Michel enjoys a temperate climate, in spite of its northern situation and the frequent storms with which it is assailed, especially in the winter season. My visit was made at a favorable time; in the pretty gardens on the rocky slope there was quite a display of flowers and vegetables. On the northern side the State has fostered a small wood showing some fine elms, poplars, sycamores, and ash trees, besides a quantity of decorative shrubs.

Animated is the scene presented by the single street of the place when fortune has sent a good-sized crowd of visitors who patronize the restaurants, souvenir shops, etc., and do their full duty by the official exhibitors and custodians of the Mount. Uphill straggles the little street and one is surprised at the number of people who contrive to make a living there. Old women disfigured by hard work and of incredible ugliness are numerous; they seem to be one of the chief products of the Norman-Breton country.

According to ancient legend, St. Michael in the year 708 appeared to the Bishop of Avranches (a neighboring place) and commanded the holy man to build a church in his honor on the summit of Mont Tombe (as the hill was then named). Celestial visitors were then less uncommon than now, and St. Aubert (the Bishop) made no great haste to fulfil the Archangel's desire. Three times the latter was obliged to call on him before the Bishop took action. On his last visit, it is said, the Archangel, who joins a quick temper to his well known military character, enforced his commands with a

physical rebuke to the dilatory prelate. At any rate, the Bishop's head, still venerated in the church of St. Gervais at Avranches, exhibits a dent or fracture which legend attributes to the angelic visitor.

The Benedictines founded an abbey on the Mont and their name remains associated with the chief glories of the place. During old troublous times, as in the Hundred Years War with England, it was strongly fortified, which in addition to its natural inaccessibility, made it a place of great military importance. St. Michael's, often besieged by the English in the Fifteenth century and by the Huguenots at a later period, was never taken by assault. Stone cannon balls used by the English are amongst the curious relics shown at the Mont.

The fair Tiphaine de Raguenel, spouse of the famous warrior Bertrand du Guesclin* (Fourteenth century) lived for some time at the Mont, and her apartments are shown. Those were rough times for a gentle lady, and Tiphaine had few or none of the luxuries which she might command today; but one is fairly sure that she never suffered from ennui—there was too much doing for that! Her slender legend is perhaps the most romantic associated with the Mont, and one lingers in her lofty chambers commanding a view of the wide bay.

Came the French Revolution and put an end to the long and, be it said, mainly glorious dominion of the monks; the Abbey was pillaged, the works

* One of the great French worthies of the Fourteenth century. He is honored with a noble equestrian statue by Frémiet at the Petit Palais in Paris—*vide* Chapter XXV.

of art mutilated or destroyed, and many precious manuscripts, books, etc., dispersed and irrecoverably lost. Mont St. Michel then became a State Prison and so remained until 1863.

From 1865 to 1866 the Church was in partial possession of its ancient fief, and in 1877 the Coronation of St. Michael drew twenty thousand pilgrims to the Mount. In 1874 a Government decree allocated the Abbey and the Ramparts to the service of historic monuments, and the restoration of the place was begun. This decree is still in force, and the grand Basilica remains secularized; a small church being maintained on the Mount for the two hundred and sixty-odd inhabitants. However, on July 3, 1919, by permission of the Government, the Basilica was thrown open and a *Te Deum* was celebrated for the victorious conclusion of the Great War.

I want to say a word in reference to the *cachots* or dungeons of Mont St. Michel which, as "exploited" by the official custodians and described in certain prints, seem to offer a strong element of romance, not to say "fake" pure and simple. The best authority I could procure on the subject, a French text (*Le Mont Saint-Michel*, P. Lethellieux, Paris, 1921) ridicules most of the legends alluded to as without warrant in fact, and its statements appear to be worthy of full credit.

The writer of this booklet points out, reasonably enough, that "prison comforts" were absolutely unheard of in the Eleventh and Twelfth centuries. He notes that the dungeons, properly so called, were but a small part of the prisons of Mont St.

Michel; the *cachots* I examined were scarcely larger than a dog-kennel, admitting light only from the door— it was impossible that a human being could survive in them for any length of time. The prisons in general were a necessity; the Abbot, one of the great lords of Normandy, having the right of high and low justice.

I was shown the famous “Iron Cage”, which is really of wood, and it did not strike me as being particularly formidable or even useful. I doubt if it could ever have held long a prisoner like Latude, and Jack Sheppard would have laughed at it. Mont St. Michel itself, surrounded by the sea, with its thick walls and watch towers, its keepers and soldiers, was prison enough; a true history of escapes from it in the olden time, would be as brief as a chapter on snakes in Ireland.

The best known and most persistent legend in regard to the prisons is that of one Dubourg, said to have been shut up in the Iron Cage during thirty years and to have perished there, eaten by rats. Concerning this yarn, which is greedily swallowed by most visitors to the Mount, the historian Funk-Brentano wrote in 1919 (I translate from the French text):

The cage in which Dubourg was confined stood in the centre of a large vaulted room; this cage itself being a sort of chamber measuring nine feet on each of the four sides, enclosed with wooden bars and planked overhead. A bed was placed therein, and the prisoner still had room enough to take several steps. Dubourg remained shut up there, not twenty-two years, but *one year and six days*. Seized with despair, he starved to death voluntarily (August 1746) in

spite of the monks who during twelve days strove in vain to make him swallow food or bouillon. As to the rats, they have trotted only in the brains of writers too imaginative.

My authority allows that when Mont St. Michel passed from the monks to secular hands (during the period when it was called Mont Libre) the prisons thereof acquired a sad celebrity.

During the Revolution three hundred refractory priests were imprisoned on the Mount and subjected to the most cruel abuses, escape from which by death would have been, and was to not a few of them, a welcome relief. One reflects that there is hardly a note of human misery but has been sounded at one time or another within those massive walls!

When the Abbey had become a central prison under Government control, common criminals and persons charged only with political offences were detained there, indiscriminately; as many as six hundred at one time.

Of the political prisoners Louis Blanqui, socialist and revolutionary, was the most celebrated; a figure of him is shown, Eden Musée style, writing in his cell. Blanqui, whose motto was *Ni dieu, ni maitre* (neither God nor master) does not appear to have suffered greatly in his durance at the Mount; he lived until 1881, dying at the ripe age of seventy-six.

Visitors to Mont St. Michel are shown over the place by Government functionaries who are little in sympathy with its ancient religious character and but moderately qualified to expound its history.

Hence they are apt to make much of such "legends" as have been noted above, and no doubt the dungeons with their museum dummies are their most profitable stand-by. They have divided up the exhibition in general amongst themselves, and you have to go more than once and take on several of them (each to be "gratified", of course) if you wish to "do" the Mount thoroughly. Each visit calls for a whole day, so the matter is less easy than it looks off-hand.

I wonder how these hungry officials manage in the winter season when the tourist pickings are but small or altogether fall off? Ditto the souvenir dealers, the antediluvian beggar women, and the restaurant keepers who make those famous omelettes and sell you coarse *vin ordinaire* at a stiff price? Well, good luck to them all!—they are not so bad, to speak them fair, as they might be, with their needs and opportunities. One ends by thinking kindly of them, in consideration of the glorious place to which they are attached; and especially because they are under the puissant protection of the good St. Michael!

CHAPTER XII

LEGEND OF MONT ST. MICHEL

(By Guy de Maupassant)

(The best piece of literature that I am acquainted with, concerning St. Michael's Mount, is the following written by the famous Guy de Maupassant, a son of Normandy, and done into English by the present humble author. I am sure the courteous reader will not quarrel with me for giving him this unexpected treat.)

I HAD first seen, from Cancale, that fairy chateau planted in the sea. I had seen it confusedly, a gray shadow planted against the misty sky. Again I saw it from Avranches in the sunset. The wide sands were red, the horizon was red, all the immense bay was red: alone, the steep Abbey towering down there, far from the land, like a fantastic manor-house, amazing as a dream palace, incredibly strange and beautiful, stood out almost black in the purple of the dying day.

I went toward it at dawn across the sands, my eyes fixed upon that monstrous jewel, huge as a mountain, carved like a cameo, and vaporous as a lace. The nearer I approached it the more I felt myself transported with admiration; for nothing in the world perhaps is more astonishing and more perfect.

Surprised, as if I had discovered the habitation of a God, I wandered through those halls supported by columns light or heavy, through corridors open to the day, raising my astonished eyes to those spires which seem, as it were, rockets started toward heaven—to all that amazing confusion of towers, gargoyles, ornaments, graceful and charming, fireworks of stone, lace of granite,—a masterpiece of architecture at once delicate and colossal.

As I stood in ecstasy a Low-Norman peasant approached me and related for my edification the story of the great quarrel between St. Michael and the Devil.

A skeptic of genius has said: “God made man in his own image, but man has fully returned the compliment.”

This is an eternal truth, and it would be very curious to make in each country the history of the local divinity, as well as the history of patron saints in each of our provinces. The negro has ferocious idols, devourers of men; the polygamous Mohammedan peoples his paradise with women; the Greeks, like a practical people, have deified all the passions.

Every village in France is placed under the tutelage of a patron saint, modified according to the character of the inhabitants.

Saint Michael watches over Low-Normandy,—St. Michael, the radiant and victorious Archangel, the sword-bearer, the triumphant hero of Heaven, the conqueror of Satan. Let us see how the Low-Norman, crafty, cautious, sly and tricky, conceives

and relates the duel of the great Saint with the Devil.

St. Michael, in order to protect himself against the evil designs of the Wicked One, built for himself, right in the ocean, this habitation fit for an Archangel; and indeed only so great a Saint was able to make himself such a residence. But, as he still feared the approaches of the Devil, he surrounded his domain with shifting sands more treacherous than the sea.

The Devil lived in a humble straw-thatched cottage on the coast; but he possessed the prairies bathed with salt water, the lovely fat lands that bear heavy harvests, the rich valleys and the fertile hills of all the country. So that Satan was rich, and St. Michael as poor as a church rat.

After some lean years the Saint became weary of this state of affairs, and he thought to make a compromise with the Devil; but the thing was not too easy, Satan holding to his harvests.

He reflected during six months; then, one morning, he traveled toward the land. The Devil was eating his soup before the door when he perceived the Saint. Instantly he hastened to meet him, kissed the hem of his sleeve, made him come in and offered him some refreshments. After having drunk a bowl of milk, St. Michael opened the business.

"I have come to make you a good offer."

The Devil, candid and without mistrust, answered:

"Nothing would please me better."

“Here it is: You shall lease me all your lands.”

Satan, disturbed, wished to speak: “But—” The Saint interrupted: “Hear me first. You shall lease me all your lands. I shall charge myself with the maintenance, the work, the tillage, the planting, the fertilizing, in short, everything; and we shall share the harvest equally. Is it a bargain?”

The Devil, naturally lazy, accepted. He demanded only, to boot, some of those delicious gray mullet which abound near the solitary Mount. St. Michael promised the fish.

They shook hands on it and spat on the side in order to indicate that the bargain was closed. Then the Saint added:

“A moment. I don’t wish that you should have the least complaint to make of me. Choose which you prefer—the part of the harvest which shall be *on the earth*, or that which shall remain *in the earth*.”

Satan said: “I take that which shall be on the earth.”

“It is settled,” said the Saint. And he went away.

Now, six months after, in the Devil’s immense domain, one saw only carrots, turnips, onions, salsifi, all the plants whose fat roots are good and savourous, and whose useless leaf serves at best to feed the cattle.

Satan had nothing and wished to break the contract, declaring that St. Michael had cheated him. But the Saint had acquired a taste for farming; he returned presently to see the Devil.

“I assure you that I had no idea that it would

turn out so; it just happened like that and through no malice of mine. Now, in order to square things, I offer you this year all that shall be *under the earth*."

"That suits me perfectly," said Satan.

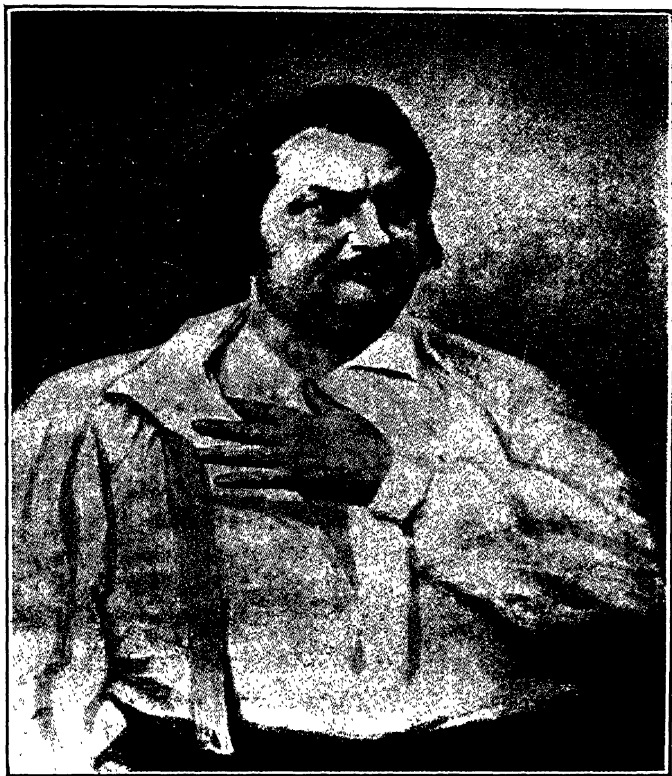
Now the next Spring the whole extent of the Devil's land was covered with fat wheat, with oats as large as your thumb, with flax, with magnificent *colza*, with red clover, peas, cabbage, artichoke—in a word, with all that flourishes *in the sun*, either grains or fruits.

Satan had nothing again, and this time he gave full vent to his wrath. He reclaimed his land and his tillage, and remained deaf to all the new overtures of his neighbor.

A whole year passed away. St. Michael, from the top of his isolated castle, gazed upon the distant and fertile lands, and saw the Devil directing the works, bringing in the harvest, threshing his grains. And he saw all this, raging, exasperated at his own impotence. Not being able to dupe Satan further, he resolved to take vengeance on him; and he went to invite him to dinner for the following Sunday.

"You've not been lucky in your affairs with me," he said, "I know it, but I don't want any hard feelings to stand between us, and I request that you will come and dine with me. I will not send you away fasting."

Satan, as great a glutton as an idler, accepted at once. On the day appointed he put on his best clothes and took the road to the Mount.



Portrait of Balzac, known as the Daguerreotype

St. Michael made him sit down to a magnificent table. First was served a *vol-au-vent* full of cock's combs and crests; then sausages, then two large gray mullet in cream; then a white turkey-hen, stuffed with chestnuts preserved in wine; then a leg of choice lamb, tender as cake; then some vegetables which melted in the mouth, and some piping hot biscuits which exhaled a perfume of butter.

They drank pure cider, foaming and sweet, also wine red and intoxicating; and after each dish they "made a hole" with some old apple brandy.

The Devil ate and drank like ten men, so that presently he was obliged, without ceremony, to relieve himself.

Then St. Michael, rising formidable, cried in a voice of thunder: "Scoundrel! You dare—before me——!"

Satan, desperate, took to flight, and the Saint, seizing a stick, pursued him. They ran through the lower halls, bolting around pillars helter-skelter, they mounted the airy staircases, they galloped along cornices, they leaped from gargoyle to gargoyle. The poor Devil, sick as a dog, fled, soiling as he went the grand habitation of the Saint. At length he found himself on the last terrace, very high up, whence you can see the immense bay with its distant cities, its coasts and pasture lands. He could no longer escape, and the Saint giving him a furious kick in the behind, launched him like a ball through space.

Down the sky he fell like a javelin and landed heavily before the city of Mortain. The horns of his forehead and the claws of his hands and feet

sank deep into the rock, which keeps for eternity the traces of this fall of Satan.

He rose limping, crippled until the end of time; and regarding far off the fatal Mount erected like a peak in the setting sun, he understood that he would always be conquered in this unequal struggle. Then he started, dragging one leg after him, directing his course toward distant countries; abandoning to his Enemy, his fields, his hills, his valleys, and his meadows.

Behold how St. Michael, patron of Normans, conquered the Devil!

Another people would have imagined a different version of this duel.

(It is curious that Maupassant almost repeated the wonderful description of the Mount which precedes this admirable story, in his fantastic tale *Le Horla*, written late in his career when his mental malady had begun to show itself. I quote a few lines:

When I was on the summit I said to the monk who accompanied me: "How happy you ought to be here, father!"

He replied, 'There is too much wind, Monsieur'; and we began to chat while the sea arose, overran the sand, and covered it with a cuirass of steel.

(There is of a truth too much wind at Mont St. Michel, particularly in the yarns of the custodians.)

CHAPTER XIII

AT THE HOUSE OF BALZAC

The small Museum at Passy, its Memorials and Associations with his Life and Work—Comparison with Victor Hugo's Museum in Paris—Madame Hanska and the Last Years—What other Monument than his Books?

HERE wove the Titan, wizard his great spell,
And from his brain of fire those beings drew
That haunt and challenge us a whole life through,
And bid us turn again and mark them well,
Their loves and hates, their passions fierce and fell—
A living world that from his fancy grew
And lureth still, with magic ever new,
Surviving him who wrought the Miracle!

Here mid the mute memorials of his toil,
The desk and chair, the portrait and the bust,
His very hand, of jealous Death the spoil,
The page whereon he penned his vaunt and trust,—
I muse in quiet, while the distant broil
Of Paris dies, as unto ears of dust.

SOMETHING of the ill luck that pursued Balzac throughout his career and never permitted him to enjoy the due fruition of his genius and fame, still seems to attend his posthumous estate. To the world outside of France his name is perhaps greater than Hugo's and his work as well

known, especially of late years since good translations have made it accessible to English readers; but at home the author of *Les Misérables* appears to enjoy his old priority. Certainly he does in regard to that formal recognition which is expressed in public monuments, statues, painting, etc.

To particularize, Victor Hugo's museum in the house long occupied by him in the *Place des Vosges*—a locality famous for its historical associations* is far more pretentious than Balzac's cottage at Passy and undoubtedly attracts many more visitors. The place is filled with valuable and interesting mementoes of the great poet and his literary epoch, specimen editions of his books, paintings and drawings illustrative of the same, together with portraits and busts and medallions of Hugo and his family by many famous artists, Bonnat, Bastien Lepage, Decamps, Carrière, Fantin-Latour, David d'Angers, Rodin, Raffaelli, Falguière, *et al.* A most notable painting represents the famous production of "Hernani", which signalized the victory of the Romantics; Hugo and Balzac are conspicuous among the *révoltés*, and Gautier in his too celebrated red waistcoat. Finally the house is large, with three floors and commodious staircases; all of

* It was formerly known as the *Place Royale* and was the site of the *Palais des Tournelles* occupied by Catherine de Medicis; in the court of which palace, 1559, occurred the tournament in which Henry II was killed. The Place is a vast square with a fountain at each of the four corners; in the centre stands an equestrian statue of Louis XIII, under whose reign this was the fashionable quarter of Parisian society. The great Richelieu lived here, also the celebrated light-o'-love, Marion Delorme. Hugo made it his residence for many years; in 1903 the present museum was installed by the City of Paris.

which space has been utilized with the cleverness and good taste possessed only by the French.

I spent several hours at the Hugo Museum and never have I used time to better advantage; if I can write no more on the subject it is because I gave my youth to Hugo, while Balzac has possessed my maturity.

I MADE two pilgrimages to Passy, which must have been quite suburban in Balzac's time, some seventy-five years ago. It is in the western part of the City, and the immediate neighborhood presents nothing distinguished, historically or otherwise, with one exception: back of the Balzac cottage is an old mansion, once the residence of the Princesse de Lamballe, of unfortunate Revolutionary memory.

Balzac's house was in his day known as No. 19 Rue Basse; it is now, No. 47 Rue Rayounard. It stands back from and at a lower level than the street, and is masked by houses in front, through one of which entrance is gained to the cottage. There is still a garden attached, which was larger in Balzac's day; he used to promenade in it with Madame Hanska and her daughter who made a visit to Passy in July 1845.* The cottage has a

* Concerning this visit of the lady who five years later became the wife of Balzac, it is alleged that while at Passy she was prematurely confined, thereby establishing the fact of their intimate relations. The statement seems to lack proof. Balzac's letters to Madame Hanska which we possess throw no light on the matter; and Balzac destroyed *all* her letters after the theft and recovery of some of them which were used in an unsuccessful attempt to black-mail him.

lower storey through which issue is gained to a lane in the rear leading to the Seine and affording a convenient exit in case of unwelcome visitors in front. In fact the place must have been difficult to "surprise", what with the features mentioned and additional precautions in the way of passwords, alarm signals, etc., devised by the great man in order to baffle the creditors and bill collectors who were constantly on his trail. Even his name did not appear in the lease of this house, which was rented ostensibly to Madame de Brugnonne, his housekeeper. It was only upon conditions so hard that Balzac could secure the freedom from annoyance which would enable him to do his work.

Of the several houses in or about Paris identified with the life and work of Balzac (not omitting the celebrated *les Jardies* at Sevres which entailed upon its owner such complications of debt and embarrassment), the cottage at Passy is the most interesting and doubtless the best suited for a perpetual memorial. Balzac lived here seven years (1840-1847), years memorable for the production of such masterpieces as *Cousine Bette*, *Cousin Pons*, *A Bachelor's Establishment* (with the unrivaled *Philippe Bridau*), *Modeste Mignon*, *Albert Savarus* (remarkable for the strongly conceived character of Mademoiselle de Watteville), the very great, though unfinished *les Paysans*, etc.

These were, besides, strongly marked years in the life of Balzac approaching its climacteric, during which he summoned all his resources of will and courage to shake off the burden of debt which had increasingly oppressed and hampered him from

early manhood. United with this motive and indeed largely vitalizing it, was his strong desire to marry the woman whom he had loved during many years (Madame Hanska) as the wife of another, and who being freed by death (1841) at once became the supreme object of all his plans and ambitions. Madame Hanska, a Polish aristocrat, was not to be hurried by her lover's impetuosity—one suspects that she would have got out of the affair if she decently could. At any rate, she made him wait full nine years longer, and their marriage in March 1850 was followed by the death of Balzac in August of the same year. Most commentators agree that Balzac's strength was worn out by the delay and anxiety to which his noble but perverse lady so long subjected him; it is really hard to give a different verdict.

From the little Passy house (we are still at the door, kind reader) Balzac made many loving excursions in quest of pictures, curios, *objets d'art*, with which to adorn the home he was preparing for his bride in the Rue Fortunée*—a gem of a place on which he lavished much money from their common

* In 1875 Madame Balzac resolved to make certain changes in the Hotel Beaujon (the house in the Rue Fortunée) with the view of creating a perpetual memorial of the great novelist. Had this been done Paris might now boast a Balzac Museum equal in every respect to Hugo's in the Place des Vosges. No great progress had been made in carrying out these plans when Madame Balzac died in 1882. The property was then bought by the Baroness Salomon de Rothschild, owner of an adjoining place, who before the end of the century demolished the house and incorporated the gardens into her own. The thoughtful reader will not miss the ironic coincidence that *money* has the last word in Balzac's legend. In part requital to his memory, the Rue Fortunée is now known as the Rue Balzac.

purse. Meantime he was storing his treasures at Passy—his bust by David d'Angers (a life-long friend), an alleged set of Medici furniture, ebony encrusted with mother-of-pearl, statuettes by Cellini, and pictures by Georgione, Palma, Watteau and Greuze. Balzac had the collector's *flair* in an extraordinary degree, as we know from *Cousin Pons*, and though doubt might be cast upon some of these or other alleged "masterpieces", he found his account in them, as in every passion of his, making them serve both his life and his art.

I must now explain why I have kept the patient reader standing so long at the door of No. 47 Rue Rayounard (formerly 19 Rue Basse) by which one gains entrance to the famous cottage. The fact is that I was disappointed on my first visit; the caretaker was unaccountably absent, and though I prowled about the place for a whole hour I could not find anyone who would admit me, even with the offer of a bribe. However, the time was not absolutely lost; while I lingered a Dutch gentleman came along, a fanatical Balzacian like myself, and joined in my fruitless endeavors to invade the sanctuary. Baffled in this eventually, we retired to a convenient *Brasserie* and compared enthusiasms over several *bocks* of good Alsatian beer. My friend was a judge in his own country, and he possessed an enviable command of the French language. We differed only as to one point; he citing a story of Balzac's which I could not recognize as being of the author's duly accredited works. We agreed to meet again another day at the cottage, in order to finish the dispute, but either he or

I failed the appointment (I am not sure which); and so the matter, of no great consequence in any event, remains unsettled. I have heard it advanced that no man has ever read the complete works of Balzac, and certainly they could not be disposed of in a summer vacation. Perhaps I have skipped one or two minor things myself.

On a second, later visit to Passy I found the caretaker, an intelligent elderly woman, Madame Hall, the Russian widow of an Englishman. No other visitor presented himself, and we had the house to ourselves during a long afternoon. It is certainly of extraordinary interest to anyone of the Balzac cult; for this reason it appealed to me greatly more than the grand museum of Hugo. *Apropos*, the Balzac house is not kept up by the City of Paris, but is maintained by private persons interested in perpetuating the fame of the great writer. I was shown a list of the donors to this worthy purpose; it included some well known literary men, English as well as French, and I think, one or two Americans (the thought came to me that the names of certain publishers, who have coined money out of Balzac's name, would look well in this list).

The little museum is still on a very humble footing, although more ambitious plans are in contemplation for it. Madame Hall is *au fait* as to the Balzac personal legend connected with the house, which is furnished, though as yet too scantily, with known belongings of the writer. Naturally I was at once drawn to his study or writing room where he kept those stern vigils which have en-

riched the world with many an undying page. The room was well lighted and not over-large; it held his authentic Louis Treize desk and chair, in a fair state of preservation. Standing there I believe I was conscious of as much awe and reverence as I have ever felt in the presence of things not professedly religious or divine. Before leaving I ventured to kiss his desk in homage and gratitude to the wondrous mind to which I have given so many hours of my own mental life.

In this room also is the famous bronze statuette of Napoleon, so long a *vade mecum* of Balzac's; about the sword is a slip of paper on which the author of the Human Comedy has written—"What he could not achieve with the sword I will accomplish with the pen. Honoré de Balzac." A vaunt not wholly unjustified, one may believe.

There were shown specimens of Balzac's manuscript that made one pity the printers who had to set up the great man's copy; illustrations of the *Comédie Humaine*, a letter from the faithful Doctor Nacquart, and some memorials of the beloved sister Laure.

The bedroom, study, dining room and kitchen on the second floor, with the servants' quarters downstairs, comprise the whole cottage, as I remember it; and I wonder where Balzac put Madame Hanska and her daughter during their famous visit in July 1845.

In the *Reliquaire* are exhibited a cast of Balzac's right hand (the hand of an artist, delicate and shapely), his coffee-pot which helped him through his giant labors (it is said he lived by 50,000

cups of coffee and died by 50,000 cups of coffee!), a medallion of Balzac, a garment of his, a book, a letter, and a marble fragment from the house in the Rue Fortunée—the last a gift from Paul Bourget.

The few rooms are adorned with several notable pieces of art, *e.g.*, Rodin's bronze head of Balzac, a bust by Falguière, medallion likeness by David d'Angers and bust by the same, etc. My poor opinion is that David d'Angers, a life-long friend of Balzac, has best transmitted his likeness to posterity; especially do I admire his bust over Balzac's tomb in Père la Chaise.

An important object in this collection is the alleged Christ of Bouchardon in wood, known to have belonged to Balzac. There is a weather-worn copy of the Venus de Milo in the garden, which looks as if it might have been a co-tenant with our hero. I strolled a little while there in memory of those immortal and ill-fated lovers, Balzac and his Countess.

I was shown a trap-door which Balzac used to escape the more readily from the emissaries of stamped paper. In time to come, perhaps, this vulgar detail will be passed over; for myself, it added much to the strong human interest of the place.

But good Lord! what does a writer want of a museum, large or small, whose books are in the hands of all the world? That was my thought in saying farewell to Passy, and as I walked down the Rue Rayounard, along the course which he had so

often taken, these lines fitted themselves to my thought.

Rest well, great Spirit!—not on this small place
Nor Paris' self, tho' jealous for thy fame,
Depends the issue of thy mighty race
And the award of praise eterne or blame;
But the whole world is not too wide a space
For the increasing glory of thy name!

(Besides the Museum at Passy, there is a room dedicated to Balzac, with a statue and a display of his books and manuscripts, in the Carnavalet Museum, Paris; also in the Chantilly Museum, near Paris, may now be seen the extraordinary collection of Balzac manuscripts and unpublished fragments gathered by the late Comte de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul.)

CHAPTER XIV

THE LOUVRE

*Art on the Run—Why Appreciation sometimes Fails
—Miles of Masterpieces—Some Remarks on the
Venus de Milo and the Winged Victory of Samo-
thrace—Veronese's Marriage at Cana—A Few of
Raphael's Miracles—Secret process of the Old
Painters—The American Ingenue and the Nude—
Bartlett's Lafayette.*

PLAGUE on the strutting connoisseur,
His prate of Art and formal rule
To look it up in Ruskin e'er
He deem it wise to play the fool:
I hate his tribe and eke beware,
And loathe the cant of every school.

Let us admire with honest will,
Nor fear to praise till some one nod,
Or with a vaunt of critic skill,
Rebuke us with his little rod.
One saving truth sufficeth still—
Beauty is not of man, but God!

SOME original person has remarked that Art is a large subject, and the force of this truism has been borne in upon me debating how much space I should give in my book to the world-famous galleries of Europe which I visited. The issue I feel is one that calls for wise discretion. Undoubtedly I gave more of my time to the great

collections of art than to any other object; from them I received the purest and highest pleasure of which my nature is capable; and to dwell upon them in retrospect will henceforward be the chief delight reserved for me.

Nevertheless, in view of the limitations of my task and the avowed aim of this book, I dare not give to the subject of Art anything like a space proportionate to the amount of time I spent in actually visiting the galleries in Paris, Rome, Florence and Venice. Heaven forbid! To write adequately of the Louvre alone, would require a larger book than this and imply pretensions which the present modest author is far from harboring. Besides, the instructed reader knows where such copious treatises are to be found; which I no more wish to emulate than the Tribe of Baedeker, several times referred to in the foregoing pages.

There is another consideration of some weight, though it may seem heretical to a certain class of minds: I believe that works of art are chiefly made to be looked at and admired, *not to be written about*; and that a very great part of the enormous literature on this subject is quite valueless to the reader. I will venture a further confession—all the art criticism I had ever read (no small quantity, I assure the reader) vanished from my mind when I stood before my first masterpiece.

Such being my view of the matter, the reader will not look to me for anything in the way of Art criticism: I permit myself only, and ask his indulgence for, a few notes of admiration! . . .

I spent several days at the Louvre and visited all

the museums or galleries of Paris where works of art are shown. Catalogue in hand I covered miles of such exhibitions, which were extended to leagues when later I took on the galleries of Italy. I overlooked whole populations in marble, generations in paint; and great was my wonder that there should ever be any lament about the Decline of Art. I even at times entertained the absurd notion that a moderate decrease or diminution in the existing supply might, according to a well known law of economics, have a wholesome effect upon the general situation.

You divine my trouble, of course? I had become almost disgustedly intimate with masterpieces, stretching away endlessly like Banquo's progeny, "to the crack of doom", and amongst which there was ever growing more manifest a terrible family resemblance; so that at length I rather sympathized with a lady whom I heard remark in the Vatican Gallery—"Would to God that I might never see another picture for the rest of my life!" An observation which I record for the pure humanity of it.

This lady was palpably suffering (like myself) from an indigestion of art—she had seen in too short a space of time, without intervals of relief, too many Madonnas, Holy Families, Magdalens, Visitations, Assumptions, Saints, Martyrs, etc., and her soul cried out in revolt. I will confess that my own experience was not far different (it is really more common than people will admit, from pride or vanity)—at any rate, I heartily wished at times that the Old Masters had been less prolific.

But even at my lowest ebb of enthusiasm I made some exceptions among them; we could not have too much of Raphael, for example. When one thinks of Raphael in youth (he was a famous painter at seventeen and died at thirty-seven), and of Titian* in extreme age producing work unexcelled if not unapproachable, one is tempted to believe that the higher powers of the human spirit have been exhausted.

I return to my point; since apparently the venerated and priceless works of the Old Masters are to last forever, I can not see any sense in the jeremiads so often voiced anent the Decay of Art. Actually Europe has on hand an over-supply of such masterpieces as are not likely to be equaled in the future; nor is it especially desirable that they should be. Has anyone ever sat down and wept scalding tears because it had dawned upon him that there never could be another Shakespeare? . . .

When a thing has been done once, and incomparably, what is the use of repeating it? Every repetition cheapens the original performance. Let us give the Old Masters a chance!

And faith, they seem to be holding their own remarkably well; perhaps they have nothing worse to fear than their acquisition by American millionaires!

In company with an artist friend, I was admiring the pictures of Raphael in the Louvre, to my taste and appreciation the most wonderful of all pain-

* Titian's *Christ Crowned with Thorns* was painted in the artist's seventy-sixth year, and ranks with his strongest creations.

ters, a prodigy of genius, if one has ever appeared on this earth—Catholics would add, the most notable example among artists of a divinely inspired and directed gift. We lingered before the *St. Michael* and the *St. George*, the *Madonna of the Blue Diadem* (one of his finest works), the portraits of Johanna of Aragon and Castiglione, *La Belle Jardinière*, the *Madonna and Child* and *St. John*, things among the most perfect that Art can show,—we paused long before these, trying to analyze the unseizable charm of masterpieces painted more than four hundred years ago, and still apparently fresh and brilliant as when they left the artist's hand. My friend bade me note that there was not a visible crack or split or even slight abrasion in the texture of the canvases, such as might well result from their great antiquity. It was indeed so, and I asked him how he would account for this marvelous state of preservation; inasmuch as we had perceived ugly cracks and seams in the canvases of modern artists, work done as late as twenty-five years ago and evidently doomed to decay.

He replied that the reason lay in a secret process of making and compounding their pigments which the Old Masters neglected to hand down to us.

Whether this be the true and whole explanation of the matter, I cannot venture to say. It seems incredible that any valuable process pertaining to the art of painting—an art so publicly honored, known and practised for centuries in Italy—could have been lost or wilfully concealed. However this may be, the marvel remains: the eyes of Ra-

phael's Madonnas look at you with a pure brilliancy of gaze that searches the soul, and their cheeks bloom perpetually with modest roses that are four centuries old.

Can the best painters of our time promise such a duration of their work, even as to its mechanical elements? It were tragic indeed if a great portion of modern art lay under a sentence of ultimate and not too remote extinction. But the question is a vexed one, and I am not satisfied but that the decay of modern paintings is mainly due to the carelessness or inexpertness of the artist. Anyhow, I gladly leave this matter to the *cognoscenti*.

Naturally, on my first visit to the Louvre, I paid my *devoirs*, first of all, to the Venus of Milo, beyond question the most celebrated statue in the world; the *lay* Madonna of art, as I shall make bold to call her and perhaps the most valuable bequest from the pagan era which knew only the worship of beauty.

The known history of this peerless Greek masterpiece is very brief. It belongs to the fourth century before Christ, which period witnessed the culmination of Greek art. The name of the artist-creator is unknown, as in the case of so many masterpieces from pre-Christian times. Extraordinary was the fortune of this Venus, unknown and unheard of until 1820 when she was discovered at Milo (anciently Melos) a small island of the Cyclades. Lucky were the French to secure possession of this matchless treasure-trove, the pearl of the Louvre, the most admired of all the creations of art.

I say I went to offer my homage to her, as I had been hoping to do for so many years, and on each of my later visits I made her the ceremonious call which such royalty demands. She was more beautiful, more fascinating, more adorable than I had pictured her, with a personal *aura* (if I may so speak) which quite distinguishes her from the Venus de Medici, the Venus of the Esquiline (Rome), the Venus Callipyge, the Venus da Capone, and others, her rivals and namesakes. Her mutilated loveliness—the missing arms—seems to endear her to us the more, as it provokes the tender pity which makes love perfect.

How charming is the small head, the sweet face, the mouth made for kisses, the soft yielding form which seems to offer love and rest—the hunger for which has possessed all the generations of men. I spoke just now of her *aura*; this statue certainly is endued with personality, almost I would say with sentience. I should have liked to touch her gracious bosom, but alas! we were never left alone together. I fell in love with her, at any rate, and began to experience all the symptoms of the tender passion; and faith I believe she was conscious of the mischief.

Standing before her, rapt in her imperishable beauty, I thought of Heine's touching story how he went to make his adieux to her when he was sick and broken, and how she feeling pity for this mad lover, bent down a little toward him, saying, "Thou seest I have no arms and may not help thee!"

I am sure Heine never wrote a truer word than this, but it is the truth revealed only to poets.

The last time I went to see the Venus de Milo, on the eve of my leaving France, as I then assumed, forever, she was surrounded as usual by a crowd of worshippers.* Owing to the secret sympathy between us I contrived to win her attention for a moment, *pour prendre congé*; but though my lips formed "Farewell", my heart murmured *Au revoir!*

The Venus de Milo is but half-nude, unlike many other Venuses in the Louvre and elsewhere whose perfections are totally unveiled. For myself, I cannot see anything indecent or repellent in a disclosure of the "female form divine", unless the motive of the work be obviously vicious. This I judge is the feeling of most men. On the other hand, I am not so easy and tolerant in regard to masculine nudities, of which there is so embarrassing a plenty in the foreign museums. The sentiment in our puritanical America being what it is, I was often amused and to say the truth, more than a little shocked, to see groups of my fair compatriots, mostly of the *ingenue* order, gathered about some particularly formidable specimen of the kind in question. It is perhaps a little curious that while I felt conscience-free in viewing a female nude in the presence of ladies, I was distinctly averse to looking at a male nude in the same company. So far as I might judge, they were not specially at ease

* Women, and mostly American women, made up the bulk of these assemblies; I dare say they were chiefly curious to verify those "points of beauty" which the Venus is said to possess in ideal perfection and which they wished to compare with their own. A perfectly laudable object on their part, I hasten to add.

The Venus is in no respect more astonishing than in her "modernity"—there is absolutely nothing about her to suggest her real age, a trifle over 2300 years. No wonder the ladies admire her!

themselves, and the study was never a prolonged one.

Whether there be ultimate advantage in preserving and safeguarding a certain species of ignorance I cannot venture to say; at any rate, these American girls return to us increased in respect to knowledge more or less desirable and considerably lightened as to sundry Paradisal illusions. It is an ironical reflection that many young women acquire this knowledge and experience as the sole result of their contact with Art.

With the Latins, it is an entirely different matter. By heredity, by their early introduction to the galleries*, they quite lack that objection to the nude so strongly rooted among us. Although non-puritan myself, I would hardly exchange with them in this province of manners. In truth the quality known as "virginal modesty" scarcely exists in France, outside the convents. I never encountered it in Paris; there the down is soon rubbed off the peach, and the youngest "peach" you may chance to meet is apt to have an unlovely wisdom beyond her years.

PERHAPS the *Nike* or winged *Victory of Samothrace* is worthy, after the *Venus de Milo*, to be called the most remarkable piece of sculpture in the Louvre. Certainly it possesses those indefinable qualities which give the "thrill", or *frisson*, as the French say, which declares a work of su-

* Young boys and girls stream through them on holidays, accompanied by their parents or other relatives, often by priests or teachers. In France art is a universal interest.

preme genius. To describe the one or the other, the statue or the "shock" with which the first sight of it affects a sensitive observer, is quite beyond my humble capabilities.

Like her sister the Venus de Milo, the Victory is of Greek origin, but of a century later—the third century before Christ; the name of the divine artist who created her being unfortunately lost. The discovery and recovery of this masterpiece was to the full as extraordinary as the finding of the Venus; perhaps a shade more so, for it was not found until 1863. Originally it was erected at Samothrace, an Island in the Greek Archipelago, to commemorate a naval victory gained by Demetrius Poliorcetes (taker of cities) king of Macedon and a successor of Alexander the Great. The execution is at once grandly simple and sublime, a winged Nike or Goddess of Victory alighting on the prow of a trireme to sound the battle call or proclaim the victory. The figure is of colossal size, nobly proportioned and admirably draped; although headless, it remains charged with the most palpable inspiration and vitality.

French artists restored this great statue as it stands to-day from several hundred fragments—an extraordinary work in itself. The trireme, splendidly modeled, adds much to the whole effect; the complete structure weighs many tons. In point of massiveness and grandeur, and a certain wild inspiration which conveys the authentic pagan "thrill", the Victory of Samothrace is peerless among ancient statuary. More than anything I

saw in Europe, it vitalized and gave meaning to "the glory that was Greece".

There is one picture in the Louvre which struck me, as an American, with tremendous force. I allude to Paolo Veronese's *Marriage at Cana*, a canvas of enormous size, resplendent with color and the most vivid portraiture; a companion piece to his equally celebrated *Christ at the House of Simon the Pharisee*. The figures in this noble work depicting the first miracle of Our Lord,—the changing of water into wine—are very numerous, from Christ and his Mother down to the little children of the house; but every one is touched with vital power and all are discriminated with the skill of a master.

Looking upon this picture with its flagrant, inspired rebuke to Pharisees and hypocrites, I blushed for those people in my country who with impious hand have attempted to efface the immortal lesson given at Cana! And I understood that what had been done in the name of righteousness, was in reality but an effect of our benighted ignorance and the detestable bigotry born of the same. The truth that shall make us free, I thought, we may learn from this picture, and not from the half-baked intellect of pharisaical America!

The intelligent reader is now in a position to judge how far the discussion of art would lead us. A whole long chapter given up to the subject—not unprofitably I dare claim, and scarce a dozen works barely mentioned. Why, the Louvre alone covers forty-eight acres and contains heaven knows how many paintings and statues of all nations.

Merely to visit and examine these treasures in detail would take at least three years; and there are several other galleries in Paris worthy of consideration. I was charmed with the Luxembourg, for example, and wish I might devote to it a chapter or two. But at my present rate of progress, with a hundred other themes soliciting—nay, *driving* me, how am I ever to get through this book, which I dare not run to the length of Joyce's "Ulysses" or the "Thousand and One Nights"?

It is clear, excellent reader, that we have got into an *impasse* and must back out, even at some cost to our auctorial dignity. The Old Masters, as we have seen above, and the later ones for that matter, are quite competent to take care of themselves. A thousand pens have done them honor; they are safely canonized; the *Advocatus Diaboli* may not utter against them another word. Were I to fill this book with their praise I could not hope to add a spray to their laurels or gather a single leaf for myself.

Let us remember Aesop and set a modest limit to our ambition . . .

Leaving the Louvre by the Passage du Carrousel and entering upon the square of the same name, I felt an emotion of patriotic pride on seeing in an adjoining rectangle or small park the noble equestrian statue of Lafayette, a work of the distinguished American sculptor, Paul Wayland Bartlett.

The statue thus honorably and conspicuously placed, was presented to France by the Children of the United States, on the occasion of the Universal Exposition (1900). Mr. Bartlett, though

American born, owes his art to France, having received his artistic training there and spent the greater part of his life in that country. His father was a sculptor of ability. I can say no better word of Bartlett's Lafayette than that something in its air and pose, its free, bold treatment, suggested to me the Colleoni in Venice, pronounced by Ruskin the finest equestrian statue in the world.

CHAPTER XV

VERSAILLES—I

*The time of Louis the Grand—Pen Portrait of the
Greatest King Europe has ever known—A Demi-god
to his Court—Greatest of Royal Actors—His glory
and his Mistresses—Some of his Good Acts—
Personal Traits.*

O for the time of Louis the Grand,
The rare old time, the fine old time,
When the world danced to the King's command,
The Great King, the Sublime!
When La Montespan or La Maintenon
Held her place in the royal heart,
And the poet might sing, if his venal song
Had the trick of the courtier's art.

O the perjured oaths, the broken lives,
And the land's unheeded cry,
The pimp or quean that in favor thrives
While the sinless serf must die;
The wars that draw out the nation's blood,
Too oft for a trivial thing—
My faith! such talk were not understood
When Louis the Grand was King.

FRANCE has had some good, more bad, and many indifferent kings (it is claimed for one a long way back that he was a sure-enough Saint), but she has never had a ruler—not even Napoleon—who might challenge the peculiar glory of Louis XIV. I use the word *peculiar* advisedly. Louis's glory was of a sort proper to himself; his *caveat* covers everything claimable under the Great Reign.

Enormous is the fascination which this man exerts more than two hundred years after his death. His reign was one of the longest in history; including his minority, over seventy years. If ever kingship was tried out under the most favorable circumstances, it was in the case of Louis the Great. In him the sanctions and superstitions of Royalty attained their highest value, culminated, in a word; and they have steadily declined since his day.

That is no doubt the chief reason of his enduring fame, the provocation of the eternal curiosity which, fed by generations of historians and gossip hunters, still pursues him with unabated relish. In a modern, sophisticated age, amongst a people the most civilized in Europe, at the highest point they have registered in literary and artistic excellence, in religion and philosophy, this man took himself seriously as a demi-god, and was as such accepted by the French nation.

A few sayings ascribed to him give us the Royal Egoist who dominated the imagination of Europe for half a century:

"I am the State." (*L'Etat c'est moi.*)

"I almost had to wait." (*Je failli attendre.*)

"The only important person in the Kingdom is the one I choose to address, and he is important only while I am speaking to him."

It is foolish to wonder why the world continues to be interested in a man who could say such things and (in American dialect) get away with them!

So artful was Louis in imposing upon the world an image of what he wished to be rather than what he actually was, that one cannot lay a sure finger on the man anywhere. Even his portraits are fictitious and defy you to identify the man behind the mask. A few tell-tale stigmata appear in all, the small cunning eye greedy of homage, the perverse, sensual mouth; but the artist, himself illuded, can only give us a counterfeit presentment. We don't even know whether he was short or tall or of medium height. His courtiers picture him as of sovereign height and majesty, but the Jacobins during the Revolution dragged him from St. Denis and applying a tailor's tape to the cadaver, found that he was a few inches shorter than his Court believed. But it seems to me that they should have allowed for shrinkage.

The Great King was an enormous eater, almost to the hour of his death: a significant fact which excludes him from the higher class of great rulers, Caesar, Napoleon, etc.

In most of the portraits of Louis which you see at Versailles, Fontainebleau, the Louvre, etc., the sun's rays appear in the picture, to denote his imperial fortune. Hence his flatterers, to wit, all

the people of importance,—called him *le Roi Soleil*—the King Sun. I have heretofore written of him: As a mere man he was never thought of by his own world during the long term of his grandeur. People could not look at him without a sun-dazzle in their eyes—that glory which shut out so much waste of blood and treasure, such ruinous devastation of peaceful lands, such misery among the serfs of the soil, such terror of conscription stalking abroad everywhere, like a universal Death!

Louis was God to his own world as much as Caesar Augustus was to his—even more so, for his Roman predecessor greatly excelled him in point of modesty.

The Great King was not a great man, despite all his factitious glory; one is very sure of that. Had he not been born the son of a King, it is unlikely that he would have left a name in the world. One cannot imagine him fulfilling such a destiny as that of Napoleon, whom yet, in certain respects, his fame overshadows. That he was an able man, there can be no question; he possessed in a high degree the French sanity, intelligence, moderation; his will-power was strong and his industry remarkable—for a king. Voltaire the mocker, who was in touch with the living tradition of Louis and who, though a courtier, was no flatterer of kings, wrote a pleasing history of the Great Reign. In this work he treats Louis with eminent respect, and regards his foibles with indulgence. An excellent judge of ability in kings and commoners, there is no doubt that he considered Louis an able man.

There were some great men in the time of

Louis the Grand, but he generally took and received credit for their greatness—he was the Sovereign Sun that gave life to all. Nobody ever thought of insulting the King by a comparison with his supreme Majesty. Truly the world never saw a more finished actor on a throne; he knew his rôle better than any royal mime that has ever lived, and was perfect in every detail of the business.

Let us mark to his credit that he fostered art and literature with intelligent zeal and a liberal spirit. He recognized and rewarded genius in other countries than his own, which enormously contributed to his fame. He supported Molière against the bigots of the Court who wished to disgrace the creator of *Tartufe*. The galaxy of men of genius who adorned his long reign and all of whom received his powerful patronage, have earned for it the proud title of a second Augustan age. Upholders of the monarchical idea always point to Louis XIV as the capital example showing what an intelligent King can do in promoting the interests of genius. It will scarcely be pretended, however, that this balances the account in his favor.

Louis discredited the old saying that “no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre”, for every morning a large company of gentlemen gathered to see him put on his breeches, and considered that they were thereby the most favored and fortunate persons in the world. It is recorded that he took his emetics in public and vomited majestically in state, without the least sacrifice of royal dignity.

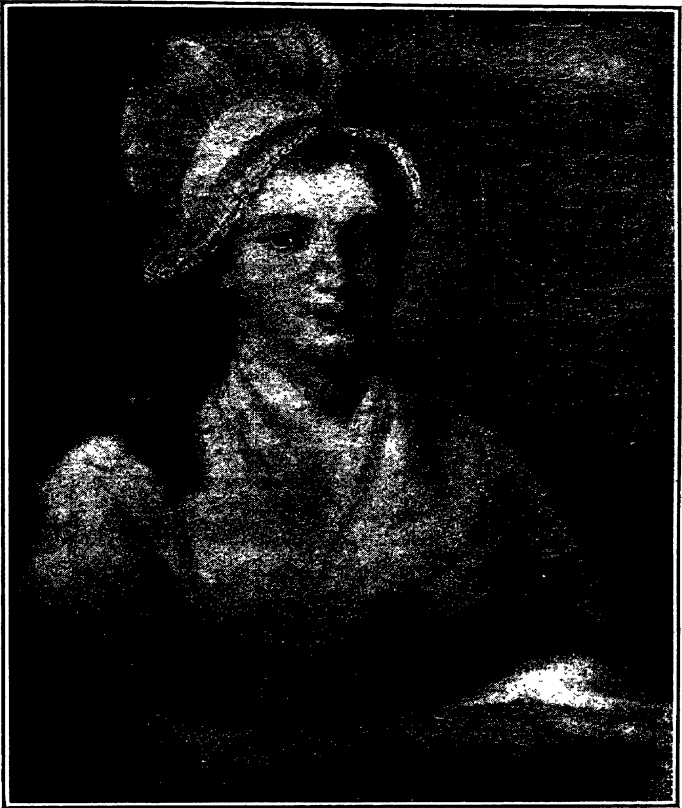
The minute and veracious St. Simon entertains us with details concerning the King's "purge", always an affair of interest to the whole court; he evidently believed that they would be of equal interest to posterity.

Amazing is the legend of Louis's personal presence, the power of his will, the majesty of his air, the intuitive lightning-flash of his glance. Great generals trembled when ushered into the Presence, and scarcely dared look above the King's knee. Genius itself was not immune from the awe and terror with which he inspired or was capable of inspiring all men. Racine, the greatest poet of the age, having written something which gave his Majesty offence, actually went home and died of grief because Louis would not speak to him. This is the saddest of his tragedies! There was also a caterer who killed himself in the most heroic manner because a supply of fresh fish had failed to arrive for the King's dinner. Madame de Sévigné tells the story with the propriety of a tragic Muse—nothing could possibly seem ridiculous or *infra dignitatem* in which Louis was concerned. In short, all persons, high or low, shared in the illusion produced by the power and grandeur, and above all, the personality of the Great King. For him all poets sang, all sculptors carved, all painters painted. Comedy gave him her brightest smiles and Tragedy her rarest tears; while in his august cause on a hundred bloody fields the crested chivalry of France rode careless to death!

Louis's relations with women form a most attractive part of his legend, and it must be allowed,

contribute to our respect for him—I speak paradoxically! He handled these affairs as cleverly as he did everything else, with firmness and delicacy, being always the King, and maintaining his dignity in the most trying situations. The superiority of Louis in his *affaires de coeur* is at once evident when you look across the Channel to the court of his brother sovereign, Charles the Second of England, with his brawling, vulgar mistresses, her Grace of Cleveland, Nell Gwyn, *et al.* A delicate odor of romance still hovers about the *liaisons* of the French monarch; the amours of the royal Stuart belong to the pornography of history.

Nothing surprises us more, in regard to this phase of Louis's conduct, than the fact that it was viewed with general tolerance, if not absolute approval, by the "best people" of the time. A time, mind you, of high religious faith, signalized by such eminent churchmen as Bossuet, Fénelon, Bourdaloue, Massillon, who had frequently the coveted honor of preaching before the King. Perhaps it would not be fair to say that the Church winked at Louis's irregularities; but his confessor never left him and the great preachers named were not in the habit of chiding the King publicly for his sins of the flesh. Madame de Sévigné, celebrated for her letters, was one of the "best people" referred to; she was as clever a woman as ever lived, with a most penetrating look into human nature and much experience of life. Yet her letters betray that she was under the universal illusion as to Louis; and if there be scandal in the Court



Charlotte Corday

of Heaven it could not be whispered more delicately than Madame de Sévigné does it.

Louis was not a voluptuary, in the worse sense, and he never kept a half-dozen mistresses in commission at once, like the Merry Monarch across the Channel. He had several successive favorites; and the lady upon whom his choice happened to fall, though she were among the proudest and loftiest in the realm, was consumingly envied for and scarcely deemed herself worthy of, the intended honor. The King's mistresses were in turn the true Queens of France (poor Maria Theresa yielding to his will, like everybody else), and alliance with his bastards (whom he recognized equally with his legitimate offspring) was eagerly sought by the noblest houses in the kingdom. Thus Louis proved that a strong man can overrule every convention.

In his old age the Great King did penance for his good times, and the Court became or affected to be fearfully straitlaced in consequence. Those last penitential years, with the glory of his arms declining and the groundswell of discontent rising from his oppressed and ravaged people; with the Loves and Graces banished from Versailles and the black shadow of the priest flitting everywhere about the enchanted gardens—heigh-ho! I say those last years make dull reading even in the vivacious pages of St. Simon.

When Louis died at length, having had as much glory as any king in history and as much pleasure as ever fell to the lot of mortal, the people of France showed little grief for their *Roi Soleil* ex-

tinguished; and behind a corner of time lurked the Revolution, waiting for his second successor.

An incident attending his death has furnished a text to many a moralist and a grimly ironical commentary on the passing of this demi-god who once in his long life "almost had to wait!" The breath had scarce left his body when the courtiers fled helter-skelter from Versailles to carry the news to the Duke of Orleans* or the Duke of Maine,† as their interest prompted them. Only a few servants remained to watch beside the departed Greatness. *Le Roi Soleil* was extinguished; all hastened to greet the Rising Sun!

*Louis XV, grandson of the great King, was at this time a child of ten years. The Duke of Orleans acted as Regent during his minority and gave a great impetus to the approaching Revolution.

†A natural, i.e., illegitimate, son of Louis XIV, the Duke of Maine expected, under a will of the latter, to have a first hand in ruling the Kingdom. In this he was checkmated by the Duke of Orleans and the Parliament.

CHAPTER XVI

VERSAILLES—II

*The Town of Versailles—Note on General Hoche—
The Palace and Gardens, the Trianons—Magnificent
Creations of Louis XIV—A Vision of the Past—
Mr. Wilson and the Gallery of Mirrors—Memorials
of the Great King and His Successors—Thoughts
in the Royal Bed-Chamber—Too much la Gloire.*

O the lips that lied with a perfect grace,
And the eyes' unfathomed smile,
The masque of powder and scent and lace,
With its gay and gracious guile:
What if Honor lived as a strumpet thing,
Yea, mocked for her flaunting shame,
Was she not the favored of Court and King?—
And the King could bear no blame!

THE worst act of Louis's entire career, as affecting France herself, was his revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685), entailing a cruel persecution of his Protestant subjects and driving many thousands of them into exile—an irreparable loss to the country. Madame de Maintenon, first his mistress and then his privately wedded wife, has the odium of influencing Louis to issue this fatal decree, so contrary to his natural moderation. She was of a strong religious cast of mind, which in that age was not deemed inconsistent with the acceptance of such pleasures as fell to ladies of high

station. In truth the reconciling of piety and pleasure was the consummate comedy of the reign of Louis the Great. The Maintenon was of very humble origin and her past was nothing to brag of; while in beauty she was altogether outshone by other mistresses of the King; but she outpointed them all in sense and tact, and in the end ruled him, if anyone can be said to have ruled Louis XIV.

Still it is allowed that Louis did some great things for France, though he exploited the country always from the standpoint of his personal glory; and republican France continues to honor him by maintaining as a Public Show the great palace and domain at Versailles. Touching this celebrated place, the principal magnet to most tourists in France, we proceed to make some trivial observations whose only merit (if it be a merit) is, that they are our own.

Of course the intelligent reader understands that I had Versailles in my eye all through the last chapter: in fact Louis is Versailles and Versailles is Louis—even Napoleon could not take it away from him!

I went to Versailles by the State Railway, making the run in forty minutes; for which I experienced the only emotion of gratitude I have ever felt toward the Chemin de fer de l'Etat.

The town or city of Versailles is the chief place of the Seine-et-Oise department, and has about sixty thousand quite ordinary people; it is built on a plateau surrounded by wooded hills. It is an ordinary looking French town, with little to claim

the attention of a visitor; however, I was glad to see a fine bronze statue of General Hoche (by Lemaire) in the *Place Hoche*. This brave soldier, one of the noblest types produced by the Revolution, has always been a favorite of mine, mainly perhaps because of his attempt to help the Irish uprising in 1796, whose failure reflected no manner of discredit upon him. (A great storm prevented him from landing an army in Ireland.) As Commander of the Army of the Moselle he regained the lines of Wissembourg and relieved Landau; afterwards he was sent to pacify la Vendée. Hoche died universally regretted at the early age of twenty-nine. Byron admired Hoche and devotes to him an interesting note in "Childe Harold." Honor to his gallant memory!

Also worth a visit is the *Salle du Jeu de Paume* (Hall of the Tennis Court) now the *Musée de la Révolution Française*; the members of the *Tiers-Etat* (Third Estate) met in this building on June 20, 1789, and pledged themselves not to separate before giving a Constitution to France.

It is but a short walk to the Royal Chateau, the first sight of which is one never to be forgotten. This magnificent palace created at the command of Louis XIV, with its parks, pleasure grounds, fountains and statues, is beyond doubt the noblest and most impressive surviving from the Age of Kings. It cost Louis (and the French people) about twelve million dollars—an enormous sum for that epoch, and in its construction and adornment the Royal will was served by a variety of talents which have not perhaps since existed in France. One need

mention only Mansard and Le Notre; the one the greatest architect, the other the greatest landscape gardener of that age. When completed Louis observed with native modesty that at last he had a house fit for a man to live in!—a remark entirely characteristic of *le Grand Monarque*.

The Palace comprises three distinct structures, a main building and two large wings; it is of massive proportions and vast extent, the façade on the garden side being 520 yards long. Impressive is the great *Avant-Cour* (Forecourt) or *Cour des Ministres*, with its double row of statues of French statesmen, remarkable chiefly for their size, and at the far end a striking equestrian statue of Louis XIV (a modern work).

Standing at the entrance and feeling as small and lonely as I did later in the Great Square of St. Peter's, Rome, I tried to picture to myself the animation and splendor of this place in the heyday of the Grand King—the throng of brilliantly dressed courtiers whose main purpose in life was to win an approving or even tolerant ray from *le Roi Soleil*; scattered here and there the King's Guard or *Mousquetaires* adding color to the scene; arriving equipages with visitors of high consideration, flanked by armed outriders, and driven by gorgeously gotten up coachmen; charming powdered ladies and wigged gallants greeting each other with the ceremonious manners of the time; everywhere and amongst all, courtiers, visitors, onlookers, a high pulse of expectation and the pride that one was here a part of what was grandest and most enviable in the world! . . .

Who shall say that the glorious illusion was not worth the price which the nation had ultimately to pay for it? The time for such kings and such grandeurs is long gone by, Frenchmen for the most part admit; but they do not hate the memory of Louis, who well nigh ruined France with his costly wars and barren conquests; and deep down in every French heart is the craving for *la Gloire!*

From a French text I translate this brief historical note on Versailles. The remarks in parentheses are mine.

Versailles built by Louis XIII upon the site of the village so named, was originally a small chateau used by him as a hunting lodge.

On his coming of age Louis XIV, who liked the place particularly, had it enclosed in the Palace existing today; it forms the central part of the Marble Court. Mansard was the architect of this famous Versailles, a palace unique in the world, the construction of which cost about 500 millions (francs), and Le Notre the creator of these gardens, of this marvelous park, with its walls of foliage, its immense and shady alleys, peopled by marble heroes and goddesses who seem to mount guard before the residence of the Sun-King (Roi Soleil). Enchanted gardens from which spring flashing fountains, and basins with many and complicated jets; a sumptuous frame for the marvelous fetes which Louis XIV offered frequently to his Court; silent groves, green shimmering lawns, the park happily completes the Palace, and all is here noble and harmonious.

The interior of the Palace underwent some modifications with each reign. The apartments of Louis XV, with their fine sunken wainscotings, are a marvel of light and charming decoration, in the art of the Eighteenth century. Equally, the small apartments arranged for Marie An-

toinette are perfect models of the pure and delicate style of this epoch.

The mob invaded the Palace of Versailles on the night of the 5th to the 6th, October 1789, and Marie Antoinette was only saved by the devotion of her guards.

Under Louis Phillipe the Palace was diverted to its present use; the furniture having been removed and scattered during the Revolution, the grand apartments were transformed into a Historical Museum. The Grand Trianon was the summer residence of Louis XIV. Napoleon also occupied it and had the furniture renewed. (It is the only Palace in which I saw any "memorials" of his Austrian Queen.)

The Little Trianon, built by Gabriel and given by Louis XVI to Marie Antoinette, was the favorite residence of this Queen, who caused it to be surrounded with a charming Park, in which are the Pavilion of Music and the Temple of Love, both graceful and elegant structures. In order to amuse herself by playing the rustic, Marie Antoinette had a miniature hamlet built here, of a somewhat affected grace (it has been called a sort of opera bouffe village, but indeed it was both picturesque and innocent enough—though her enemies will not allow *that*). The Revolution breaking out, she was caught in the storm and swept away forever.

THE several galleries of sculptures and paintings at Versailles illustrative of the history of France, are of great interest, and surely I never saw so many stone people gathered together in one place. Indeed you find them everywhere in France—it occurred to me, without flippant intention, that what the country needs is more flesh-and-blood men and women.

This is the penalty of being an old historical people; the dead almost crowd out the living, and from looking back at the past so much, a people

becomes indifferent to or incapable of the future. I don't know whether anybody has ever thought of this as a reason for France's declining birth-rate (heretofore referred to) but it might be worth while taking into account, at least as a contributory cause. Much worse causes, as we know, are alleged by her enemies..

In America we are apt to pity ourselves for our lack of antiquity, historical background, and all that, as well as the dearth of statues and monuments, which is really one of the most pleasing features of our jocund young civilization. Dreadful it were to anticipate a future for America which should witness comparatively as many people in stone as France possesses today. But the art, oh ye gods, the art! . . . Some of us will be glad to be snatched away from the wrath to come.

Patriotically I gave my first attention to the *Salle de l'indépendance Americaine*, with its bronze replica of Houdon's Washington, busts and portraits of Americans famous in our Revolution (which some of us would like to have forgotten), canvases depicting the principal battles in our War for Independence (that highly regrettable incident), etc. I was much edified from thus renewing, at the fount as it were, my ancient faith in the men and the cause that made our glorious country.

And then I went up to the Gallery of Mirrors and dropped a tear for Woodrow Wilson, as I thought of his amazing opportunity and the sad results which have flowed from the same. Appositely came to my lips the quotation—

*One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name!*

Here surely Mr. Wilson had his "crowded hour", alas, to be followed by so many solitary hours of sad and impotent reflection! Could it be (I asked myself) that our Great Man was hallucinated by the optical illusion of the place; seeing himself repeated so numerous and bewilderingly in the many mirrors that he could envisage only Woodrow Wilson in the Cosmos and felt himself alone competent to speak the great voice of America? Small wonder that a vertigo attended his dizzying rise to universal fame, and that too much glory was his undoing. *Apropos*, a candid Frenchman observed to the present writer:

La gloire, vous savez, c'est très bien pour les Français; mais pour les Américains, pas du tout!

Which is to say, glory is all right for the French, but not a safe diet for us Americans.

So indeed one might deduce from the rise and fall of our illustrious countryman. As my mind dwelt on his apogee in this very room—perhaps the highest point of glory which an American has ever reached, and his rapid declination so soon thereafter, I could but marvel at the irony of it all. And to think it might have been due mainly to the *Galerie des Glaces*!

THE learned reader need not be told that Versailles is filled with statues, portraits, paintings, tapestries, etc., all dedicated to the personal glory of Louis XIV. Many of these things are doubtless

valuable as works of art, but the too-muchness of this one-man show becomes at moments oppressive. That eternal smirk and pose!—how glad one is to escape from it after a hundred repetitions.

Louis is depicted in the foreground of most of the paintings that deal with his wars and conquests; yet he never actually fought a battle in person but had the luck to be served by the best generals and the bravest soldiers in Europe. Sometimes he contrived matters so as to arrive in season to receive the submission of a beleaguered place, or after an engagement, the congratulations of his victorious generals. But he never risked his precious royal person, though he demanded the most costly sacrifices from his army and people.

Occasionally, during the progress of a campaign, Louis would set out with a great part of his Court and join his army in the field—we can be sure everything would have been arranged for his safety. This enabled him to play the war-god or conquering hero in the eyes of the fair ladies who accompanied him: no doubt there would be good times going and returning—especially returning. In truth it is whispered that these were the chief occasions of his personal conquests. “None but the brave,” etc. And in regard to sieges after his own heart, it is allowed that Louis had nothing to learn from the great Vauban.

And he got away with this hero business too. What a man, what a man!

You stand in his Bedroom (*he made me capitalize the word!*), and think how his proudest courtiers would hustle for the privilege of seeing

him get up o' mornings, helping him put on his breeches, playing bootjack for him, aiding him with various little handinesses. In this pleasing emulation it is likely that aristocratic tempers were often quickened by trivial signs of Royal preference (such as the Great King's playfully drying his hands on a favorite's hair, etc.), and deadly though smiling hatreds would be engendered. What a tomb that gorgeous Bedroom is!—what a monument to human vanity! But, good gracious, all Versailles is *that*!

The two Napoleons, or rather the One and his ineffectual copyist, are also represented at Versailles with a plenty of pictures and other memorials—to say true, they seem quite *parvenu* after the great Louis. Even the well-nigh forgotten Louis Philippe, the Citizen King, is recalled to one's memory—in short, there is enough *la gloire* to pass round to everybody!

I wandered for hours through the immense palace, seeing *Salons de la Paix* and *Salons de la Guerre*, and the various reminders of those envied but unfortunate Royalties who lived and died merely to awake our insatiable, perverse curiosity. There were the blacksmithing tools of poor goodman Louis XVI—why was a good mechanic spoiled in him to make an ineffectual King? Indeed the place is not without august and tender memories; after all, these Royalties were of flesh and blood like ourselves, and some of them died with as great courage as any heroes of the people.

I was glad at length to escape from the chattering *ciceroni* and the gaping, inquisitive tourists;

and as I expanded my lungs with relief under the free heaven, I thought of Victor Hugo's "Let us dishonor War!"—a cry still unheeded by the nations, and of his prediction of the "United States of Europe"—which is perhaps less chimerical now than it seemed in the day of its utterance.

CHAPTER XVII

MARIE ANTOINETTE

Memorials of her at Versailles—Purification of her Fame—Whispers of Evil Tongues—the Prison of the Conciergerie—Torture in the good old Times—Ghosts of the Revolution—the Queen's Dungeon—Two Cell Windows—Marie Antoinette's Last Words—Charlotte Corday.

YES, I like to think of the rare old time
When Louis the Grand was King,
And here am I moved to say in rhyme
What his poets might not sing.
The masque of powder and scent and lace,
The court with its splendor gay,
The sly intrigues, with their wicked grace,
And the King's own part in the play:—

O a merry sport 'tis to make them live
On memory's antic page,
While e'en as a Prompter the cue I give
To the King and his entourage;
For when I am weary and sick at heart
Of the mimic, lying scene,
I close mine eyes till the Shades depart—
And rises the Guillotine!

I CONFESS to a great sympathy for the ill-fated consort of Louis XVI whose memory is the most tragic and tender connected with the great Revolution. French views regarding her have been modified considerably during many years

past; the foul and always unsupported slanders upon her character are no longer repeated; full justice is done to her conjugal fidelity, devotion to her children, and especially to the queenly dignity and heroism with which she confronted the most terrible misfortunes that have ever befallen a woman of her high estate.

It is recognized that in her failure to understand the Revolution, as well as in her ill-advised attempts to counteract it, she but acted as was natural for a daughter of the Caesars, brought up without any conception of the rights of a subject people. She was, besides, a stranger in France—the “hated Austrian”—and to that circumstance are owing no doubt the worst of her mistakes and the greater part of the odium with which her memory was long charged.

Time is the great rectifier. The star of Marie Antoinette is risen again, with a subdued and mournful glory; a martyr to the Revolution, she emerges from it with a purified fame and something like a halo of saintship.

Her memory, with its blended tragedy and romance, draws more pilgrims to Versailles than any other cause of attraction. One is shown the *chambre de la Reine* where she gave birth to her four children; on the ceiling Boucher has charmingly allegorized Charity, Plenty, Fidelity, Prudence, and in this room there is a fine portrait of the Queen by Mme. Vigée-Lebrun. In the *petits appartements*, exquisitely fitted up and decorated as in the Queen's time, one is shown the painted silk casket presented to her in 1782 by the City

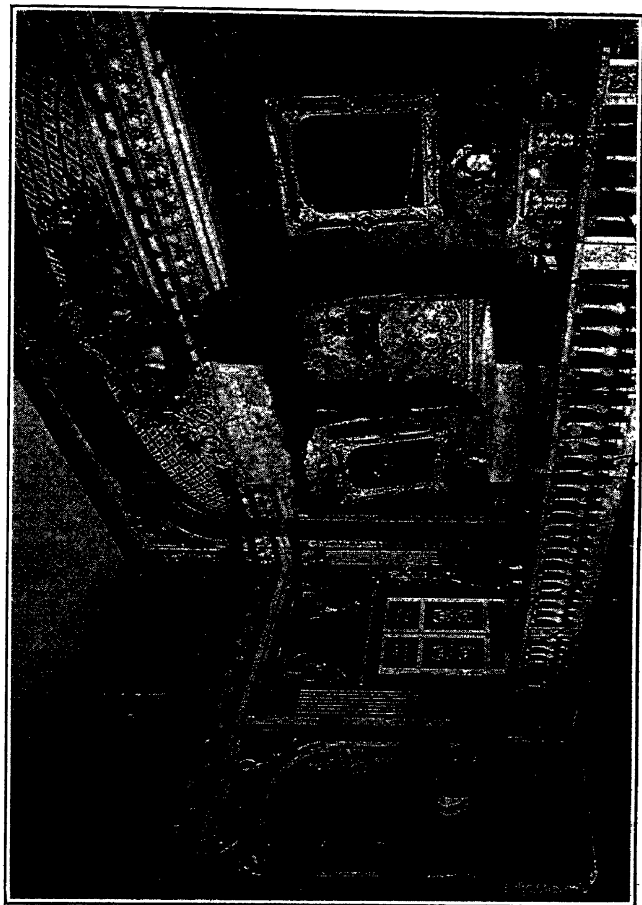
of Paris, to hold the Dauphin's baby-linen. We admire a bust of her in the Grand Cabinet and examine her jewel casket in the *Salon de la Reine*. The beauty of these rooms, the taste and genius expended upon them, quite beggar description.

Most interesting of all the rooms associated with Marie Antoinette is the *Salle des Gardes de la Reine* (Hall of the Queen's Guards). Here we touch hands with the Revolution and feel its fiery breath; for in this room (October 6, 1789) a party of "patriots" attacked the Queen's bodyguard, and she herself barely escaped. Among the marbles in this apartment we note a bust of Marie Antoinette by Le Comte.

It is at the Little Trianon, however (situated at a short distance from the Grand Palace), that one receives the most charming impressions of the Queen, identified as it is with her happiest hours and the innocent pastimes in which she delighted. We have already had a note upon this bijou of a palace, with the dairy, the farm, the mill, the dove-cote, etc., amid which rustic accessories the Queen was seen at her best, I make no doubt, though evil pens and tongues have not failed to besmirch her motive for liking the place.*

Despite the long period of time which has elapsed since the Queen's foot pressed these paths,

* Slanders affecting Marie Antoinette are still obscurely current in France, and the worst offenders in this regard are the *ciceroni*, ignorant scamps for the most part, who palm off highly colored stories upon credulous tourists, with a view of inducing larger tips. Later, at Fontainebleau, a fellow of this ilk offered to show us (I was one of a party) a secret room in which the Queen was wont to hold her guilty amours! Decent travelers should unite to squelch those whispering snakes.



The Great King's Bedroom

the fairy domain of *le Petit Trianon* is still one of the loveliest spots in the world, and of a romantic and pathetic interest quite unequaled among the many historical places of France. One especially admires the sylvan setting of this jewel of a palace, with the pretty gardens, the exquisite Temple de l'Amour (the Cupid by Bouchardon), and the quaint effect of the rural "hamlet" grouped at a little distance.

Of the objects in the palace itself I was chiefly attracted by a painting of Marie Antoinette as a young girl dancing with her brothers at Schoenbrunn. One could not ask a fairer vision of beauty and innocence than she appears in this picture. Her bedroom, I noticed, was very modest in its furnishings; indeed one has a difficulty in applying the word "palace" to *le Petit Trianon*.

(The reader is advised to see the memorials of the Queen at the Carnavalet Museum, one of the most interesting in Paris; portraits and statuettes, her face-powder, counterpane, etc. Incorporated in this building is the former hotel of the celebrated Madame de Sévigné. The collection of Revolutionary souvenirs, busts, portraits, autographs, etc., is the most important in Paris. Among the treasures of the Museum is a wonderful portrait of Voltaire at twenty-four; also mementoes of him and of Jean-Jacques Rousseau—the spiritual fathers of the Revolution.)

I have not space for a detailed description of *le Grand Trianon* (at Versailles) where Napoleon made his nest in the house of Louis the Grand. There are interesting tokens of the Emperor, and

one should not overlook the bust of his Queen-consort, Marie Louise of Austria, who after his fall consoled her widowed bed with two stout Teuton gentlemen—one at a time, *bien entendu*.

Following the tragic course of the Queen, I went from Versailles to the Conciergerie in Paris where she was imprisoned, “tried”, sentenced to death, and whence she was led to public execution October 16, 1793.

I PROPOSE to write a little in detail about this famous prison of the Conciergerie, which to my eyes lowered formidably dark and ominous under the bright sky of Paris; and mainly because I experienced while in it the deepest emotions roused by any historical place in France. If a man have but the rudiment of a soul the Conciergerie will help him to find it!

The Palais de Justice, of which the Conciergerie forms a part, is, having regard to its first origins, one of the most ancient structures in Paris, but it has undergone many transformations through the ages; however, the prison remains substantially as it was at the Revolution, and rising beside the Seine the huge buildings of the Palais de Justice claim the stranger’s curiosity, and he is especially attracted to the strong towers of the Conciergerie, which date from the Thirteenth or Fourteenth century.

Among those peoples we call civilized (sometimes by a stretch of courtesy) this is the most celebrated prison in the world. Within its impenetrable walls there have been inflicted such tortures

and cruelties as make us blush for humanity.* A few of the bravest souls that have ever worn flesh have here undergone the supreme agony with courage that commands the "tears and praises of all time". And among these glorified few stands foremost the unhappy Queen of France whose history we are tracing.

To visit the Conciergerie you have to get a card from the Prefecture de Police; mine was issued to me with some circumspection, but my name, as written upon it, was quite unfamiliar to its owner. Admission is free, but a gratuity is expected; these propositions would seem to be mutually destructive, like something or other in Euclid; however, they appear to cover the situation; and the Conciergerie is *one* place where you do not begrudge a liberal gratification to the proper custodians.

The entrance to the prison is on a level with or but a few steps below the street, and the quick transition from the outer air and sunlight to the chill and gloom within those mighty walls, will depress the most buoyant spirit. Once inside you are daunted by the immense pillars, the heavily groined arches, the tremendous solidity everywhere appar-

* Ravallac, the assassin of Henry IV, (1610) suffered the torture here before he was écartelé—i.e., dismembered, his limbs being attached to horses driven in opposite directions—a crude but efficient process! (In point of actual suffering it was less cruel than the English hanging, drawing and quartering).

A more atrocious case was that of Damiens who made a harmless attack upon Louis XV (1757), and was tortured here *during two months* with extraordinary refinements of cruelty. Michelet in his History tells us that the sufferings Damiens had to undergo were the most awful ever inflicted upon a human being; and yet life persisted in the mangled wretch until his last limb was torn from him!

ent; and if free to go or come you are so affected, think what must have been the feeling of those ill-fated one who entering here, left hope behind!

Standing in the court, which has a small plot or flower bed in the centre, you are bidden to raise your eyes to the barred windows of the *cachots* or cells once occupied by Charlotte Corday, Madame Roland, Madame Dubarry, Mlle. de Sombreuil, and others.

From another point the window of Marie Antoinette's cell is visible, and next to it, by a most strange coincidence, the cell of Robespierre*, who for some time dominated the Revolution. Oh, History! how thou searchest the heart with thy piercing contrasts, thy terrible similitudes; yet never from that welter of tragic confusion and upheaval of volcanic human forces known as the French Revolution, didst thou extract a more eloquent parable than this! He who demanded the head of his King and for a long enough period caused all the Kings of Europe to quake on their thrones, found his way here by strange process of blind Fate or retributive Justice; and hence to the Abyss whither had preceded him so many of his victims. Stupendous irony! inscrutable mockery of the tragic destinies that no man may elude. Search the great world over, and you shall discover few things to grip the heart like those twin cells in the Conciergerie.

Also visible from our station, but on a higher tier, is the window of André Chenier's cell—the

* Robespierre had a great influence in determining the fate of the Queen as well as that of the King; within a year he followed the former to the scaffold.

hapless, gentle poet, sadly memorable amongst the innocent victims of the Terror. One pictures him in the fatal cart borne to execution, aghast, bewildered, unable to realize his doom; and then as he mounts the scaffold, striking his head with an immortal gesture—"But there *was* something there!"

Toward the rear of the large prison courtyard there is a smaller court, enclosed by iron railings, which visitors are not permitted to enter; and I commend the rule which forbids public desecration of such a place. For here, on a night of September 1792, one of the most awful crimes of the Revolution was perpetrated. An armed crowd having been admitted to the prison (by order of Danton,* it is said) they fell upon the luckless inmates and butchered them, to the number of more than two hundred. Morning revealed the work of that appalling night; the dead, both men and women, mostly of the hated aristocrat class, lying about in fearful postures; and the courtyard knee-deep in blood.

I say they do well to enclose this place, consecrated by such a holocaust of the innocent and by agonies of which God alone keeps the account; the very stones, conscious of that night of blood, should be saved from any manner of profanation! To

* The September massacres in the Conciergerie and other prisons, instigated by Marat and other fierce patriots, were intended as a defiance to the enemies of the Republic in and out of France; also the leaders meant by it to commit the people of Paris unalterably to the Revolutionist cause. Danton's responsibility cannot be denied, and it remains the heaviest reproach against him. He lived to regret his share in the great crime, and we may not forget that he is, on other counts, worthy of a place in the "Pantheon of history."

me it seemed that the air about that end of the court was different—how could it ever be the same again? For some time after the voluble guide had gone with the rest of the party, I remained there, silent, and with my heart full to bursting. I think there is hardly a more sacred spot in the world.

We now cross the great guard-room (*Salles des Gardes*) and pass through the hall of St. Louis*, vaulted and pillared in ogive, a wonderful specimen of the architecture of the Thirteenth century; thence by a passage-way to the Queen's dungeon. (Incidentally we are shown a door, now disused, through which the condemned passed on their way to the guillotine). We reach the door of the Queen's cell, the approach to which was formerly commanded by a room in which were stationed the *gendarmes* charged to watch her.

There was nothing of interest in the cell, all the objects pertaining to Marie Antoinette being shown in a room near-by which is called the Museum of the Conciergerie. It was in this room that the unfortunate Girondins (some twenty-odd in number) held a farewell banquet on the eve of their execution. Did they speak much, I wonder, at this mournful supper—those fiery young Southrons whose leaping eloquence was wont to cow even the boldest spirits of the Mountain! Ah, Vergniaud,

* King Louis IX (thirteenth century) who occupied a part of the more ancient edifice as his palace. He built the Sainte Chapelle, which is really a part of the general structure, as a fitting shrine for the Crown of Thorns and a piece of the True Cross which he brought back from a crusade. The Sainte Chapelle, with particular regard to its stained glass windows, is perhaps unique in the world. It is now secularized.

Gensonné, Guadet!—should not the accents of your fraternal *Vale*, the pure devotion of your youthful hearts to the liberty for which you were about to die, the spirit which caught you up in a splendid bravado that mocked at Death so near!—I would say, should not the charmed air have preserved for us some echoes of your eternal Adieu! . . .

I followed them thence to the *Salle des Pas Perdus* (fitly named the Hall of Lost Footsteps) where they went singing the *Marseillaise* on their way to the guillotine—guilty of nothing but the crime of loving their country too well.

Oh Frenchmen, where was your vaunted chivalry, to let them perish—nay! to suffer such a slaughter of youth and genius, bravery and virtue? . . .

What a spendthrift of precious blood was that Revolution, and what amazing vitality the nation possessed which could endure such losses of the body and the spirit without inviting decay! . . .

FROM the Girondins we turn to their avenger—and pause at the cell of Charlotte Corday. Stone and iron have not changed since she tarried here a few hours in her passage to eternity. What emotions crowd the heart as there rises before one the figure of the brave, lonely, friendless, devoted girl—the mild and maidenly but terrible assassin of Jean Paul Marat, “friend of the people”. Is not hers among the strangest destinies of the Revolution, this voluntary victim, this self-appointed Judith who boldly declared that she “was a republican before the Revolution”? That story of hers has always leave to astonish, so simple, so tremen-

dous, so inevitable; with nerve and courage and self-possession unequalled she carried out her "mission", and then abandoned life with a smile!

"Forgive me, dear Father," she wrote in her last hour within this cell, "for having disposed of my life without your permission." And proudly she, the descendant of the great Corneille, justified her act with the famous quotation—

"The crime makes the shame and not the scaffold."

A true daughter of the French, I say. Make as little of her as you please; prove her misguided, ignorant, fanatical, royalist even, yet there she stands calm in her content, her work done, her blow struck that resounds throughout history.

Scarcely yet does France know how to "take" Charlotte Corday: her position is anomalous and apart both from the zealots and the haters of the Revolution. It is indeed recognized that hers was a truly heroical gesture, her devotion and self-sacrifice of the rarest order. But the Revolution was the supreme interest of the nation at that time, and Jean Paul Marat, *ami du peuple*, with all his bloodthirsty extravagance, had most usefully served the Revolution. This good tool she destroyed—an immense momentary service to the cause of the anti-Revolution, yet an ineffectual act in the ultimate view of things. So argue those who incline to be fair toward her.

Hence the striking fact that in Paris, city of monuments, metropolis of statues, you will find no statue or monument, no public effigy of any sort,

dedicated to the undying memory of Charlotte Corday. But stop—what an absurdity! She *has* a monument, one of the greatest and most distinguished in France—the Conciergerie! And in the pages of Carlyle an immortal portrait.

It is true also that I saw in Paris no public monument to Jean Paul Marat, though one may scan various memorials of *l'ami du peuple*, effigies, etc., at the Carnavalet . . .

I RETURN to the Queen. In the little Museum above alluded to, behind a vitrine or glass are shown her fauteuil (upholstered chair), crucifix, water pitcher, etc. Also, in a glass case one may see the original order of Fouquier-Tinville, the Public Accuser, requisitioning a portion of the Army to superintend the execution of the Queen. One looks at the signature with some curiosity. During the early morning trial Fouquier attacked the Queen's character, provoking from her a spirited retort and a moving appeal to the women present in the court room (they were not of a sort to give her much comfort). Fouquier-Tinville was an indefatigable purveyor to the guillotine; it is not unpleasing to record that he passed that way himself in 1795.

At least it cannot be denied that the French Revolution most scrupulously kept its accounts!

The Queen was "tried" in a room on the next floor above her dungeon, occupied by the Revolutionary Tribunal; I was shown the narrow winding stone stair, hidden from public view, by which she was taken to and fro. The trial, a tragic farce,

was quickly ended, and at 4:30 o'clock on the morning of October 16, 1793, she was back in her cell. The execution was ordered for ten o'clock, but it did not take place until noon. The Queen was left in ignorance of the appointed time. Doubtless the most cruel part of her punishment was the suspense of those seven or eight hours.

A letter written to her friend Madame Elizabeth (sister of Louis XVI) during the short time preceding her execution, evinces the courage of Marie Antoinette and testifies to the noble virtues of her character. It is too well known to warrant my quoting it here verbatim, but I venture to give the substance of it, inasmuch as I believe there are few letters in the world which have drawn more tears from kind and virtuous eyes.

In simple and striking language the Queen announces that she has just been condemned—"not to a shameful death—that is for criminals—but to go and rejoin your brother." Her conscience is at rest, her chief regret is at leaving her children, whom she entrusts to the tender care of her sister-in-law, with many loving counsels to them. She asks pardon of God for the faults of her life; professes the Roman Catholic faith, the religion of her fathers; sends love to her relatives and friends, and forgives her enemies. She charges her son never to forget the last moments of his father, but also never to think of avenging their death—his father's and her own. Her last words follow: "Adieu, my good and tender sister. May this letter reach you! Think always of me. I embrace you with all my heart, as well as those poor dear

children—my God! how heartbreaking it is to leave them forever.—Adieu, adieu!”

The letter was never delivered to Madame Elizabeth, who was herself sent to the scaffold in the following year.

CHAPTER XVIII

TWO NATIONAL IDOLS

Napoleon and the Maid—Vitality of the Napoleonic Legend—How he dominates Paris—His Apotheosis at the Invalides—Monuments, Statues, Paintings of the Emperor—Jeanne d'Arc's great hold on the people—Her commemoration in Art.

My tale of glory has been long, and yet not half is told;
What is it but a faulty song, a pageant scarce unrolled?
But ere we close the brilliant page, with deeds that never
fade,
These two a space our thoughts engage—Napoleon and the
Maid.

She from the lowly peasants sprung, unlettered as the
birds,
On angel forms ecstatic hung and drank their mystic
words:
A warrior soon, she takes the field, with lightning in her
glance,
And while the foemen fall or yield, gives Victory to
France!

He from a lone and savage isle, upborne on crests of war,
Rose to the height of Fortune's smile, led by his wondrous
star.
The kings from off their thrones were hurled, the nations
lay in trance,
His Eagles flew o'er half the world that owned the might
of France.

I say 'tis well this Deathless Pair in honor firm to hold,
And keep their legend fresh and fair while centuries
unfold:

Their hearts of fire, their deeds of light, their counsels un-
afraid

Shall ever guide to glory bright—Napoleon and the Maid!

THE sentiment of *la Gloire*, less demonstrative than of yore, to be sure, is one of the marked traits of the French people; but it is not incompatible with the national sanity. Condemned so long by the circumstances of their history and their geographical situation to be a military people, they have accepted their destiny and made the best of it. As for the reproach of "militarism", they are no more subject to it than their neighbors. I believe their most passionate desire to-day is for peace—peace that shall enable them to heal the wounds of the Great War and fill up the dreadful gaps in the decimated youth of the nation.

It was Heine, I think, who remarked that Napoleon was the national religion of the French; which was not too flagrant a hyperbole in the second quarter of the last century. One would hardly repeat it today, despite the great dominance which *The Man* still exercises over the popular imagination. Especially I would say at Paris. Here it is impossible to escape the Napoleonic legend, grandiose, multiform, universal, irresistible. It rises to the heavens in the *Colonne de Vendôme* with Napoleon surmounting it—that formidable column sheathed in the brass of twelve hundred cannon taken from the enemy; such a monument as no Roman conqueror could boast. It is pictured

and lettered in bronze on the Triumphal Arch of the Star (*l'Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile*)—the grandest arch in Europe, surpassing even its antique models. It is figured on the Arc du Carrousel* and illustrated in paintings numberless at the Louvre, while the great palaces Versailles, Trianon, Fontainebleau emphasize it with pictures, statues, memorials of every sort. But to my mind this overwhelming legend of Napoleon and his greatness reaches its apotheosis at the Invalides, with its immense store of relics and souvenirs, and its lofty dome flashing golden in the sun, rising 345 feet in the air, above a tomb fit for a god!

It is at the Invalides, the great Museum of the Army (founded by Louis XIV) that one may best observe the popular interest in, if not idolatry of Napoleon. I made several visits there, and they were all too brief to cover the many objects of interest and wonder with which the place abounds. And I took care to make one or two visits of a Sunday when admission is free, in order to see the plain people, *les petits bourgeois*, pay their devoirs to the National idol.

The chief magnets of attraction are the *Salle de Turenne* and *Salle de Napoleon*—both spacious rooms filled with memorials, busts, pictures, relics, of Napoleon and the First Empire. A French crowd with its enthusiasm and dramatic instinct,

*On the summit of this Arch (raised in 1806) once stood the famous bronze horses of St. Mark which Napoleon "lifted" from the Cathedral in Venice, where it was my pleasure to see them; "their gilded collars glittering in the sun," as Byron has it. They were restored in 1815. No wonder Paris loves Napoleon—he looted half Europe for her!

its facile emotion and quick intelligence, is always an interesting spectacle of itself; in such a place, with its challenge to the national pride and patriotism, the qualities referred to are exhibited in full potency. The Man! The Man! was the whole show here.* Delightful it was to see how this Paris crowd—the women in especial—fairly “ate him alive”, in their overflowing admiration; his baby clothes (preserved by some miracle), his world-famous three-cornered hats, of different periods, his tunic as a divisional general worn at Marengo, his gray frockcoat, the First Consul’s sword, his pistols and spy-glass, his camp bed, effigy of the famous horse given him by some Egyptian potentate, memorials of St. Helena, his walking stick, death mask and plaster cast of hand, etc. All these objects associated with the meteoric career of the Idol, and more that I can not recall, were gloated over with a passionate fondness which spoke volumes for the persistence of his fame. It gave me immense pleasure to witness these demonstrations, spontaneous and unaffected

* As a pendant to the text, I may add that the *Coronation of Napoleon* (David) in the Louvre seems to draw the lion’s share of public notice, so far as regards the paintings in general. A strong testimony to the vitality of Napoleon’s legend, since the painting itself, while a work of extraordinary merit, is of course inferior to many masterpieces housed in the Louvre. However, it is a powerful richly colored canvas, and the numerous persons painted therein are depicted with photographic fidelity. In point merely of historical interest, the *Coronation* is of priceless value. Napoleon and Josephine (the only woman he ever loved) are represented to advantage; indeed the young Emperor is as beautiful as a god. A god he was in very truth at that culminating moment of his career. *Bonaparte at Arcola* (Gros) in the same room, haunts one for long after with its burning eyes and expression of compelling destiny.

as they were; for race is one of my favorite hobbies, and I love the French for what they are.

Napoleon's Tomb, by Visconti, is one of the grand sights of Paris, and is perhaps unequalled in the whole world. It is directly under the dome, in an uncovered crypt, and the sarcophagus, hewn out of one solid block of red Finland granite, is thirteen feet long, six and one-half feet wide and something over fourteen feet high. The mosaic pavement about it represents a wreath of laurels in which appear the names of Napoleon's great victories: *Rivoli, Pyramides, Marengo, Austerlitz, Iena, Friedland, Wagram, Moskova*. Twelve colossal figures carved by Pradier, representing the principal victories of the Emperor, surround the crypt; among these are placed trophies and flags captured at Austerlitz.

A bronze door flanked by two statues bearing the emblems of Civil and Military Power, closes the entrance to the crypt, to which the public is not admitted. To the right and left of the crypt, as if guarding their Master in his rest, are Mausoleums of the faithful Duroc (Marshal of the Palace) and Bertrand (General) who shared Napoleon's exile at St. Helena.

The sublimity of this imperial resting place of the modern Caesar must be imagined rather than described, so much of its effect upon the spectator being due to The Man himself and the thronging associations of his marvelous career. As I stood there rather late one afternoon toward closing time, the sun streamed in gloriously above the Tomb, making a many-hued glory which seemed to do



Marie Antoinette at her trial—a contemporary print

conscious honor to the dust below. Never have I seen a sight so splendid and at the same time so deeply and mournfully impressive. Turning away my thought was—"Even God himself is a respecter of *la Gloire!*"

I HAVE not inadvisedly coupled Jeanne d'Arc* with the Man of Destiny. Her glory is of a milder, purer ray than his, and its religious element is pronounced since her saintship was decreed. Still it seems to me that they are closely associated in their hold upon the popular heart (a stranger's view, of course); and rich is the country that can show two such glorious, though so widely dissimilar, types of human greatness!

Since Jeanne won her long fight at Rome a few years ago and was finally canonized (it was not the least of her triumphs), her statues have multiplied in France* and throughout the world, especially in the churches. There are very many in Paris, doubtless the best to be seen anywhere; and I noticed that she seemed to be a strong favorite with the worshippers.

That good Jeanne always was kind and loving to the people, and they have not forgotten her. At Notre-Dame, St. Germain des Près and other churches I saw written prayers pinned near her shrine or statue, thanking her for saving France in the Great War, for keeping the Germans away from Paris, etc. These were voluntary thanksgivings from members of the congregation and

* Since we are now in her own country it seems fitting to call the Maid by her proper name and not the ugly English equivalent.

were not priest-inspired. Nothing could be more naive and nothing more impressive than such unquestioning faith. I believe it is one of the great spiritual resources of the French people.

Of the public statues of the Maid which I saw in Paris, that which stands in the Place St. Augustine before the church of the same name, seemed to my unqualified eye the most *ideally true*, without sacrificing the *vraisemblance* of her time. This noble equestrian statue is the creation of Paul Dubois (now deceased) who gave to the making thereof fourteen years; as I am informed by the eminent sculptor Paul Wayland Bartlett, who does me the honor of agreeing with my estimate of the work*.

Wonderfully has this great artist rendered the heroic qualities of Jeanne d'Arc—her mission, her courage, her devotedness—and most admirably of all, the spirit of maidenliness which she never lost, even in the heat of battle. Jeanne is in full panoply, a lovely and winsome but determined figure; the horse is as fully alive as herself.

On the base of this memorable work are inscriptions bearing upon her career or texts from her trial, all of the utmost point; they are chiefly in old French. One that struck me with special force was her message to the Duke of Bedford, Regent of the English King in France. Those dictated words of the Maid (she could not write her name!) take fire as you read. I did not copy it, but the

*I saw no statue to the Maid in Rome, except what was evidently a small model of some French work, in the Vatican Library.

purport is, *I have to tell you, my Lord Duke, that I am commissioned from God to drive you out of France*—and you see him going!

Michelet affirms that “the Jews never exhibited the hatred against Jesus which the English did against the Maid. It must be owned that she wounded them cruelly in the most sensible part—in the simple but deep esteem they had of themselves. At Orleans the invincible men-at-arms, the famous archers, Talbot at their head, had shown their backs; at Jargeau, sheltered by the good walls of a fortified town, they had suffered themselves to be taken; at Patay they had fled as fast as their legs would carry them—fled before a girl!”

The hatred of the English for their maiden conqueror rose to a point of frenzy and was shared in alike by soldier and priest, nobleman and commoner. Winchester the great Cardinal came over to France especially to superintend the trial and demand her death. No English historian has ventured to tell the whole truth concerning the persecution which Jeanne, in the hands of her enemies, was forced to undergo; parts of it are in fact *unprintable*.

In this connection I may remind the reader that two great men of letters, Shakespeare and Voltaire, have incurred eternal disgrace by their attempts to blacken the Maid. There are critics who would let Shakespeare off on the plea that Henry VI, Part I, is an apocryphal work in which Shakespeare was, at most, a collaborator. There is undeniable virtue in the argument, but I must own

that the Bard's hideous libel upon his country's chastiser seems to me thoroughly English. Howbeit, he has earned less infamy than Voltaire, who in translating the Maid, sinned against the spirit of his race.

Next to Paul Dubois's work, I admire Frémiet's statue of Jeanne in the Place des Pyramides. In no single detail of the execution could this statue be pronounced inferior to Dubois's; only in the conception, the atmosphere of the work, has the latter been more fortunate or successful. I phrase this judgment with some care, for the reason that no sculptures which I saw in France gave me more pleasure or seemed to evince a finer genius than those of Frémiet.*

But think of *two* such artists in our time, scarcely known outside of France! Yes, the great tradition of art, a heritage from Greece and Rome, belongs to the French; it is of their history, of their blood, and it is ever producing the fruits of vitality, of inexhaustible inspiration. Dare I say a thing which trenches upon heresy?—I saw at the Louvre, at the Luxembourg, at the Petit Palais a great treasure of work by modern French artists which would almost reconcile one to the loss of *some* of the Old Masters! My keen regret is that I have not space to write about it in detail.

Pardon this slight digression from our immediate subject. Other notable statues of Jeanne are by Rude and Chapu (Luxembourg), by Frémiet (plaster), Petit Palais, and by Albert Lefeuve. I

* This truly great artist died in 1910; some of his best work may be seen at the Luxembourg and the Petit Palais.

must not pass by the splendid equestrian statue in the Pantheon by Allouard, and Fagel's impressive work in Sacré Coeur.

So numerous are the paintings of the Maid in public collections that I may mention only a few which especially attracted me, with a view to informing the reader. There are, first of all, the pictures by Paul Delaroche, Ingres and Bastien Lepage, too well known to require commentary. The frescoes by Lenepreu in the Pantheon illustrating scenes in the life of Jeanne and her death by fire, are interesting and by no means of mediocre execution; but they suffer by their juxtaposition to and inevitable comparison with the vastly superior work of Puvis de Chavannes dealing with the legend of Saint Genevieve.

I have now written enough and adduced facts of sufficient weight to warrant my bracketing Jeanne and Napoleon as *the* two most popular idols in France. In sooth I believe that she may be of greater value to France in the future than the god who sleeps at the Invalides.* A lover of France, I wish to see only peace before her; but should this war-worn people be tried again by a struggle demanding a mightier effort than they have yet put forth, and especially if they be driven to the higher

* "Joan of Arc, a mere child in years, ignorant, unlettered, a poor village girl, unknown and without influence, found a great nation lying in chains, helpless and hopeless under an alien domination, its treasury bankrupt, its soldiers disheartened and dispersed, all spirit torpid, all courage dead in the hearts of the people through long years of foreign and domestic outrage and oppression, their king cowed, resigned to his fate, and prepared to fly the country; and she laid her hand upon this nation, this corpse, and it rose and followed her."—*Mark Twain*.

citadels of the spirit, I predict they will draw their supreme inspiration from *cette bonne Jeanne* whom in the far past they were wont to follow with trusting faith; who never failed to take thought of their sorrows, and who knew how to save them.*

* "The poor people came to me of their own free will, because I never did them any harm, but assisted and protected them as far as I was able."—*Jeanne at her Trial*.

CHAPTER XIX

MONTMARTRE

The Little People of Paris—their Cheerfulness and Industry—Good Manners of the French—Health and French Wines—A Dinner on Montmartre—Some famous Resorts—The Frenchman and his Wine—Where Liberty is understood.

THERE'S a charming town on the river Seine
Where the Goddess of Pleasure holds her sway,
And if for a frolic you're in the vein,
Not a demoiselle there will say you nay.
And then they have such a *taking* way,
Alas! your money and you soon part:
But if you cut out *la Butte Sacrée*,
You'll have no sorrow from gay Montmart'e.

I AM now more than a little stiff and giddy from standing so long on the high perches of *La Gloire*—the reader too, doubtless; and I gladly descend to have a look at the plain people, or as they call themselves, *les petits bourgeois*.

A mighty lot of them are in this swarming Montparnasse, heart of the Latin Quarter, where of old that learned tongue was spoken, while to-day it is vocal with the accents of Babel mangling the native speech. Here are denizens from all the world, and very many from the realm of Uncle Sam. Most of these latter are young, fortunately for themselves,

and all bear some manifest sign of the artistic vocation. Eke their morals are mildly dissolute, not violently bad, and they—the Americans—soon learn to copy the thrifty manners of the French; *ils font la noce, vous entendez, mais prudemment*. Looking at them in their heady fulness of life, their violent animal spirits, absurd young asses though they be, I think it is fine to be like them, without care for the morrow, getting their “baptême de Paris”, and quite persuaded that they are doing the right thing for Art!

Not less interesting to me were the native dwellers of Montparnasse, the kinsfolk of Albertine, and by the way, far more important to the future of France. Is the stock running out?—how often one asks that question when one notices the regulation city family,—one or two children. It is to be feared that the French economy in certain directions, however useful for the individual, may prove ruinous to the Nation. But my goodness! the croakers have been saying this for a long time,* and native America is liable to the same reproach.

I loved these “little people,” all cheerfully and somewhat noisily intent upon their little businesses—and what a multitude of little businesses in this quarter! Lilliputian commerce very much of it seemed and the profits accordingly, I dare say. But great or small, it is pleasing to see all this bustling trade in the hands of the French

* Since the World-War, this question is no longer regarded as a negligible one; with the flower of the nation's young manhood lost or disabled, the problem is one of the gravest confronting France.

“little people” themselves—not as in some places we know of, handled and exploited by aliens. *Notez bien*—in Paris there is no conspicuous foreign element, so far as I could observe, dominating the business life of the City; rather perhaps the fact is that such elements have been assimilated and do not show on the surface; an excellent thing for the French people.

There are Jews in Paris as elsewhere, and it is said the best specimens of the race. But one scarcely notices them, and when one does, their amelioration by mixture with French blood or contact with French manners, is at once apparent; from this intermingling have sprung some of the finest intellects of France. I may note *en passant* that I never observed the least token of race prejudice of any sort while I was in France. Particularly astonishing was it at the cafés and similar public places, to hear little or no talk of the Germans, though the daily press was filled with discussions relative to the reparation settlements, etc. I saw many Germans in France and elsewhere, and talked with a number of them. They all bore me out in the foregoing observation. I naturally expected to witness many signs and tokens of Teutonophobia in France, in the immediate wake of the war; but there was actually less than might have been observed in our own country. The French people are a well-mannered people!—a Frenchman would never think of insulting an inoffensive stranger, of whatever nationality: they do their fighting in the field.

ONE day I was lingering about the College de France (having duly admired the work of Puvis de Chavannes in the Amphitheatre, one of the glories of modern French art) when I was accosted by a pale, long-haired, poet-like sort of young man, a trifle seedy in appearance, who politely suggested that I engage him to show me the mysteries of Montmartre, intimating that the entertainment in view was more than worth the price.

"It might seem so at your age, son," I made answer mildly, without further disputing the point; "however, I am not disabled and shall do very well without a guide."

The young man, a bit crestfallen, said something about "*les Apaches*" (the bad men of Paris), but I assured him that we have far more dangerous characters in New York and that I felt capable of looking out for myself. And so I parted with this descendant of Lucien de Rubempré. Perhaps he was an *Apache* himself; anyhow I might have tried him out a little and heard some of his verses. But I have never had a strong taste for Bohemianism of the fake order.

The reader will guess from these hints that I am not about to offer him a highly spiced account of the "sacred Mount," dedicated in the popular imagination, and perhaps to a degree in fact, to strange purple sins and the varied license of the ungodly. In this he will judge correctly; nevertheless, I spent one pleasant evening on Montmartre, and happily escaping the perils mentioned, have only a good memory of the place. Of Mont-

martre, as of all such places, it may fairly be said that the visitor finds only what he brings in his own mind. And this applies in particular to that ancient and artfully composed Legend of Lubricity which Paris is made to support before the world.

In the introduction to "Honorine", Balzac has a word of which I avail myself here:

"Something better than England is everywhere to be found; whereas it is excessively difficult to find the charms of France outside France. . . . To find Paris again! Do you know what that means, Parisians? It is to find—not indeed the cookery of the Rocher de Cancale as Borel elaborates it for those who can appreciate the same,—but a meal which reminds you of it! It is to find the wines of France, which out of France are to be regarded as myths, and as rare as the woman of whom I write."

While in Paris, I often meditated upon the truth and force of these remarks, and I understood why the Frenchman, of all men, hates to leave his country—he may not hope to find France elsewhere. There can be for him no

Ambiguam tellure nova Salamina futuram.

Of equal cogency is Balzac's point as to the wines of France; they are truly to be "regarded as myths" out of their native country. I had believed that I knew some of them well, but I freely acknowledge my error. To know and appreciate the virtues, the bouquet, the pure essence of French wines, one must *drink them in France!* The French are rightly proud of their famous vintages and hold the American prohibitionist in a just abhorrence. If, as has been said, a man is only what he eats and drinks, then we may refer the best

qualities of the French to their peerless wines—their chivalry, sense of honor, high-spirited acceptance of life, intense patriotism, love for women, and above all, their indomitable cheerfulness (in France the long face of the pessimist is all but unknown).

During my eight weeks in Paris, I drank Bordeaux wines chiefly at my dinner and at lunch commonly beer*—the excellent Champigneul; as I recollect, an Alsatian brew. The result was, rather to my surprise, such health as I had not enjoyed for many years, together with an agreeable content of mind and relish of life to which I had long been a stranger. I slept the night through (a genuine miracle for me!), awoke every morning as cheerful as Lutèce herself, and thanked God there was no prohibition of any sort within three thousand miles! And I solemnly aver that my summer in France meant more and fuller life to me than the seven previous years in America.

I return to Montmartre, concerning which I have no more startling adventure to relate than a most excellent dinner (like the one Balzac speaks of—not to be had out of France) which my good friend Monsieur Henri Sandré gave me at the Bon Vigneron, in the Rue Blanche. The food was of the best and the wine incomparably the finest that I had ever tasted—O that Bordeaux, with its magic challenge to heart and brain, its aroma as of roses,

*I was not even bilious once while in France—that ailment so common with men of middle age—but a month after my return to an American diet, my aggrieved liver rose in revolt, causing a serious illness. No doubt a contributing cause was my *nostalgie de Paris*.

its melting topaz splendors to the eye, its ineffable consolations to the inner man! One felt that one couldn't get enough of it, and I tried hard to dissemble my thirst before my kind host. We had two quarts, and there I lost the count; next morning I awoke with a song of youth in my heart!

After dinner we strolled about the hill and looked into some of the famous resorts—*le Rat Mort*, *l'Enfer*, *Paradis*, etc., all no doubt fearfully attractive to the Young Ass, but not specially exciting to middle age that had dined well. We saw a few versions of the *Chahut*, and the female performers were as Corybantic, as wildly abandoned as one had a right to expect after reading Arthur Symons's literature on the subject; nay, perhaps their depravity was of the perversely mystical order that he suggests in his artful prose. Also we noticed plenty of young women who might be dangerous to youth or age. But these things did not much "intrigue" us (to borrow from the stylists), and what chiefly interested me was the spectacle of so many people enjoying themselves in a most unpuritanical fashion, yet absolutely without disorder. Here was the most celebrated pleasure ground in Europe—the Venusberg of France—with several resorts that are a synonym for Cypriot license; yet nothing occurred to require the intervention of the police (the Paris police, by the way, are the most admirably judicious in the world—they have a perfect genius for minding their own business).

After no long time we made our way through the Montmartrian revelers till we reached a café with

a large *terrasse* which commanded a fine view of Sacré Coeur. Under a favoring moon whose magic effulgence clothed the noble Basilica, we saw the great white dome and companile piercing the pure upper spaces as if to seek the Eternal; while at its feet lay the immense City picked out in a mazy pattern of lights, and nearer at hand, in singular contrast to that heavenly witness, the flaming resorts of Montmartre, with their population of eager pleasure-seekers. A contrast only possible in Paris, I mused, and then my mind dwelt on the invincible faith and genius of the French people who have raised this wonderful church in our time—rivaling the noblest edifices of the past—as if to refute the charge of godlessness so often hurled against France.

Also the thought recurred to me that no people in the world understand liberty like the French, upon whose fair country has never fallen the blight of puritanism which darkens our own land to-day. *Vive la France!*

IN this chapter I have had something to say about the wines of France, their influence upon the character of her people, etc. In further exemplification of the theme, I translate a brief article on *Monsieur Le Vin* from a leading Catholic newspaper published at Paris.

Wine is a gentleman of old descent. We find his ancestors not only in the time of the Crusades, but at the dawn of our humanity.

He has received all the Biblical benedictions. At the marriage of Cana the Holy Virgin said

anxiously to her divine Son: "*They have no more wine!*"

And the Master on the eve of His great sacrifice chose wine to become his very blood in the rite of commemoration!

These are titles, almost equal to those of bread.

Wine is *twice* a gentleman, for he is a French gentleman.

A country is what it drinks. The German is his heavy beer. The Frenchman is his wine*—Henry IV, the ever popular, learned the taste of Jurançon an hour after his birth.

Recall the great importance which wine took on during the late war, in those tragic hours when all human faculties were overstrained.

In January 1916 I was at the railway station of Ancemont, near Verdun. Some men laden with empty cans, were descending from Eparges for the wine supplies. It was four o'clock in the morning; they were stiff, frozen, muddy, half asleep upon their worn-out horses. But how they roused at the sight of the wine! I still see their eyes riveted on the casks. Oh it would not have been safe to cheat them—not as much as a pint!

Let us then be proud of our Champagne, of our Burgundy, of our Bordelais, of our old and

*Our American "dry" drinks water sterilized, filtered or rich with animalculae—it's all the same to him so long as it's water: who will dispute that his cold, fishy, dull, unimaginative nature, his proneness to religious bigotry, his immunity from all generous emotions, are mainly due to his favorite beverage? By the way, the Frenchman also drinks plenty of beer, and ever more since he has recovered Alsace with its superlative brews. In summer it is obviously the favorite drink of Parisians.

gay Midi; let us extend our cup for the wine of Anjou, of la Moselle, and of Alsace.

A glass of water shall not be given without recompense; *still more, a glass of wine!*

This article is not written for those who abuse and who are the shame of the noble gentleman Wine.

It is written to glorify the French wine-grower whose labor is perhaps the hardest that can be; also to glorify the generous land of France.



Ancient cell door of the Conciergerie.

CHAPTER XX

JOURNALISM

Balzac's famous Study of the Profession—Mark Twain's opinion—Comparison of French and American Newspapers—Blanket-Sheets and Big Advertising Unknown in France—Good and bad points of the French Journals—Risqué Pictorials—American Journals in Paris.

PARAPHRASING Voltaire, Balzac wrote, back in the 1830's, "If journalism did not exist, it would *not* be necessary to invent it."

Readers of "The Illustrious Provincial in Paris" will recall the powerful study of journalism, its methods and its morals (or lack of them) in that highly characteristic work; a study which inaugurated the long hostility between the great novelist and the powers of the "Fourth Estate". No doubt it is overweighed with prejudice and of a too personal animus, but in the main its positions are maintained and to a large degree justified.

What chiefly arrests one in looking over this mordant sketch of Paris journalism is its modernity and applicability to present-day conditions. Like all geniuses of the higher class, Balzac had something of the prophetic vision; unconsciously, by force of this gift, he saw things doubly—as they were and as they would come to be in fuller de-

velopment. This too accounts for the immense resentment which he incurred by the work alluded to, and the retaliation which he had to suffer up to his latest hour. His foes of the daily press were able to damn certain plays of Balzac which since his death have gained an enduring place on the stage.

The great development of the newspaper press and its many interests since Balzac made his study nearly a century ago, has not impaired the value of that study, whatever faults may be imputed to it; perhaps indeed Balzac is better justified as a prophet in this work than as a contemporary observer.

Coming from a country where journalism has attained a dominance over the public mind and a tyranny over the mental life of the people which have no fair analogue in Europe, I was moved to study French and especially Parisian newspapers with some care. Of course I would not pretend to anything like a thorough knowledge of the subject; from a two months' residence in the country, that were absurd. But it may be worth while to note certain superficial facts or features which obviously require no long period for their understanding.

In a sort of controversy which he had once upon a time with Paul Bourget and Max O'Rell, our Mark Twain claimed an immense superiority for the American newspaper over the French product. Mark spoke without humorous intention; one can only infer that he read German better than he read French.

American newspapers make vastly more money than their French contemporaries:—to my mind that is their only visible mark of superiority.

The question depends altogether on what one thinks desirable in a newspaper. If you want a three-ring circus, a cinema show, a school of erotics conducted by female experts in that line, all in addition to what is usually understood as necessary to a newspaper, then it is true that poor France is *hors de competition*. And that she may never seek to copy this point of our superiority, is the prayer of many who have her welfare at heart.

Again, the French newspaper is small—seldom larger than four pages. The daily blanket-sheet of fifteen to twenty or more pages is unknown in France, not to mention our Sunday atrocity of fifty-odd pages, with additional “chambers of horror”, colored supplements of cave-man’s humor, pictorial exploitation of nobodies, etc., etc. It seems to me that the superiority as to this point lies with the French—if one may not rather call it a benignly ordered dispensation of Providence!

Another capital point: the French newspaper is written for educated people who possess a highly literate language—the most classical and refined of existing tongues, and unfortunately America has no language, properly speaking, of her own, and no very great fraction of our people are fully capable of literary English. Hence the “newspaper English”, slipshod and formless, and the abuse of slang in American newspapers which aim at a popular circulation. Which again suggests an ex-

traordinary point of unlikeness: French journals appeal to and are preoccupied with the approval of educated people: our newspapers, the best known and most successful of them, make their play to the ignorant, because the *most numerous*, element—a far worse indictment than any that might be brought against the foreign press.

Furthermore, the French newspaper is properly limited as to space, because the French, with their great literary tradition, are a nation of book readers; while with us the newspaper has precedence of the book, and indeed for the great mass of the public has utterly superseded it.

I would not say that genius is universal amongst the French, but I will venture to hold that the brazen mediocrity which passes current in this country, the false talent so successfully exploited in our literature and journalism, has scarcely an analogue in France. What one must at once grant is (to quote Balzac)—“the witty understanding, the critical atmosphere in which the French live, from the poet down to the artisan, from the grand Parisian lady to the boy in the street.”

French journals—and I must be understood to speak chiefly of the Paris press—are, as I have said, well-written; they are also edited carefully, and the news is exhibited with discretion—no attempt is made by using “stud-horse type”, colored head-lines, etc., to scare the reader into fits. I particularly noticed that they run very little to that exploitation of crime for which our newspapers are most unenviably distinguished. Certainly they are not without fault in this respect,

but their sinning is light and venial compared to newspapers which look to crime—and especially *sexual crime*—as a chief source of profit and circulation.

This naturally suggests a closely related consideration. The French press do not set up the “woman who kills” to be exploited by every resource of a conscienceless journalism, and to be brought free of the penalty of her crime at whatever cost of outrage to the law and scandal to the public morality. In France the women who plot for a divorce, who betray their husbands, who murder them or their lovers, or commit other crimes, have no public press to support them; and consequently, as a class, they are far less numerous than such women are in America. Thus, a most scandalous abuse of journalism which has grown to such a towering height of infamy with us, and from which few of our newspapers are exempt, is absolutely unknown in France. I fear we have nothing to brag of on this head.

It must fairly be allowed that French newspapers lack to a large degree the commercial motive which is back of our worst journalistic offences. They are not obliged to “cover” pages of advertising matter and to supply provocative copy for the same. (What a chapter might be written on the requirements of American advertisers, in this connection!)

The catering of our great metropolitan newspapers to the favor of women, at any sacrifice of good taste or decency, is also directly traceable to the commercial motive—though perhaps few people perceive the connection here. It is, however, ob-

vious enough to anyone acquainted with American journalism, its motives and its machinery. In our great cities women read newspapers far more than men; they have come to regard the newspaper as something necessary to their daily life—and upon this fact rests the commercial success and prosperity of the newspaper. Women are then the chief patrons of the newspaper, as they are also of the big department stores which supply the lion's share of newspaper advertising—a negligible thing in France, but in America the great source of newspaper income.

This accounts for the sinister attitude of the American press generally—and of what is known as the “yellow press” particularly—toward the crimes of women, and for their preferential treatment of women on every occasion, from a society function to a common homicide. It is not at all a symptom of crude chivalry, as foreigners are apt to believe, but rather a deeply calculated regard for the Almighty Dollar!

Hence also the undue emphasis which the American newspapers give to sex, in spite of the national prudery, as being the one subject in which *most* women are interested. It is pertinent to add that they long supported Prohibition from the same motive, *i.e.*, they judged that women favored it.

In America women are money-spenders to a far greater degree than their sisters in Europe; also they have more money to spend, and the spending is among us regarded as a sacred prerogative of wifehood. Hence our journalism lays itself out to “win the woman”, and not the newspapers alone,

but the large number of parasite publications specially devoted to the sex, which similarly derive their support.

Newspaper advertising, as developed in our country, is all but unknown to the French, and my guess is that we shall retain our "superiority" on this head. The Paris merchant is one of the shrewdest of his class anywhere, but he will not be wheedled or dragooned (not to say blackmailed) into sharing his profits with the newspapers. Perhaps he would if you could show him that he would still make money thereby; but there's the rub. French people have a strongly developed trading instinct—they are about the only race who outmatch the Jews; they love to do their own marketing, and they are famous at a bargain. They will not do business through a newspaper, and no description in print will make up to them for the goods in hand and the clash of wit across the counter. Therefore *Monsieur le Marchand* advertises very sparingly, and the French newspapers remain virtuous—perhaps in their own despite. *Le bon sens* is the most characteristic trait of the French people.

One can run through a Paris newspaper—the *Matin* or *Journal*, say—in a half hour, not omitting the *feuilleton* story; which is as much time as one ever should give to a newspaper. When you think of the time wasted by Americans upon their preposterous blanket-sheets, you cannot wonder at the arrested development of mind in this country. The French are a highly, intensively cultivated people; they have received a priceless heritage of

literature, art, civilization from the past; and they will not trade it away for the chaff of penny-aliners. And the *epigoni* are not yet due in France!

Another point of difference—the French journalist, usually a man of literary abilities and good education, is content to remain a journalist pure and simple: his American confrère of the highly successful type becomes a Farmer-General of Publicity. In spite of Balzac, the profession of journalism is honored more in France than it is with us—for sound reasons, as it would appear.

I can not speak as fairly of certain of the pictorials as I have done of the regular daily press; here the burden of blame goes to the French side of the comparison we have been making. The license taken by some of these prints is altogether unwarranted, and can only be matched with the small pornographic interests along the Boulevards that seek their profit from visiting strangers. These publications are a disgrace to Paris and a flagrant source of corruption to the youth of France*. Worse yet, they contribute potently to that most undesirable sort of advertising which has given Paris a mephitic name throughout the world and latterly has afforded a weapon to the enemies of France. I give thanks that, however witty and artistically admirable these corrupt prints may be, we have nothing like them in our country. And it is no puritan who speaks!

*One of the most offensive things to a stranger is the advertising in such journals of women who desire to form *mondaines relations*, etc. I do not believe that there is actually more sexual immorality in Paris than in New York or Chicago, but the license accorded it is such as to defame the French nation itself!

There are two or three American newspapers in Paris, foreign editions, rather, of American journals, and established, I suppose, for the resident English-speaking colony and the always large contingent of transient visitors. About ten thousand is the largest circulation such a newspaper can look for, while "business" must be sought mainly from the Paris merchants; and as we have seen, the French have a long way to go before they will arrive at our notions of advertising, etc.

I guess these papers make no money for their owners, who perhaps maintain them chiefly from motives of vanity (the first American to establish a Paris edition was a marked eccentric), or feel that they are worth carrying as a publicity adjunct. I should add that these newspapers very fairly typify our better-class journals (which I have not characterized above, because they were not in the indictment); but one would hardly say that they present an expatriated sort of excellence. They continue to work up those parasite features, personalizing nobodies, pursuing alleged society folk, their scandals and diversions, etc., which are so odiously familiar in America, but which the brainier, self-respecting journalism of France refuses to copy.

I believe the best excuse pleadable for these American journals in Paris lies in the hope that they will continue to foster warm relations between France and our country. Here in the States the French, our historic allies and friends, are too much regarded as aliens; due largely to our ignorance of their language.

CHAPTER XXI

LITERATURE—I

Story of Ernest Psichari, grandson of Renan—Sensation created by his Books.—His reversion to the Catholic Faith—Sketch of his Military career—His heroic Death in Belgium—Paul Bourget's Critical Estimate—Translations from the "Centurion"—Is Renan "Saved"?

DURING my sojourn in France I was constantly hearing mention of Ernest Psichari or lighting upon discussions of his work, anecdotes of his brief career, tributes to his value as a soldier and his genius as a writer—above all, articles called forth by his reversion to the Catholic faith almost on the eve of his death. The subject seems to me so interesting and so illuminative of certain literary tendencies of the hour, that I make no apology for devoting a chapter to it, before turning to more general considerations. My information is wholly drawn from French texts, and the translations I give are my own.

Ernest Psichari, grandson of the celebrated Renan, author of the "Life of Jesus", "Origins of Christianity", etc., was born in 1883, and was killed in action at the opening of the Great War in Belgium, August 22, 1914. Greek by his father (who survives him) he was French, Latin and

Breton through his mother in whose veins flowed the Catholic blood of Renan and the Protestant blood of the Scheffers.* He was therefore, by inheritance, born to a unique share in the spiritual agitations of the age; as the near descendant of Renan (whose name he bore) the greatest of Nineteenth century agnostics, there seemed to be no doubt that he would carry on the liberal tradition of his family.

Psichari made his studies at the Lycée Henry IV and Condorcet, and early betrayed his intellectual tendencies; at eighteen he published verses, clever and over-subtilized, in the manner of Verlaine and Mallarmé. He evinced a passion for metaphysics, annotating Spinoza and Bergen (readers of Renan will not have forgotten his splendid eulogy of Spinoza). At the Sorbonne he was noted as an exceptionally brilliant student.

Despite these plain *stigmata* of the scholastic temper, Ernest Psichari was not to give his active life to letters. Having obtained his *licence de philosophie* at the early age of seventeen, he threw up his books in order to perform the required term of military service. At once his vocation declared itself; the Army seemed to offer the only field of activity which the too skeptical culture of the time had failed to corrupt. From the moment of his arrival at the barracks he felt that he had found his fit place. In 1904 he re-enlisted in the infantry, but impatient of inaction, quickly passed to the

* Ernest Renan married Cornélie Scheffer, a sister of the distinguished artist Ary Scheffer, many of whose works are to be seen in the Paris galleries. A daughter resulting from this marriage was the mother of Ernest Psichari.

Colonial Artillery as a simple cannoneer; being very soon chosen as an aide by Commander Lenfant, he started on a mission to the Congo in the heart of the great equatorial province. There began the free and heroic life which realized all his dreams and furnished the material frame of his later literary conceptions. Four years were passed on this African mission; marching through regions previously unexplored, fighting with or pacifying unknown tribes of savages, intoxicating himself, as he was to write long afterward, with solitude and with action.

In 1908 the young soldier returned from Africa, having won the Military Medal for gallantry and gained the highest encomiums from his army chief. In the midst of his soldierly duties and the not infrequent perils which these involved, his need of literary expression had asserted itself, and he published the same year *Terres de Soleil et de Sommeil* ("Lands of Sun and of Sleep") a remarkable first book which had the honor of being crowned by the French Academy. He at once entered the School of Artillery at Versailles, graduating as an officer in 1909; after which he went to Mauritania (Africa again) for another long term of service in the Colonial army. Here again he distinguished himself, being cited in the order of the day for his bravery at the battle of Tchitt.

It was more particularly during this second period in Africa that the grandson of Ernest Renan experienced a change in his religious ideas, with the spiritual travail and torment of soul ending in the peace of conviction which he describes with

haunting eloquence and passionate sincerity in his books, *Le Voyage du Centurion*, and *Les Voix qui Crient dans le Désert* ("The Centurion's Journey" and "Voices in the Desert").*

Returning to France in 1912 he published his first romance, *l'Appel des Armes* ("The Call of Arms"), of which Paul Bourget writes: "This book produced a lively sensation, for two reasons. Ernest Psichari was the grandson of Ernest Renan, and the contrast of his thought with the thought of his great ancestor could not fail to astonish. But especially it was the revelation of a talent already superior and of a singular novelty, in which the refined gift of expression, the continuous hallucination of the visionary artist were united with a wonderful subtlety of psychological analysis." The *motif* of this book is to justify the military vocation; we are not further concerned with it here.

M. Bourget affirms that the pages of the "Centurion" in which Psichari sets forth the dialogue of his hero Maxence (himself) with God in the desert, are among the most beautiful in all mystic literature. He adds: "Seek not in it for more abstract reasoning, logic, exegeses than you will find in the

*These two books tell virtually the same story of the author's religious experiences, the "Voices" being the more personal version of the narrative which the "Centurion" embodies in the form of a romance. Both books were posthumously published. My copy of the "Voices" (1920) is of the fourteenth edition; of the "Centurion" (1922) the *sixty-first* edition, which sufficiently attests their wonderful appeal. To persons interested in the *rationale* of Psichari's spiritual progress and self-conversion, the "Voices" is the more important of the two books; but in my view they complement each other.

fourth book of the *Imitation of Christ*. The truth which Maxence pursues is not the truth of a school; one can not learn it in the libraries or the laboratories. It is a living truth which one must at once feel and understand. It is the relation of the soul with the Eternal Thought, the Eternal Love, the Eternal Power . . . This posthumous book ('the Centurion') is the testament of a great soul."

As to the credibility of the work, the absolute truth of its confessions, the sincerity underlying all, M. Bourget has a pregnant word:

"Here nothing is artificial; all is exact and just. You read some pages of this book, and you are at once taken captive by its accent of reality which does not imitate itself. We who knew Ernest Psichari know that *Maxence* is himself; that he really made this African expedition, that he really suffered those crises of the soul. But were we entirely ignorant of his personality, we should still hold to the truth of this narrative. It carries upon its face that total and absolute credibility which is the first virtue of a romance, and without which the finest miracles of style and composition are of no account."

For myself I would say that in no book that I am acquainted with is the soul of man seeking its Creator more touchingly revealed or with an accent of more profound sincerity. It is long since we have had a book so arresting and so spiritually disturbing as either the "Centurion" or the "Voices", which for the best effect should be read together. I have little doubt that the future will declare Psichari a Saint. The Church, which

is very old and very wise, and very patient, could make no better reply to the legend of Renan!

So far as I know, the books of Ernest Psichari have not been published in this country in an English translation, although they are sure to be within no long time. My readers may wish to hear something of this young, heroical voice so untimely silenced. I therefore give, in my own translation, a small portion of the Dialogue in the Desert, so highly praised by the eminent French writer quoted above.

SAM the Voice: "Happy those who are immaculate in the way,—in the way which is straight and not crooked, in the way which is the shortest and not that which winds across appearances and leads back eternally to the same point."

"Enough!" cries the Voyager. "I suffer upon the hostile earth, but I do not wish your consolations. For I am with men and not with the angels, and I have no desire except for what breathes in my own likeness."

"It is not true," replies the Voice; "thou hast only desire for God; for the knowledge of God is thy share, and as the bee in summer distils the honey, as the flower secretes in itself the perfume peculiar to it, so thy function is to contemplate with eyes of love the Imperishable."

"Leave me; I am content thus. The tears of men are beautiful, and their words suffice to my love."

"The tears, O Voyager! . . . But not all the tears. The tears which are beautiful, you do not

know them, because they are the tears of hope. See this man who sighs at the feet of his God. He also is unquiet, but it is because he seeks perfection; he also laments, because he is in exile. He also bears his pain, because he cannot attain the plentitude of spiritual beauty. Thus his life is as the perpetual rising of the sap in the blossom and the glorious ascension toward the highest Heaven."

"Yes, that man is the greatest of men, and miserable compared to him is the stoic forever shut up in that prison which is himself. But what shall I do to free myself from this deadly languor and to rise above the earth?"

And the Voice says:

"Nothing by thyself! Thy feet are riveted to the earth; thou canst not give thyself wings. But behold there comes One who has promised thee life; He will loose the bonds of thy captivity. Hear, O unfortunate, the words of thy deliverance. Fly away, proud dove, to thy native sky; fly toward that Heart pierced with a lance, which has bled for thee. Watch and pray."

Then the Voyager pauses, seized with pain and regret—he knows not what vague nostalgia and remorse. And the same plaint rises to his lips, persistent and monotonous:

"O my God, since Thou hast brought me so far faintly to glimpse Thy Face, abandon me no more. Manifest thyself at last, since Thou alone art able to do it, and I am nothing. As Thou didst show to Thomas thy bleeding wounds, give me, O God, a sign of thy Presence."

And thus answers the Master of Heaven and Earth:

“Thou seekest Me, and yet I am *there*, in that disgust of thyself which has come to thee, in that heaviness of thy captive soul, aye, even in the frightful nightmare of thy sins. But how shouldst thou recognize Me who am the Truth amid so many lies in which thou still findest pleasure? How couldst thou understand my words which are the Peace, thou that livest in the sharp dispute, the discord and the revolt of thy body risen against thy soul, in the passion of impotent rage. Recall to thyself poor child, that city where thou didst live formerly” . . .

Maxence buried his face in his hands. He saw again the brilliant thoroughfare, and the globes of light, and the Prince of this world, who was there, with his green figure, grinning behind the lindens. He himself was talking, talking endlessly, unweariedly, like a drunken man; and some people were speaking also who wore fine clothes over their immense filth, falsely elegant, falsely joyous, falsely intelligent, half-wicked fellows whom one could have crushed with a strong word, gentlemen very well satisfied with themselves, but who would have melted into thin air if anyone near them had said a single little word that was *true*. And enjoyment was the Divinity of this thoroughfare, a desperate enjoyment, full-mouthed almost to suffocation, from sheer duty.

“I love,” says God, “the house which is in order. I wish that everything may be in its place, and I

shall not enter under this roof until all has been prepared for my coming . . .”

“Dost thou wish to be healed?” asked Jesus of the man who had been sick during thirty-eight years.—“Yes, Lord,” he answers, “but I have nobody who, when the waters are troubled, will put me in the pool” . . .

“What dost thou, unfortunate, near the fountain of Bethsaida? Hast thou not recognized the Master? See then: thy avowal and thy repentance satisfy Him, and already the word which saves is spoken—‘Arise and walk!’”

O my God, have pity on a man who has been sick for thirty years!* . . .

Already a certain happiness was his, because he had turned aside from the common ways, from the voices without hope, and because he saw Jesus just beyond the shadows—*Jesus not possessed, but desired!* . . .

Happy, thrice happy those who repose in the heart of their God, and who warm themselves in his living heart; happy, forever happy those for whom Heaven entire is in the little Host, in the exact likeness of Jesus Christ!

My God, I speak to you, hear me! I shall do all in order to gain you. Have pity on me, my God, you know they did not teach me to pray to you. But I say to you as your Son told us to say, I say to you with all my heart, as my fathers said

* Psichari was in his thirtieth year when baptized and received into the Catholic Church.

in old time—Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy Name, thy Kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven . . .

O tears which are the third Beatitude, tears of joy and of peace, tears of recovery and of recommencement, flow upon this face of grief. And this voice that trembles, these lips that hesitate—they do not know these words that are so new to them!—and yet the marvelous Word runs from the beginning of Ages, from the abyss of Eternity, carried upon the dove of the Holy Spirit.

How beautiful is the first prayer! How blessed and precious to the Lord! With what joy the Angels in Heaven hear it! Rise, poor man, Jesus is not far away, and He is coming, and He will not delay . . . Continue thy road. Hope in the plenitude of thy heart, and in the force of thy new life,—and the rest will be given thee for overmeasure. . . .

But what, Lord!—is it then so simple to love thee? . . .

PSICHARI did not live to finish the “Centurion,” but the book, as it stands, is tolerably complete; only the consummating act of Faith is wanted to crown the whole. Whatever our difference of creed, we may be glad from sympathy with the writer that his life, unlike his romance, was consummated, as he had long desired, by a full acceptance of the Roman Catholic faith. Indeed when the Great War broke out the grandson of Renan was on the point of beginning a novitiate in the Dominican Order.

He desired passionately to become a priest in order to offer reparation at the altar for the apostasy of his illustrious grandfather. At his baptism he took the name of Paul from the same motive (much of Renan's most powerful anti-Christian attack being directed at the great Apostle of the Gentiles). He was impatient to become a priest, to say his first Mass, always (says a witness of those last days) with the sublime idea of filling the place abandoned by Renan.* Most striking was the plenitude of supernatural life which surged in him. He knew all without having learned anything; he invented prayers, and they were found to be those which the Church has taught through the ages. Suddenly he had turned to Christ, and it was from Him he awaited truth and happiness. Each day he received Communion and toward the Cross extended all his powers.

How far Psichari had departed from the cult of science, the system of polite agnosticism, the negation of dogma inculcated by Renan and in which he had been brought up, is evident from these words of his, written before his formal conversion:

"Every attempt to shake off Catholicism is an absurdity, since willingly or unwillingly we are Christians; and it is a wickedness, since all that we have of grand and beautiful in our hearts comes to us from Catholicism. We shall not efface cen-

* "Yes, to be a simple country curé, as his grandfather might have been; to live in some very simple presbytery of Lower-Brittany; to return faithfully, minutely to the abandoned ways. But first of all, to set foot in the old tracks, to re-discover the vocation, to go to the Seminary." *La Vie d'Ernest Psichari*.—*Henri Massis*.

turies of history, preceded by an eternity. As science was founded by believers, so our morality, in its noble and elevated parts, comes also from the grand unique source of Christianity; from the abandonment of which result false morality and false science."

It is worth noting, however, that Psichari, the personality and not the work of his grandfather being in question, would not suffer anyone to speak of Renan before him without due respect. He believed also that Renan's culpability was attenuated by the faulty theology and philosophy taught him in his youth. It seems that Renan never studied St. Thomas of Aquinas, whose *scolastique* he regarded as barbarous and infantile compared with the Cartesian *scolastique* of his masters. These instructors, instead of showing him how necessary reason is to faith, labored, on the contrary, to convince him that it was anti-Christian to trust in the reason. He was passionately bent on intellectual research, and they coldly discouraged him with the formula—"Everything essential is known", or the equally uncompromising, "It is not science that saves souls."

I have been surprised and gratified in turning over *La Vie d'Ernest Psichari par Henri Massis*, a book of Catholic inspiration, to note the tolerance and charity with which Renan is spoken of—he would hardly have looked for it himself, although it is well known that he scrupulously shunned invective in his writings, and always spoke of the priesthood with respect. Perhaps the author of this life of Psichari is himself a priest; there is

much in the tone of his book to give color to the surmise. If so, I should be still more relieved and delighted to read the following:

“One should have seen the joy of Ernest Psichari when a priest assured him one day that the soul of Renan, at the instant of appearing before God, had perhaps been freed from its faults by the prayer of some Carmelite or the tears of some humble contemplative.

“And some one had added: ‘Who told you that your grandfather is not saved? God alone is capable of judging men’s consciences. No one among us is authorized to set limits to the mercy of the Heavenly Father. Who knows but that Renan, mysteriously, in virtue of some hidden grace, was finally reconciled with the Master of his first years? Who knows even but that it is he who incited you to-day to repair the harm he has done to souls?’ ”

I have quoted this matter in full, for the reason that in all my reading I have never met an equal sample of Catholic tolerance, or a parallel admission that human, even priestly judgments are as naught before the infinite mercy of the Most High!

I am the more pleased with it that I have been for very many years a close reader of Renan (though by no means accepting his theories to the full), and have sometimes feared that I might be beyond exemplary repentance!

CHAPTER XXII

LITERATURE—II

Recoil of the Pendulum—Naturalism dead in France—the Spirit reasserts its Rights—Influence of the Great War—Many noted French Intellectuals give their Views as to the Literary Future.

A FRESH, wholesome current, a revitalizing breeze from the sources of the spirit, is palpable in the significant French literature of the present time. This promises well for the future. Not that it is ever possible to despair of literature in France, with its inexhaustible heritage of genius. Books will continue to be produced as the summer brings its leaves. I wish to note in this necessarily brief survey, mainly the spiritual motive, the direction of the aim.

First of all, we must look to an obvious cause. The Great War brought in its train a purification of the spirit, a profound *catharsis* for the soul of France. The terrible strain of her trial by fire, the costs of her great agony, the price of her final triumph—rather say, her escape from utter destruction!—all that she hazarded, all that she endured, all that she sacrificed, must be paid of the spirit, as well as the material reckoning. Therefore, one need not look for a return to the literary note

that was dominant in the years preceding the war: already there is recourse to new standards, new sources of life and inspiration.

I have used the word *catharsis* advisedly; it carries the idea of healing as well as cleansing and purgation—of renewal and rebuilding after the drastic remedy. Signs of this beneficent process are already apparent in the general life of France, but I wish to speak here of literary conditions, so far as I was able to study them during my brief sojourn in that country. The reader will please note that we are to consider tendencies mainly—straws blowing toward the future; there is to be no mention of specific books. In point of fact, the true literature to be born of the catharsis is yet to come.

I have been greatly advantaged in this little study by a book of remarkable *esprit* which I found newly published, on my arrival in Paris: "A Zigzag Voyage in the Literary Republic by André Lang".* So useful was it indeed, traversing the whole subject on which I sought light, that I rest under a very great obligation to the talented author, and here make formal acknowledgment of the same. America has the journalist, as we know, but the literary journalist, as a species distinguished and apart, is scarcely familiar to us. I make my best compliments to Monsieur Lang, who is a literary journalist and something more; many

**Voyage en Zigzags dans La République des Lettres* par André Lang, *La Renaissance du Livre*, 78 Boulevard Saint Michel, Paris. The author's name seems to be his own and not a *nom de plume*, as I guessed at first from its suggestion of "Andrew with the brindled hair."

less profitable and decidedly less interesting books than his "Zigzags" were published last year in America and France.

Monsieur Lang's piquantly entitled work contains interviews with fifty-odd persons prominent in literature, literary journalism and the drama, very many of whom are unknown or but slightly known in this country. "Zigzags" is literature in form and substance and tempts quotation on every page. Each interview is faced with a "disturbing" cartoon of the person interviewed and leads off with a pen-picture, in some cases even more interesting. I must limit my borrowings to but a few of Monsieur Lang's "subjects", and in the main to the particular point we have in view. The commentary is my own throughout; the translations (also mine) are made from the French text, and while I have added nothing, are freely adapted to the purposes of this chapter.

Several of the writers interviewed praised the work of the Comtesse de Noailles with enthusiasm; it seems that she is without a rival among the women poets of France. The lady spoke thus interestingly of herself (it is evident that the national literary tradition is dear to her as to all French writers, in contradistinction to the "unfettered genius" of the latest American school). I give her the word.

"The modern poet who has most influenced me is Francis Jammes. I had already composed two books, *The Innumerable Heart* and *To the Shadow of My Days* before knowing his verses, and these first books are written as if already

the love of Jammes for nature had been revealed to me. . . Paul Claudel sometimes moves me with his grand organ harmonies, although he is very remote from my spirit. . . I do not know why they speak so often of my romanticism; I am not a romantic. When I re-read, for example, my first verses, I think rather of Theocritus than of the romantics. . . Corneille, Racine, Hugo, Musset (I do not love Lamartine, though I grant that he is a great poet) are the masters who have most impressed me. But Ronsard is the poet who has remained my great favorite, with Baudelaire, whom I came to love a bit later."

M. Jean Cocteau is one of the literary eccentrics of the hour, perhaps the premier amongst them, and be it said, a young man of singular talent. He is at the age when one delights to astonish with paradox, when the *nuance* is everything, when the joy of inventing or applying a new word outweighs the most solid literary satisfaction. Monsieur Cocteau, it is to be hoped, will outlive the crime of youth, when we shall assuredly know more of him. I condense some of his least startling observations.

"Modern poetry? The word 'modern' is absurd. There is no modern poetry. Poetry is of all time, like electricity, which similarly acts upon the masses outside of the art, and there are people who fabricate little vehicles for it. The vehicles function or they do not function. A true poet does not preoccupy himself with the spirit of poetry; no more than a horticulturist perfumes his roses. Poetry avoids many people as electricity avoids silk. France, a malign coun-

try, has little feeling for poetry. Voltaire is a thread of silk. He is glittering, but poetry evades him always! . . .

"The recent vehicles of poetry are to the ancient what a little squat automobile is to a carriage. Even if the poets return to fixed forms, they return with qualities of intelligence swiftness, concision unknown before this day. But the bad poet is astonished by his epoch, plays the role of M. Jourdain, sings the machines, the skyscrapers*, and the jazz band. . . . A poet is no more new because he speaks of these things. Besides, there is no reason in time or space why he should speak of them. . . .

"A poet is the type of the aristocrat. Often indeed they cut off his head. It is the best fashion of raising a bust to him. . . .

"A poet ought not to *fulfill his promise*; one who does that is an *autumn poet*, and people find the autumn poetical. Now a true poet ought to have several seasons. When the public think that his fruits are ripe he should make them bite into his new green fruits. The artist beloved of the public ripens slowly, mellow, and falls from the tree. The first indication is a little red stain—the rosette of the Legion of Honor."

"Then you despise the Legion of Honor?"

"Not the least in the world. It is almost fatal, like white hair. I think the artists who seek scandal as ridiculous as they who seek success. . .

"If one wished to make a picture approxima-

* French: *les gratte-ciel*.

tive but sensible of what concerns us in these latter epochs, one would put Rimbaud and Mallarmé in the foreground, like Adam and Eve. The apple would be the apple of Cézanne. We carry all the weight of that original sin."

I am not so well acquainted as I should be with the poems and personal history of M. Paul Fort; that is to say, I know very little indeed on either head. M. André ascribes to him *Ballades Françaises*, characterizing him as a born poet, a poet of the great race, etc. Have I somewhere read or heard that Paul Fort is of American extraction? The point remains obscure, but it renders the more interesting to Americans the subjoined remarks of this poet.

"In these difficult times one scarcely realizes how far the French culture, our poets and our *savants*, facilitate among foreigners the work of our diplomatists. We have faithful friends in America, but they do not wish to be deceived. They suffer from the lightness, the flippancy with which we speak of our great men. It is not necessary to give them the impression that they love France better than we love it. But we should recognize here, as they recognize in America, that Poetry is our highest, our most frank ambassador.

"Do you know who best characterized the French spirit in America during the war? It was Verlaine. No doubt Montaigne, La Bruyère, Voltaire were worth many and deep friendships for us. But in their case an initiation had to be imposed and time was necessary; while a simple

song, a verse of Verlaine, brought all France to our friends.”

I think this poet speaks very much to the point.

M. Fernand Gregh offered this profound and (to the French) somewhat disturbing consideration:—“I confess this thought obsesses me—the analogy of the actual situation of Europe and the situation of the Roman Empire under Constantine or Theodosius. How near we have been, you remember, to a new invasion of the Barbarians! And how little reassured we still are! When civilization becomes too powerful and men too much puffed up with knowledge, does Nature then open the dikes to barbarism, in order to chastise the proud who have stripped the Tree of Knowledge, and to make her mysteries respected? Agonizing question, which no one among us can answer.”

Maurice Rostand, son of the famous author of *Cyrano de Bergerac* and himself a brilliant, successful dramatist, gives a delightful interview, full of *agacerie* and petulant with paradox. Unluckily he does not touch the main point of our discussion: *n'importe!* let us accord him a brief hearing.

“In France the works I chiefly love are those of Madame de Noailles and of Henri Barbusse. Naturally I adore d’Annunzio. And the writer I actually love most in the world is Latzko for his *Men in War*.

“I love only personal literature. Every book bores me which does not reveal the sentiments of its author. Jean-Jacques, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, the English lyrists from Shakespeare to Byron and Shelley, these are my grand fav-

orites. A work characteristic of the genius of a race, as they say, does not interest me. The books of Kipling seem to me small. I do not like the books which can be enjoyed only in the country where they were written; I prefer the books which lose nothing of their beauty by passing the frontiers. I do not believe men are different from one another; genius is understood everywhere. Clearness, precision, order, these qualities so very French, seem to me perfectly useless and boresome. A little genius is worth all that!"

"Notwithstanding," hazarded the interviewer, "La Fontaine, Molière . . ."

"Ah!" interrupted M. Rostand, "how La Fontaine bores me—to death! And Molière—well, he doesn't amuse me. Those histories of the Court, that form which dates—and the comique—no, that doesn't amuse me. The comique has always given me an impression of horror; the mere name of Rabelais freezes me.

"We do not possess the lyrical sense in France. Madame de Noailles apart, the greatest lyric poet we have had in a long time, I can find no poets of this note amongst us. There was Musset, there was especially Baudelaire; it is from the *Fleurs du Mal* and *Mon Cœur mis à nu* that we must date the first appearance of personal lyricism in France.

"Finally, I consider that there are two species of writers: those who express their lives, and those who make books. I call the first artists, I call the second men of letters; but I love only the artists."

M. Pierre Benoit has captured the exigent critic world of Paris with his *Atlantide*; he possesses the self-confidence, the health and the unflawed enthusiasm of youth. He talks for me as well as for his proper interviewer. *S'il vous plaît, Monsieur Benoit*:—

“Yes, there are no more literary schools. Does that account for the ignorance of so many writers? One must admit that most of our young writers eat their ream of white paper, without having any intellectual baggage to speak of. . . . But what culture, what literary conscience the men of the last century possessed! The erudition of Victor Hugo is astonishing; that of Théophile Gautier commands our admiration. And among romancers of the second order, think of the culture of Mérimée. . . . To-day it doesn't matter who writes a book. The manners change. Do they change for the better? A day like the battle of *Hernani* is finished; it will not come again. To-day the battle of *Hernani* is Carpentier.”*

“Or Charlot?”**

“Yes, it is Charlot. Who knows (he added a little dreamily) he may be the great man of the age!

“Finally, I believe in the literary future of a country like France, which cannot cease to be the first in the world. There is a crisis, it is true, but there *was* the war. It is too soon to pronounce.”

Everywhere in France I saw the books of M.

* The French prize-fighter.

** Charlie Chaplin, the cinema actor.

Courteline; they deal much with the humorous aspects of military life, the *cocasserie*, intrigues, flirtations, etc. The people eat them up; M. Courteline is the foremost humorist writing in France to-day. Nor is he merely a *comique* (*pace* Monsieur Rostand!)—there is a fine serious side to his work which denotes the artist as well as the deep observer of life.

M. Courteline is no longer young. We shall honor this veteran of letters by letting him talk in his own way and to his own purpose—he would do that in any event!—

“I have just seen France (Anatole) in excellent health at Tours, that good city of Tours where I was born. What a writer! He has all, the charm, the grace, and that irony so fine, so light. Should you ask me, ‘If you were Daudet, what would you wish to write?’ I would answer, *Sappho*. ‘If you were Loti?’ I should answer, *The Iceland Fisherman*. But I should not know how to choose for Anatole France. I love equally ‘The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard,’ a work of youth, and ‘The Gods Athirst’, which he wrote after sixty. How fine it is to be simple! . . .

“Have they genius? Who has it? And first where does genius commence—where does talent end? If one knew one might render himself an account of the matter. But this is my notion—there is genius when you get a *kick of the foot in the stomach!* I received it in Amsterdam before Rembrandt, at Harlem before Franz Hals, in Madrid before Velasquez. I receive it on hearing Corneille—I have never received it on hear-



Jeanne d'Arc by Leguin—Hotel des Invalides

ing Racine. I get it when reading Molière; but I never get it with such force as when I read Hugo!"

"Hugo overwhelms you more than Molière?"

"Very much more. Hugo is enormous! You might put in one scale the masterpieces of all countries and all ages, and Hugo all alone in the other; and Hugo would pull them down! He is an accident of genius. I know there are some young people to-day who laugh at mention of his name. Let them laugh! Their ignorance must excuse them."

(Elsewhere it is related in "Zigzags" how M. Claude Farrère wrote to Anatole France and Pierre Loti, asking each to name the greatest contemporary writer. Loti wrote at once, "Courte-line." France at first indicated Loti, but on reflection, he added Courteline. M. Farrère tells the story.)

I give M. Roland Dorgelès a word—shall I confess it?—because he has recalled a writer, too much neglected, who was very dear to me in youth—Claude Tillier.*

M. Dorgelès speaking of his contemporaries, Duhamel, Girandoux, Arnoux, Salmon and others, praises them with fraternal zeal:—"Fighters all, great men of to-morrow who have talent, originality, force. Some are Catholics, some atheists, others Communists, others reactionaries. Where are they going? Where are we going? Nobody knows anything about it. The critics, at the end of the century, will class, catalogue, study the men

* See the Author's "Adventures in Life and Letters."

and their works. That will be their task; ours is to work. There are no more schools. So much the better! One detests oneself less when one works alone. . . .

“The evolution of a writer, I figure to myself, like a train that one follows with the eye in the country. It is often hidden from view; here it disappears for the space of a lightning flash; there it is swallowed by a tunnel whose issue you cannot see; you have forgotten it when, suddenly, you glimpse it again, minute and distant. And then behold! you perceive it quite near. Young and old, famous and obscure, writers are subject to the common law. Actually Claude Tillier and Jules Vallès are little known, I grant, but they don’t deserve to remain so long in the tunnel.”

I come now to M. Maurice Barrès, perhaps the greatest, certainly in our country the best known writer in this symposium. M. Barrès speaks with the discretion imposed by his very considerable fame, but he places himself at once in contradiction to all or nearly all of his fellow symposiasts:—

“I think there are always schools. . . . It is evident that the groups exist and that the centres of influence are numerous. ‘The Fire’ (*Le Feu*) of Barbusse is, to all appearances, a rallying point. Some writers like Capus, Donnay, Robert de Flers, Hermant might be considered as forming a Parisian school. It is clear that there is around the lofty figure of Bourget a corps of romancers representing several generations. The colonial development of France, which Loti and Farrère chiefly represent, has revealed to us the pleasures and the

dangers of Asia, and this is not the least cause of its influence upon morals. You see that schools are not wanting! And might not one say that a new order has arisen in our literature—the literary production of women? What talents are gathered around Madame de Noailles, who is the poet of this time and the lyric voice of our epoch! . . .

“The truth is, that during the period of efflorescence it is impossible to say anything precise. Some words start from seed that the wind scatters at hazard. At hazard? We speak thus because our sight is not keen enough to distinguish the causes. . . . Later the critic and the historian will co-ordinate, explain, render intelligible this production so disordered and irregular in appearance. One should be infinitely circumspect in what concerns the future. . . .

“We are always at the mercy of genius and of death!”*

M. Leon Daudet (son of the great Alphonse) is quite able to stand in his own shoes. He has written books which were no discredit to his name, and he edits the leading Royalist French journal *L'Action Française*—edits it with such uncompromising force as to involve him occasionally in personal encounters, and recently almost incurred for him the bullet of an assassin. A vigorous reactionary in politics and religion (he has reverted to Catholicism, the early faith of his father) he holds the views that might be expected of him, and expresses them, whether with pen or tongue, in the

* A prophetic word! Maurice Barrès died too soon for France, toward the close of 1923.

most provocative manner. He inclines to anger easily, and being of a naturally sanguine complexion, often becomes angry almost without knowing it. His interviewer remarks: *M. Daudet fait de la colère comme M. Jourdain faisait de la prose*. A stroke of wit which we shall not spoil by translation.

M. Daudet has a poor opinion of the Realist masters and finds Flaubert terribly tiresome; can read only *Madame Bovary* because it is the only one of Flaubert's books which has a little emotion. What remains then of that grand Realist epoch? Maupassant? Some interesting studies, but literature for race-course people and that sort. . . . Let us not speak of Zola! It is not only his language, his vocabulary of a scavenger that one must always combat—but, in fine, M. Daudet has never seen a more stupid man than Zola, and knows nothing more stupid than his books. However, the literary future is rich in promise. The level is rising. We lived from 1875 to 1914 in political, social and literary foolishness (*niaiserie*). An epoch of unbelief and consequently of extravagant credulity. Unfortunately, we still meet people to whom Flaubert and Renan are idols.

“As for Loti, he is a word-painter, but a child in thought—an infant! . . . No, there is infinitely more intelligence to-day. Certain young writers promise to be great romancers—for example, Louis Dumas and Pierre Benoit who have just fairly won the great public.”

At mention of the drama M. Daudet emitted a

bellow of rage: "The drama?—it is the triumph of *coucherie!*"

From M. Georges Duhamel we glean a last word illuminating and confirming our thesis:—

"Romanticism had a grand period because there was a literature, a poesy, a painting, a philosophy, a criticism, all stamped Romantic. I believe that a new spirit will presently animate all who dream of expressing publicly their thought. We shall make more of the rôle of the soul in letters and the arts. I myself have sought a long time, but I see henceforth the road I shall follow.

"It was, of course, necessary to combat naturalism. It brought near to us the real, and made us love it; that is its imperishable title of glory. But it went too far in its gross contempt of all that it believed not to be *real*, of all the *Real* which was not tangible. There is nothing in Zola or Maupassant which relates to the soul, or at least which speaks of it, so great was their fear of writing a word which did not represent the *real* or the visible. Let us accept the grand lesson of naturalism—to *work in the true*, but let us free ourselves from errors; the soul is perhaps the *one reality!* I suggest this for a motto: The study of the true, but in function of the soul."

It asks some temerity to take issue with a Frenchman on his own ground, and such a Frenchman as M. Duhamel! However, I must venture to say that he goes too far in his censure of Maupassant, whose work often deals with the soul and exhibits psychological grasp of a high order. Take *Une Vie* among the novels (*romans*) and among the short

stories (*contes*) *L'Amour*, *Le Fermier*, *Le Baptême*, *Le Menuet*, *Clair de Lune*, *Apparition*, *La Peur*, *L'Auberge*, to name only a few that instantly occur to mind. Maupassant indeed will live by his soul-stuff; his mere sex stories are unworthy of his higher powers.

CHAPTER XXIII

PÈRE LACHAISE

A Famous Cemetery—Bartholomé's Monument to the Dead—Oscar Wilde and the Sphinx Memorial—Flowers for the Poets—Tombs of Chopin, Musset and Balzac—Grave of the 147 Communists—An Historical Incident—The Crematorium.

IN PÈRE LACHAISE I walked among the dead,
Pacing about with soft and reverent tread,
Where peace is evermore nor count of days—
O tombs so many of the deathless dead!
And musing long, unto myself I said:
This is the Better City of the two,
Where stirs no strife, no rancor old or new,
Nor hungereth one for fame or even bread;
But peace is evermore nor count of days,
Nor any thorn to vex the weary head!

IN PÈRE LACHAISE I lingered hour on hour,
Weighing the text of human fame and power
That passeth even as the lightning plays.
And much I marveled, in a dull amaze,
That here the giant Balzac toils no more,
Nor Musset doth his lyric passion pour,
So jealous once of Time's begrudging ways!
O poet! snatch at once thy mortal dower,
And hither come to recompense thy lays,
Where leisure full awaits, nor count of days!

AND now, courteous reader, as a relief from the high intellectual voltage of the last chapter, let us go to "still our beating mind" in the alleys of Père Lachaise. Here are those

from whom we might collect weightier opinions on Art and Literature than any we have just transcribed—the “sceptered dead who rule our spirits from their urns.” Perhaps to visit and commune with them in reverence and humility, may yield us somewhat of wisdom.

Père Lachaise, perhaps the most famous cemetery of the world, is the largest in Paris—seems indeed a city by itself, with its endless avenues of tombs and monuments crossing and re-crossing one another like a veritable labyrinth. I judge that it would take several years to make one thoroughly familiar with the place. On my first visit I made very little headway, being unable to secure the services of a guide. The few uniformed guards whom I saw were unable to show me around, even for a consideration; the rules requiring them to remain on post. Also my Paris Guide Book was of little use to me, my bump of location or orientation being imperfectly developed.

A better fortune attended me on the second visit. I was harassing a guard with questions and trying to seduce him from his post when a decent but rather shabbily dressed elderly man stepped forward and tendered his good offices. “I am here every day, Monsieur,” he said, “and it will be a pleasure if I can be of any service to you.” I accepted his offer gratefully, taking it for granted that he earned his living in this way. Later I was made sensible of my mistake—but as to that anon.

Near the entrance to the cemetery, in the fourth section, is the *Monument to the Dead* by Bartholo-

mé, a noble and most affecting piece of sculpture. Cold stone has seldom drawn tears from my eyes, but this was an exception: he would be more or less than human I think whose heart would not fail him in presence of this sublime work. I cannot even now look at a print of the Monument without experiencing something of my first emotion. The figures of the two faithful lovers entering the tomb, *she* with her hand upon *his* shoulder, seem to me to convey a pathos that beggars words. Only great art does this, I think.

I was not similarly affected by Oscar Wilde's monument, the work of Epstein, which attracts many English and American visitors. It is in my judgment too grandiose and pretentious, while it conveys more than a suggestion of the strange madness or perversion that wrecked the life of Wilde. The monument therefore "exploits" the worst side of him, and we remember that the poem whose symbolism it uses so audaciously, is really an inferior production of Wilde's, dating from his youth. Nobody has ever been able to guess the meaning of this poem (if it have any), and Epstein does not help us out—to this extent it is a worthy Sphinx!

A monument of simpler conception would have better served poor Wilde, whose fame will long require tender handling. Also the inscriptions struck me as florid and of somewhat questionable taste, the mention of Oxford prizes, etc. A verse from the *Ballad of Reading Gaol* were worth all that wordiness,* it would do what the well-sexed Sphinx never will—call up the tears for Oscar Wilde!

I noticed a pretty custom in Père Lachaise, that of putting flowers on the tombs of the poets; no fine day passes without this simple tribute being paid to those who sang for the joy of the world. Who give the flowers, strangers or Parisians? I think the latter chiefly—what city has ever loved poets like Paris! I was glad to see fresh flowers on Oscar's grave.*

Chopin and Musset neighbor each other in their last resting place—divine Musician! diviner Poet! One recalls their passion for the same woman, (George Sand) to which we are indebted for some wonderful nocturnes and the "August Nights." They both died young, and the lady lived to a hearty old age (she generally does). Men were willing to pay full price for their genius in those days; these two have not had their peers since, either as poets or lovers.

There is a weeping willow over De Musset's tomb, which bears inscribed the following lines of the poet:

*Mes chers amis, quand je mourrai
Plantez un saule au cimetière:
J'aime son feuillage exploré,
La paleur m'en est douce et chère;
Et son ombre sera légère
A la terre ou je dormirai.*

* There was also a sheet of notepaper on the tomb from which I copied these words:

*At Oscar Wilde,
Hommage pieux d'un malheureux inverti.
Aimer, me taire, pleurer.—E. H.*

Which the reader may allow us to paraphrase—

When I lie, dear friends, at rest,
Plant a willow at my grave,
For I love its drooping crest,
Its pale leaves that weep and wave;
And its shadow shall fall deep
On my head in dreamless sleep.

I pass on to the tomb of Balzac which he shares with the woman who had been the great love and passion of his life and who perhaps, in the end, broke his heart.* The inscription on her tombstone is significant—*Eve Comtesse Rzewuska*:—the grand lady would still be grand in death! She survived her great man thirty-two years: at the game of life genius would seem to have no chance with a woman. They are all reunited in this little plot—he and she, and her too-much idolized daughter with her husband. This story, too, seems of a piece with the *Comédie Humaine*. The splendid bronze head of Balzac by his friend David d'Angers lends dignity to the tomb; it is I think superior to the Rodin conception.

Père Lachaise was a favorite resort with Balzac; there he obtained some of his finest inspirations, and there he learned that of all the feelings of the soul, sorrow is the most difficult to express, because of its simplicity.

* Of this, however, we never can be sure, though the probabilities are strongly against her. It is at least certain, as I have pointed out in a previous chapter, that her long deferment of the marriage, conspiring with other anxieties, helped to accelerate the end of Balzac. Her letters that would have given us the whole story, were destroyed, probably upon her insistence.

The reader will bear in mind that there are all about us far more costly and imposing monuments to rich or influential or official people, but these do not demand consideration at our hands. The rich we have with us always and—have we not been taught?—are everywhere preferred, except in the Kingdom of Heaven.

A grave that called for more than a passing glance was that of Victor Noir, killed by Pierre Bonaparte in 1870. Victor Noir was a journalist of strong republican sympathies, and this monument was raised by popular subscription. It is one of the most arresting in Père Lachaise. The young man (he was but twenty-two) is represented by a bronze effigy, lying on his back, in evening dress, his hat just falling away from his hand; an everlasting depiction of his murder.

And now, sympathetic reader, let us pause a moment at the famous mausoleum of those ill-starred lovers, Abélard and Héloïse. They loved “not wisely but too well”, considering that they were both in religion (he a priest, she an abbess); and Abélard suffered, through the spite of his enemies, the most cruel punishment that can befall a lover. His subsequent penitence was poignant and sincere—also, I believe, inevitable. Perhaps in these grievous circumstances Héloïse was the more to be pitied. Our American poet, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, a competent authority in such matters, seems to think so:—I commend you to her fine *Sonnets of Héloïse*.

Do I believe that any portion of the mortal remains of these two unhappy persons (who lived in

the Twelfth century) are preserved in this tomb? Candidly I do not, but the matter is of small importance. Let us lift our hats and breathe a salute to their memory.

O silent tomb in Père Lachaise,
 Some ashes you hold, mayhap a bust;
 But, seeds of fire in the world's ways,
 Her words are potent o'er death and dust!

Among the tombs that long detain us I can only mention those of the beloved Alphonse Daudet, Rachel, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, Talma, Gustave Doré, La Fontaine and Molière, Beaumarchais, Masséna, Ney, David d'Angers, Béranger, Michel, Rosa Bonheur, Gen. Foy, Junot, Daubigny, Bellini, Corot, Isabey. *Immortelle's* the only wear in Père Lachaise!

Together with my kindly old guide I saw everything notable, I think, that day in Père Lachaise—which is balm to the heart of a tourist who is often rewarded (believe me) with slender pickings. The old man evinced a quite unprofessional zeal, as I thought, and a true Frenchman's pride in calling the roll of the glorious dead. At length we reached the end of the cemetery and were faced with a stone wall covered with parti-colored flags and streamers bearing the names of various Socialist societies, etc., and inscribed with mortuary salutations. Then I noticed a large vacant space near the wall, planted with grass but without any sort of tombstone or memorial. I looked inquiringly at my guide. "Ah, the Commune!" he said gravely. And at once I understood.

On this very spot, toward the end of May 1871, was enacted the last bloody scene of the Commune—those misguided revolutionaries who held power during three months after the Germans had raised the siege of Paris. But let Daudet tell the story, which he does through the mouth of a cemetery guard:—

I returned to my own quarters (in the Cemetery) that little shanty which you see yonder hidden among the branches. I was very tired, and I threw myself upon the bed, still dressed, keeping my lamp lighted as though it was a stormy night. Suddenly there was a rough knocking at the door. My wife went to open it, all in a tremble. We thought it was the Communists, but they were marines,—a commandant, ensigns, and a physician. They said to me:

“Get up; make us some coffee.”

A murmur was heard in the Cemetery, an indistinct movement as if all the dead had awakened for the last Judgment-day. The officers drank very quickly, all standing; then they took me out with them.

The Cemetery was filled with soldiers and sailors. I was placed at the head of a squad, and we began to search the Cemetery, tomb after tomb. . . Here and there they discovered some poor wretch hiding in the corner of a chapel. They made short work of him. That was what was in store for my artillery-men. I found them all huddled about the sentry-box, the old fellow with the medals standing beside them. It was no pleasant sight in that cold gray dawn. *Brrrr!*

But what stirred me most was to see a long line of the national guards who at this very moment were being led from the prison of La Roquette, where they had passed the night. They climbed the broad pathway slowly, like a funeral procession. Not a word, not a complaint could be heard. These unfortunates were utterly crushed, exhausted. Some were asleep while they marched, and even the thought that they were about to die did not seem to awaken them. They were forced to march on to the end of the Cemetery, and then the fusilade began. One hundred and forty-seven of them! You can imagine whether it lasted very long. And that is what they call the battle of Père Lachaise.

I looked long at that vacant space where lay in one great trench the 147 poor devils who died from a mad dream to save their country! They were brave as any of their race; beaten, they accepted death without a word. There they lie, with no stone to mark their burial place—brothers in the fraternal embrace of death!—nothing save that the grassy space is reserved to them alone; and the flags bearing salutations of those akin to themselves who hold the same rude faith, flutter in patches of vivid color on the wall.

Ought I be ashamed to confess that I shed here the deepest tears that Père Lachaise had power to wring from me? No!—we are human before all.

THE long afternoon ending at last, I offered to compensate my old friend for his great kindness and courtesy. He drew back with a shocked ex-

pression (I was shocked myself, but for a different reason—he was the only person in Europe who had refused my money!) Then he explained that he had simply rendered the courtesy without desire or expectation of payment. It was no trouble to him; he walked in the Cemetery every day, and was greatly interested himself in the famous and immortal dead of France. I ventured to inquire as to his profession; he was a retired school-master, humble but self-respecting. Alas, I fear his pension is of the smallest.

Finally I prevailed upon him, not without much urging, to take a glass of wine with me. Then we parted with mutual good wishes. I felt that I had been in contact with one of the finest gentlemen in France.

I should add that we visited the Crematorium, within the Cemetery, which was completed in 1907; one of the largest structures of the kind in Europe. The great furnaces were blazing and the place was in full operation during our visit. In France, a Catholic country, the religious feeling against cremation is naturally very strong; but I think the practice is bound to become general owing to three powerful reasons; economy of money, economy of health, and economy of space. Enormous as is the extent of Père Lachaise, the limit must soon be reached. And the great cemetery of Montmartre (which I visited another day) is virtually closed; that is, only reserved plots may be used and no new graves are made.

I was told that the poor people (who are everywhere oppressed by the expense of the orthodox

funeral) are coming to use cremation more and more. On the walls of the Crematorium there are let in many plaques inscribed with the names of the deceased. I should not think this particularly desirable, but it may be as useful as a tombstone. Custom is everything.

Men will not remain permanently blind to the wicked impiety of building a Paradise for the dead, and near by (as in many a city) a Hell for the living! Sooner or later, all graves and cemeteries, be they the guarded Mausoleums of Kings, are abandoned, and life resumes what death had so long occupied.

They say the lion and the lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep;
And Bahram, that great hunter—the wild ass
Stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his sleep.

As I watched the great fires that were consuming the poor husks of mortality consigned to them, a decent poor woman turned to me and said,

C'est très bien, Monsieur, n'est-ce pas?

I assented. The earth is for the living—not the lead.

CHAPTER XXIV

BOOKSTALLS BY THE SEINE

THERE is no sight more pleasing in Paris, to a philosophic and bookishly affected person, than the stalls along the banks of the Seine, where literature is exposed to the public. I have more than once remarked, in the course of these pages, that the French are a book-reading people, in contrast to us Americans, who are mostly a newspaper-devouring nation—there could not well be a more ominous differentiation.

In these bookstalls all manner of books are offered to the varying appetites of the literate. Readers of Anatole France will recall the many delightful pages he has devoted to this gentle commerce; it is indeed the chief inspiration of his most popular work, the "Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard." That it is a profitable commerce seems evident from the large number of persons engaged in it; yet I suspect that no great fortunes are turned over by these riparian bibliopoles. Touched themselves with the amiable passion to which they minister (which of itself precludes the worst *rabies* of commercialism) it is more likely that they seldom rise above a modest competence. The trade, at any rate, requires no expensive "overhead" or furnishings; a simple stall well stocked with the literary wares of the merchant's choice or prevision, and the client stands

while he reads or bargains, or mayhap furtively abstracts a honeyed booty without thought of purchasing.

Of all ages and classes are the frequenters or patrons of the Seine bookstalls; astonishing is the range of their curiosity and literary appetite. What glorious finds, I thought, must befall them! What raptures at the chance discovery of some out-of-print treasure sought for years! Or it may be, what fell agonies of disappointment at finding themselves but a few minutes too late to secure some coveted prize!

I saw on these stalls books that I had not heard of for years, or that I knew only from out-of-the-way reading. No doubt, could I have spared time for the perquisition, I might have picked up the novels of Horace de Saint-Aubin, the pen-name first employed by him who was to become famous as Honoré de Balzac. But my mouth watered at a newly published, newly edited and illustrated edition of the *Comédie Humaine* which, in translation, will probably not reach us for years. And I pondered long over a curiosity—Byron's "Don Juan" in a French metrical translation. American books were, of course, a rarity in translation or otherwise; and to be quite frank, I saw none of my own!

Another thing, significant enough, I noticed: the classics were well to the front of these exhibits—Racine, Corneille, Molière, Voltaire, Beaumarchais, Rousseau, deemed virtually extinct by us (little as we know of them) enjoy a vigorous life in the land of their nativity.

Far from these wise merchants the disgusting

affectation of handling only the "newest" books—the intellectual froth cast up by a frivolous generation. The French indeed are not insensible to the new voices, but they judge them with an ear corrected and attuned by the old harmonies. That is what we call the literary tradition in France, than which the nation has nothing more valuable on the long roll of its spiritual possessions.

"This is the place to write, to publish and to sell books," said an American friend to me, on a pleasant afternoon as we strolled along the Seine, observant of all and much more than has been set down above. The remark dwelt with me until it had induced the following attack, which the reader may characterize as it shall seem good to him.

I should like to have a bookstall by the Seine,
There to win once more the peace of heart and brain;
Where the river ever flowing,
And the gay canotiers rowing,
And the steamers, puffing, blowing,
Call me ever, ever back again—
O I'd like to have a bookstall by the Seine!

I should like to have a bookstall by the Seine,
Better far than any castle built in Spain.
Just a little bibliotheque—
Could I only raise the stake,
Soon my getaway I'd make
From this worry, fret and strain,
And hie me to a bookstall by the Seine.

Yes, I long to have a bookstall by the Seine,
Where a wounded heart might lose its bitter pain;
Just about the Pont des Arts,
Or from Concorde not so far,
Where the biggest doings are,
And the mighty pulse of Paris throbs amain—
Ah, wish for me a bookstall by the Seine!

CHAPTER XXV

IMPRESSIONS IN LITTLE

Visit to Fontainebleau—Napoleon and Pope Pius VII—Memorials of the Emperor—the Rodin Museum—Luxembourg and Petit Palais—the Eiffel Tower—No. 398 Rue St. Honoré—the Color line in France—Montmartre Cemetery—Notes and Souvenirs.

IN this final chapter (as regards our sight-seeing in France) I am obliged to deal very summarily with matters that would severally justify an extended discussion. . . .

At Rome there is the Fountain of Trevi into which you cast a few small coins if you wish to revisit the Eternal City. I did not omit this auspicious rite, for I love Rome, though in a different way from Paris. I regret that Paris has no Fountain of Trevi, and particularly because I should have liked to avail myself of its omen, with the hope of returning to France at no distant day and seeing more of Fontainebleau.

Fontainebleau is the most ancient and, to my mind, the most fascinating of the Royal Palaces of France. On my return from Italy (I anticipate in order not to break the continuity of our chronicle) I went there one day with a Cook's party. We were shamelessly hurried, and in addition, bored by an illiterate, garrulous and muck-minded *cicerone*, of a type altogether too numerous in Europe.

Fontainebleau was Napoleon's favorite residence; in his "Mémoires" he pronounces it a home worthy of Kings, a Palace that belongs to the centuries. One should take a week to see the place adequately; we were hustled through it in about two hours, and it became necessary for me to make a second visit, more at my leisure.

I was specially interested in the rooms Napoleon occupied as First Consul; they were small and quite modest in their furnishings. The flooring was of stone, as so commonly in Italy—a notable indication of Bonaparte's origin. These rooms he shared with Josephine, the woman he loved; the grander apartments of the Palace with Marie Louise, the woman of his ambition. Indeed the Napoleonic legend may be said to reach its culmination at Fontainebleau. You see the splendid "Court of Adieux" where he bade farewell to his Guards before going to Elba and where he reviewed them on his return; the Palace, with the magnificent Horse-shoe Stairs, faces on this court—no better frame could be imagined for those two dramatic episodes. Viewing the Apartments of Napoleon, we linger a few minutes in the Salon of Abdication where he signed—very badly and unintelligibly signed—his abdication for himself and his son of the throne of France and Italy. That convulsive autograph tells how *willing* he was to abdicate!

In his *Cabinet de Travail* or working room you notice a couch where he was accustomed to nap occasionally amid his labors; very short like all Napoleon's couches (this Fee-fo-fum could have slept in the bed of Little Red Riding Hood!). Also to

be seen is the great Globe or Sphere on which he outlined his larger campaigns. A painting of Napoleon as Emperor by David is one of the treasures of the Palace; it reveals his singular beauty of countenance as hardly any other picture that I have seen.

Better even than Versailles, the Palace of Fontainebleau seems to evoke the Royal past of France. The grandeur of its proportions, the genius and taste everywhere manifest in its splendid apartments, the beauty of its *alentours*, with the Old Theatre, the Park, the Pond and Canal, the Waterfall, etc., all combine to leave an unfading though melancholy impression. I want to see Fontainebleau again.

Pope Pius VII was virtually a prisoner here for two years until Napoleon had his will of him (no wonder Victor Hugo said that the little Corsican had begun to embarrass God!) There is a striking portrait of the Pope in his rooms, and it has this peculiarity: as you enter at one door the large melancholy eyes seem to look at you, and to follow you as you exit at the opposite door.

It is related that Napoleon was one day arguing with His Holiness and found him more intractable than usual. The Corsican temper finally flamed out and Napoleon slapped the Pope hard on the cheek.

His Holiness quietly said, "Tragedian!"

Wishing to make amends next day, Napoleon came to illustrious guest in a sunny mood, greeted him most cordially, and kissed him on the cheek—the one he had slapped the day before.

His Holiness quietly said, "Comedian!" . . .

BEFORE leaving Fontainebleau I visited the Carp Pond by myself, fearing that the *cicerone's* clack would drive off the fish, some of which are considerably more than a hundred years old. I had saved a portion of my lunch and presently had the carp leaping from the water as I flung the crumbs to them. When their voracity had been somewhat appeased, one of the oldest of them—he was really blue-moulded from age—attracted my notice by his friendly and, if I may so speak, ingratiating overtures.

"Do you remember Napoleon?" I asked the centenarian carp, as he goggled up at me amiably with his dim eyes.

"Oh, quite distinctly," was the reply. "I was a youngster then, but I always had the noticing habit. A little man with soft white hands; he used to feed us often, but at that I don't think he noticed us much. First he used to come along here with a lady that I liked, and later on with another lady whom I didn't like. Why did he change the first? Men are so different from fishes!"

I said nothing to this, and the carp whose garrulity contradicted his last remark, went on as if to please himself:—

"Yes, you men *are* very different from us fishes, and I must say, inferior too. Why, just see how foolish your great Napoleon was! He possessed the better part of the world and still couldn't content himself, but had to go and wear himself out straining after more. How much superior is the

wisdom of the carp family! Napoleon is dead ever so long ago, and some of us that he used to throw crumbs to are still hale and hearty here in our little pond. I'm pretty old myself, but I never could figure out how you men got the notion that you were wiser than we carp. I should say rather that as lunkheads you compare not unfavorably with our cousin, the sucker. Now it is perfectly obvious — —"

But the centenarian's remarks were becoming too personal, and I moved away. . . .

READER, if thou art sensible of the lessons of History, forget not, shouldst thou find thyself some day in Paris, to direct thy steps toward the Rue Saint-Honoré (no obscure thoroughfare) and pause as I did at No. 398, once the abode of Maximilien de Robespierre—a name ever memorable, and for some dreadfully definite period potent to make kings and commoners tremble. Here Citizen Robespierre lived or lodged with one Duplay, a man of humble enough avocation, being a carpenter; but mark how accident immortalizes the obscure! Reflect, too, how this humble citizen as landlord to Robespierre must have been envied and courted by numerous other citizens fearful of their heads! Dare we not hazard that no worker with saw and plane was ever so fawned upon, attended and solicited before in the Rue Saint-Honoré or elsewhere?

No. 398 is an ordinary looking house, without monumental insignia of any kind—for a wonder in this be-ticketed and be-heralded City of Paris. Bet-

ter so!—the mere fact of Robespierre's residence there clothes it with a more stark compelling interest to the thoughtfulminded than not a few places advantaged with all the signposts of fame. One does not soon forget Robespierre's house nor the number thereof—398. . . .

I SAW no statue to Ernest Renan in Paris, but a street is named after him. At the Collège de France, of which he was long the most distinguished ornament, I was shown his study, with blackboard and other simple furnishings; his books had evidently been removed. Many a high school teacher in America has more imposing quarters. In a letter written toward the end of his life, Renan mildly complains that he has always been poorly housed at the Collège de France. There was a bust of him in the room, showing to advantage the great head and the eyes with their brooding introverted gaze. His friend Marcellin Berthelot is honored with a bronze statue, which stands in front of the college. Why not Renan, whose name and work are known to intellectual people the world over, and that of Berthelot only by the accident of Renan's friendship for him. However, there is no statue or monument like the printed word that lives on from generation to generation. The most bestatued persons in France are often the least meritorious—Louis XIV for example. . . .

THE City of Paris has set up a Rodin Museum at No. 77 Rue de Varenne, in the old Hotel de Biron. A most interesting exhibit it must be pro-

nounced, although there are Parisians who think Rodin's fame is yet green and that he should have waited longer for his Museum. This is a question for the *cognoscenti*. Rodin was certainly a very great sculptor and he was exceptionally fortunate in the extension of his fame. Such works of his as the Kiss (*Le Baiser*), the Thinker (*Le Penseur*), the Spring (*Le Printemps*), the Eternal Idol are known and admired everywhere; while other artists not less gifted, it would seem, have failed to attract foreign notice. If this Rodin collection have a vulnerable point, it is perhaps in its being *too* comprehensive. In other words, there seem to be too many mediocre pieces; to which the answer might well be, the Museum is a very large place, and what sculptor of our time could fill it with his masterpieces? . . .

One of the show-pieces of this collection is the famous conception of Balzac—a mountainous thing in plaster—which the City of Paris declined, perhaps with traditional good taste. Rodin's head of Balzac is decidedly a better work, and his bust of Puvis de Chavannes a masterpiece. The bust of Bernard Shaw did not impress me; it was perhaps inevitable that one should fancy something of the *réclame* about it. . . .

A visit to the Luxembourg Museum or the Petit Palais awakens one to the fertility of the French artistic genius—one might almost say that Rodin would hardly be missed! I received as much pleasure from the work of modern artists (painters and sculptors) as from the greater part of the Old

Masters that I saw later in Italy—perhaps to be quite *candid*, I enjoyed them *more*. Modernity counts for something. I would like to acknowledge my debt, if only in a note, and so I wish the reader to know that I had great joy of these sculptures at the Petit Palais: The Agar (Sicard); Salaambo and Matho (Barrau); Les Premières Funerailles (Barrias); Du Guesclin (Frémiet); Richelieu (Allouard); Les Fruits de la Guerre (Boisseau); St. George and the Dragon (Frémiet); Jeanne d'Arc (Boucher); a study of Villon in plaster that would have delighted Stevenson; and the Graces Carrying Love, by Krauk.

Rodin's *Le Baiser* is perhaps the gem of the Luxembourg, but what marvels there are in this gallery! I dare not attempt even a partial enumeration, yet my conscience urges me to name the Muse of André Chénier (Puech); Tanagra (Gérome); Nature unveiling herself (Barrias); L'Aurore (Delaplanche); Leda (Desbois); Bacchante (Vauthier); Mercury invents the Caduceus (Idrac); Pan and Bear (Frémiet); Youth and Love, (Krauk); In a Dream (Michel); Morning (Lemaire); Genius Guarding the Secret of the Tomb, (Saint-Marceaux).

It is most unhandsome to pass the painters without a word, but they are so numerous and so almost uniformly admirable, and as a rule so much better known than the sculptors,—and in short, this is Chapter XXV! . . .

At the Palais Bourbon, where the Chamber of Deputies is now installed, may be seen some not-

able works of art, paintings by Ary Scheffer, Horace Vernet, Delacroix, etc. It struck me that legislators ought to be inspired by such surroundings. I was strongly impressed by a bronze work representing the death of Arria and Petus; one of the most affecting tragedies of the reign of Nero. That cry from her pierced and loving heart—"It does not hurt, dear!"—how it comes trembling down the ages! . . .

THERE are several Jewish synagogues in Paris. One is, oddly enough, located in the Rue N^otre Dame de Nazareth. . . .

I WENT to the top of the Eiffel Tower, not being subject to *altitudophobia* like so many persons; it is nearly a thousand feet high, and you make the ascent by elevator in three stages. At the summit I felt that it was a sin to flout the face of heaven like that, and I resolved not to do so again. What astonishes me most in regard to this work, so daringly modern, is that it should have been raised by the French, an ancient people committed to the classic ideas of architecture. One would say that the Eiffel Tower belonged to us Americans, being in harmony with our skyscrapers, etc. At any rate, it should teach us modesty, and to bear in mind that there is nothing too bold for French engineering genius. The Eiffel Tower straddles Paris like a pair of Titanic compasses. (Maupassant had a comic fear that it would fall upon him.) It could hardly be called a thing of beauty, and yet one would miss it, because it imparts a finishing touch

or gesture of originality to the most interesting city in the world. . . .

PARIS is pre-eminently the city of contrasts. Near the great church of Sacré Coeur on Montmartre is a statue of the Chevalier de la Barre, of Voltaire's time. This youth was put to death, with torture, on the charge of sacrilege, *i.e.*, of having thrown down an old, worm-eaten cross that stood on a bridge. Voltaire made a great fight against the atrocious sentence, without avail at the time; but the echoes of his indignant protest have not yet died out in the world. . . .

IT WAS but a short walk from my hotel to the Avenue de l'Observatoire, at the south end of which is the Fontaine de l'Observatoire by Davidoud; in the centre of the fountain rises the Four Quarters of the Globe, a work of great genius by Carpeaux. And near by is one of the finest statues you shall see in Paris, that of Marshal Ney, the "bravest of the brave," whom Frenchmen, to their eternal disgrace, shot in this very place (1815). I never could look at that statue—Ney is leading a charge, his sword uplifted—without a quickening of the heart. What men they were of that generation of Napoleon! . . .

SPEAKING as an American, the most unpleasing sight I saw in France—at Saint Malo as well as at Paris—was the public association of young white girls and negroes, and I can but think it augurs ill for the future of the Republic. In this country,

with its ten million colored or parti-colored population, one would look in vain for such a spectacle. We have learned our lesson well and paid a bitter price for it. The French seem curiously indifferent to the matter; you meet those ill-assorted couples in the Bois, at the restaurants, in the public gardens, everywhere. As to the character of the girls, I might not be sure; they were usually pretty and stylishly dressed, with nothing about them of the *cocotte* type. Some of their companions were in army uniform—Senegalese no doubt; and this fact probably seemed, in a degree, to warrant the association. Others were in ordinary civilian dress. It is but fair to admit that their manners were nowise boisterous or offensive, but I could not reconcile myself to the thing. Is it credible that France, with our experience before her, would make a trial of miscegenation? God forbid!—she could not bring upon herself a greater curse. It struck me that here is a matter in which the priests of France ought to interest themselves. They are urging the people to pray for more children; let them see to it that the French stock is not debased and adulterated and an inferior race begotten that will work France more harm than her enemies beyond the Rhine. . . .

At Montmartre Cemetery I paid my respects to the memory of Heine. It is even more crowded than Père Lachaise—those dead, how importunate they are!—and the authorities have now virtually closed it. The poet's tomb is small and undistinguished, but it is surmounted by a bust which does

justice to his noble head. These verses in German are inscribed upon the tomb of him who loved both Germany and France, whose genius honored both, and who labored to make peace between them:—

Where shall now the wanderer weary
Find his resting-place and shrine?
Under palm-trees by the Ganges?
Under lindens on the Rhine?

Shall I somewhere in the desert
Owe my grave to stranger hands,
Or upon some lonely sea-shore
Rest at last beneath the sands?

'Tis no matter! God's wide heaven
Must surround me there as here;
And as death-lamps o'er me swinging,
Night by night the stars burn clear.

Beside the poet lies Mathilde, his tender and devoted French wife whom he loved so well and with whom he quarreled so often. Poor Mathilde never understood his glory as a poet, but she knew how to love the man; which endears her to all who still cherish his legend. . . .

IN France women writers do not make the figure in all sorts of periodical literature that they do with us, for the reason I suppose that evolution is a little slow with them over there. But as Monsieur Barrès has pointed out, they will have to be reckoned with in the near future.

While in Paris I had the pleasure of meeting Mme. Muriel Ciolkowska, who was one of the prin-

cipal staff writers in the service of that very "distinct" periodical, the London "Egoist." James Joyce, Richard Aldington and Ezra Pound are three other notable writers who "exhibited their paces" in the "Egoist" which, alas! was short-lived like all such publications that are exclusively dedicated to the literary idea. He that speaks might tell a tale, etc.

Mme. Ciolkowska is the only perfect bi-lingual person known to me. Although an Englishwoman born (she is a first cousin of the famous essayist Lucas, the biographer of Charles Lamb), she possesses a mastery of French that might be envied by a native Parisian, and her interpretation of modern French writers (she has them all from the classics to the Dadaists, at her finger-ends), compliments the Anglo-Saxon mind. Mme. Ciolkowska is coming to be known amongst us from her valuable contributions to American literary and art magazines.

I am indebted to this talented and charming lady for various courtesies and friendly offices during my stay in Paris, most of all for the delight of her conversation. May I add, without culpable indiscretion, that she put me under a special obligation by introducing me to the quaintest little restaurant just off the Rue Jacob, where we lunched most agreeably and "fraternized," not I trust without mutual profit. The neighborhood has a distinct literary and artistic flavor. Mr. Joyce, the famous author of "Ulysses," is or was close by in the Rue de l'Université. I received a thrill from stumbling upon a sort of publishing office calling

itself the "Papyrus"* (what in the world of ideas may we claim as our very own?) Just around the corner is the grand old church of St. Germain des Près—indeed the most ancient in Paris, dating from the Tenth century:—memorable for its many paintings, statues, wonderful stained glass windows, etc., and not least interesting, the tombs of the noble Douglasses (Seventeenth century), and that of King John Casimir of Poland. In short, I don't know a more fascinating *locale* in Paris.

I have a savorous memory of that cozy, quaint little restaurant off the Rue Jacob for another reason—one of those delightful surprises you get only in Paris. The Vouvray in this modest, economical place was of the best that I drank in France, and I own to a poignant sorrow at the reflection that I might have had more of it. Such is the bitter-sweet of recollection—*surgit amari aliquid!*

* A magazine so entitled was published by the Author during several years.

Part II.

ITALY

LAND of the olive and the grape,
Land that the Lord loved into shape
And Beauty rules from height to sea,
There is no other land like thee!
Still thy great sun as fervid glows
As when the race Ascanian rose,
And still the Wolf her children knows;
For beauty's dower is ever theirs,
Indulgent to the mother's prayers.
The eyes of light, the form of grace,
Were they not of thine ancient race?
The land, the sky, the sea the same
As when they wrought immortal fame?
Ah, why, gray mother, dost thou weep
For the Immortal fallen on sleep!

CHAPTER XXVI

ITALY

*A Journey on the P. L. M.—Costs of a Blunder—
Romance at Modane—the Mont Cenis Tunnel—
Discomforts of Midsummer Travel—A Train with-
out Drinking Water—Italy in the Dry Season—
Classic Recollections—A Thought of Prohibition—
Tiber! Tiber!*

OH, Julius Caesar was the lad—
 (You've read his Commentaries?)
And such a lovely time he had
Putting the Gauls all to the bad,
 It beats the Irish fairies!

He crossed the Alps with his legions bold,
 Nor blinked an eye at the weather,
Then hunted his foes in the mountain fold,
 And walloped them all together.

He jiffied a bridge across the Rhine
 Before you could say *Verboten*,
And trimmed the Teuts in a battle fine
 That he made a little note on.

Oho, that *pons asinorum*!
 It made him chief cockalorum;
And many's the lad has sweated blood
 O'er Caesar's piles in the Rhenish mud!

Now of all the feats of Caesar's sword
Sure I lack the time to tell—O!
And for the rest you can take my word
That he was a thundering fellow.

But there's one thing that he failed to do
(And would to God I had ta'en his cue)
He combed the country from stern to stem—
But he never rode on the P. L. M.!

MOST things in life we do better the second time, especially marriage and a foreign tour. If the fates were to give me another chance, I should not go to Italy in midsummer, but would time my visit for the late fall, winter or early spring. But the summer in Paris had been so mild and invigorating that I felt strong enough for the venture—and there was the stern consideration that I should most likely never have the chance again. This was the deciding cast—I crossed the Rubicon at once, that is, I hied me to the Gare de Lyon, and bought my ticket on the P. L. M. (Paris—Lyon—Méditerranée Railway).

The French say wisely, *C'est le premier pas qui coute*. In getting my ticket I made a first blunder (assisted by the stupidity or carelessness of an official) which put me to great annoyance and discomfort. I wanted a through ticket to Rome, and had been advised to travel second-class and thereby save a couple of hundred francs. Accordingly I did so, but though I got a through ticket I did not get a *through train*, as I had requested, being turned off toward eleven o'clock at night, at Modane. We had started at eight o'clock in the morn-

ing of (I believe) August 19, 1922. The reader will observe that I had taken the Mont Cenis route.

The trip from Paris to Modane had been agreeable and without incident. Frequent showers along the way laid the dust and cooled the atmosphere. I congratulated myself on the second-class arrangement; for a great part of the day I had a compartment to myself, quite clean and comfortable. The panorama from my window was often delightful as we sped through southern France; I looked, and looked, and tried to print the landscape enduringly in my memory. It seemed to me a country one could love—love unto death, and I fancied the soil of it must taste sweet to a native Frenchman. I recalled the Anabasis and how the remnant of the Ten Thousand upon their return, first touching Greek soil, flung themselves down and kissed the earth, weeping for joy.* Such intense patriotism is only possible in a small country and in a concentrated race; but what miracles has it not given to History, to Literature and Art! . . .

My sorrows began at Modane where I was dropped, as already mentioned toward eleven o'clock, to my great wrath and disgust. How I damned the *laissez aller* business and the Latin poco-curantism in general, a full taste of which almost cures one's admiration for the race. It was a perfectly evil situation, but one had only to grin and bear it. O Modane, I shall not soon forget you!

* The ancient Greeks believed themselves to be *autochthons*, literally, sprung from the soil.

There is a customs office here, Modane being at the border between France and Italy, and while waiting for a train I thought to have my luggage passed. This is a nuisance never to be avoided, but which may be reduced, so to say, to its least terms, when you are traveling on a *through* train, as I experienced on my return—(But not at Modane, oh never again—I came back by the St. Gothard route.)

Here I had my first glimpse of the sort of Romance we are apt to associate with Italy, in the person of a little dapper Italian customs officer wearing a feather in his hat, a short sword by his side, and the dearest love of a little cloak twirling back from his shoulders. Curled moustachios, of course; an Opera Bouffe hero to the life. He seemed to be very much excited and to do a lot of cursing; and yielding to the environment, I caught myself wondering what figure of ransom he would set upon my head! But, rather to my surprise, he finally called off his bandits without proceeding to violence, and my luggage received the official O. K. I had a little *bakshish* ready in my pocket to smooth matters along, but nobody seemed to be looking for it—I guess a cog must have slipped somewhere—and so I saved the money. I mention this small detail for the benefit of future travelers; but I would not add to the sorrows of Italy.

At length I was suffered to leave Modane about midnight, but after sweltering two hours or so in a dirty coach—dirty in the Italian sense of the superlative—I was dropped off again at Turin, learning after much trouble of parleying with the

sullen, indifferent *attachés* (sullenness seems to be the note of such people in Italy) that the *through* train for Rome would leave at seven o'clock *that morning*. I was particular on this point and in a mood to expect any sort of tricks from the P.L.M. and its *employés*. How could I be sure that they didn't mean the *next morning*? Finally I took the chance and went to a near-by hotel for a few hours' rest.

Turin is one of the most notable of Italian cities, formerly the Capital City of the Kingdom, with clean, handsome streets, University, Library, and many splendid public edifices. The population is more than three hundred thousand. All that I saw of the town during a half-hour stroll in the morning increased my regret that I was unable to stay longer. At half-past seven our train started for Rome.

I am loth to make this chapter one long jeremiad against the P. L. M. railway management, but why should I consider its feelings when it did not, through its proper agents, evince the slightest regard for my convenience or comfort? I will say, then, that my journey from Turin to Rome was, all things considered, the most awful in my experience—not a short or undiversified one, by any means. I acquit the P.L.M. of any responsibility for the heat of that August day, which even to a seasoned New Yorker like myself was trying in the extreme; they—the honorable Company—were not guilty of *that*. Otherwise, the indictment is so full that I dare not particularize the counts. I will mention only one or two to the end that Americans

may realize the incomparable blessedness of their condition as regards railway comforts, etc.

Since we were now on the Italian section of the line, the coaches were at least one hundred per cent. dirtier than in France, and the toilets were especially atrocious, with those naive signs and tokens of animalism that appear not to have changed since the days of Pompeii. There was but one toilet on each coach for the use of both sexes. Now the heat being what it was and the train overcrowded, even to the passage-ways, it is not difficult to imagine the sufferings of sensitive people, especially women,—if any such were on that train!

Again, with many women and children aboard, there was not, apparently, a drop of drinking water to be had. Think of that, with the mercury about 100 degrees! I'm sure there was not a single water-cooler on the train. Talk of American paper glasses—I would gladly have drunk out of my hands, or my hat, or my shoe, if I could have got any water. It is true a dining car was put on about luncheon time, and there was relief for some of us. But the great majority of those people did not avail themselves of it. I wonder how they got through that terrible day without water!

These lovely conditions obtaining, the reader will guess that my enjoyment of the scenery was, in a degree, qualified; and so it was. But not even the most accentuated discomforts of the P.L.M. could render one insensible to the glorious views afforded by that descent of the mountains, with here and there picturesque villages or solitary chalets at seemingly inaccessible heights; and farther down,

the first glimpses of the Mediterranean, that jewel of all the seas. However, until one got free of the tunnel finally, there were only fitful glimpses to be had of the scenery; it was in and out, in and out, at such short intervals that the eye was wearied by the dazzling alternations and gladly closed for relief. This is the Mont Cenis tunnel, if you remember. (I can say nothing about the St. Gotthard by which I returned, for the excellent reason that it was a night journey; and as the reader may surmise, I am not an enthusiast on tunnels.)

I am aware this is the place to emit some reflections upon Hannibal or Caesar or Napoleon crossing the Alps without rails or tunnel; but nothing profitable occurs to me, and so we will pass on. Hold on, though!—Hannibal's feat was much the greatest of the three, for he was a foreigner and came thus to terrorize the enemy in his own country. It was long believed that he used vinegar to melt the rocks that opposed his passage, until some wise man not quite so simple as the rest, tried it and found it wouldn't work. Hannibal probably put his faith in sledges. Wouldst thou believe, candid reader, that this grave question for long bothered some of the most learned skulls in Europe? The world doth move, though slowly to be sure. . . .

We were moving fast enough all this time over the great plain of Italy, which lay under a sheet of fire. There had not been a drop of rain during three months, and the whole country was burnt brown. I could not see a green thing, not a lunch for a locust, and wondered how men and animals

found shelter and managed to live in such a climate. Then I recalled Virgil's *O nimium fortunati agricolae* as an extreme example of poetic license. More humorously occurred to me the famous lines of Horace, so often parodied and imitated—

*Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis, etc.*

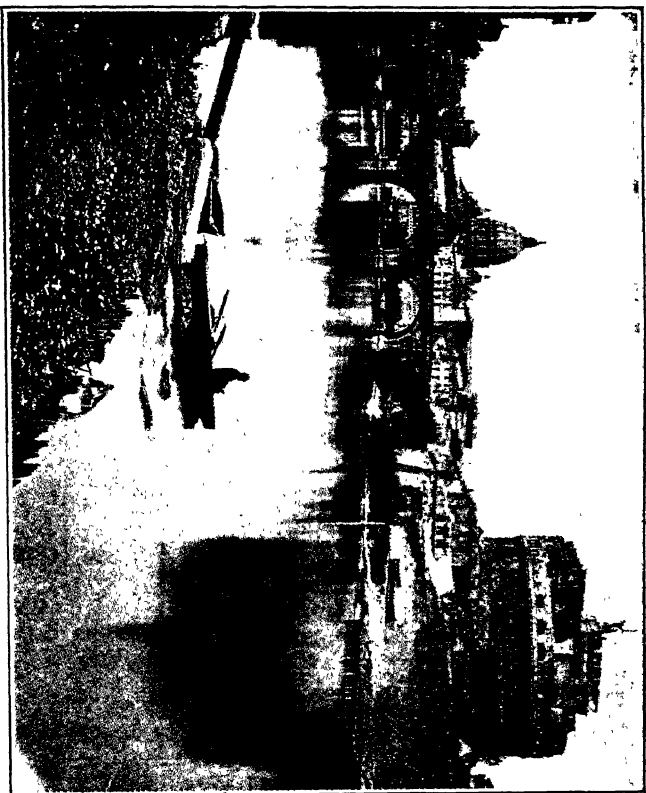
God pity the Italian farmer, I thought, and even more his patient oxen, with such *paterna rura*; and I tried to find a satirical motive in that enchanting picture of a peaceful country life, as well as in the closing rub to Alfius the money-lender. But perhaps things may not really be so bad for the farmer as they seem in August from the window of a P.L.M. train. Profoundly do I hope so, for I would as lief be dropped off in the heart of the Sahara as in that sun-devoured country.

The grape and the olive are the chief agricultural products of Italy; indeed I scarcely saw anything else; and the thought naturally occurred to me as an American, what would those people do if it were attempted to impose Prohibition upon them? A revolution would follow, of course; but we conjure up an idle fear—Prohibition will never get a foothold in sunny Italy. Even so, we are not loved amongst the Italians for our "dry" law, which has cut off a considerable part of their wine and olive traffic. I saw many tokens of that feeling during my brief sojourn in the country. Add this, please, to the costs of Prohibition!

I have little more to tell of my journey to Rome. At Pisa we stopped fifteen minutes, and I was able to get a glimpse of the celebrated Leaning Tower—it was still out of the perpendicular. We reached Rome after nine o'clock at night, so there was nothing to thrill over—if my state, sick, weary, dirty and demoralized, and half-blind from the heat and dust, had been favorable for such sensations. Candidly, all I wanted was a chance to wash and a clean bed. However, I roused myself as we were entering the City (Heavens! I thought, the *Urbs* of Caesar) when a fellow-traveler, a Roman, called me to a window and said—"Look! the Tiber."

It was almost dark as I strained to get sight of that stream, the most famous in the world, on which my thoughts had fed since childhood. I caught the gleam of its waters from an electric light here and there playing upon them. That was all and yet enough; my heart was too full for speech at that moment. But how different from what I had long promised myself should be my first sight of Rome!

(In strict justice, the P.L.M. may not be held officially responsible for the service and sanitary abuses of the Italian railway, transportation over which it issues to the confiding traveler. On the other hand, he is within his moral rights in referring his just complaints and comminations to the source mentioned. As for the alternative, the bringing to book of any species of Italian *officialism*, one might as profitably seek to summons the Pope.)



Castle of St. Angelo. St. Peter's at the left. Tiber in the foreground

CHAPTER XXVII

ROME

Vain Quest for "Running Water"—A Roman "Pension"—The Romans, their Ways and their Manners—Comparison with the French—Observations on the Roman Nose—Beauty and the Roman Woman—Rome a small city—The weight of Militarism—A cure for Roman Sickness—On the Via Nazionale.

IN Rome—so runs the ancient saying—
You shall do as the Romans do;
But faith your case is past all praying
If you that good old rule pursue.
Now, without pique or spite betraying,
Perpend these counsels choice and few:—

You shall be wary of their dishes:
Of oil and grease keep wisely clear,
And O ye gods and little fishes,
Prefer the wine but shun the beer.
As for your amatory wishes,
I say, don't seek a Roman dear!

BEATA ROMA (as Horace called her) is 2,676 years old, so it behooves us to speak of her with due modesty and discretion. Despite her great age, she has a certain knack of always appearing contemporary, owing to the authority of her classics and her tremendous historical prestige. Attempts to poke fun at her are apt to prove

unfortunate. Thus, Mark Twain came along in the 1860's and wrote a baseball story in American newspaper style, introducing Brutus, Cassius, Antony, *et al.*, and giving a humorous account of the conspiracy against Caesar. America stood up on its hind legs and laughed itself sick over that story. Try to read it to-day, and the humor seems considerably older than Horace. . . .

My run of hard luck, which began at the Gare de Lyon in Paris, took a fresh hold on my arrival in Rome. I first went to a very decent hotel, to which I had been recommended by a Paris friend, but declined the room offered because there was *no running water* in it. The joke was on me decidedly, for I soon learned that such a luxury is to be had only in the most expensive hotels. Perhaps even the Pope himself cannot afford it. Turning away from this place, where I should have stopped, I was seized by a husky bravo and carried off to a *Pension* in the Piazza dell' Esedra.

Everybody who has been in Rome knows this Piazza or square, which is very near the Central Railroad Station. The *Pension* (French for boarding-house) was in the immense semi-circular structure facing the Fountain of the Naiads, on your left as you come from the Station (said Fountain, by the way, is a modern work, of distinctly mediocre character). I judged that the great stone caravansary was capable of lodging one of Caesar's legions, with a little to spare. My *Pension* was on the fourth or top floor, to which you ascended by a very small lift which an aged, decayed nobleman operated from below, when he chanced to be there—

which occasionally happened. You paid a small fee for each ascension, and were glad to do it after once climbing to the top—the three flights of stairs were of prodigious height, and in the heat then prevailing it seemed a more exhausting effort than the ascent of Notre Dame. As you went swaying up in the tiny elevator, there was always an exquisite doubt whether you would reach the top—the antique illustrissimo aforementioned was quite capable of leaving you suspended between two floors while he went to refresh himself at a neighboring *albergo*.

The lady who kept or managed our *Pension* interested me not a little; the servants called her Signora and evidently stood in great awe and fear of her. She seemed to pay them little and work them hard. Oddly enough for a Roman, she was of a violent blonde complexion, very good looking, too, with large blue eyes in which ferocity was tempered with amateness. She was quite corpulent, due no doubt to drinking much beer; her state was single, so far as I could judge, but she had several admirers. Every time I looked at that woman I got the feeling that she had been a tigress in old times and devoured Christian flesh at the Circus Maximus or the Colosseum. Yet I was without prejudice against her, though I didn't like her *Pension* and left within a week; she was keen for her money, but not more so than the average Roman. And as I have said, she was *interesting*, despite her repellency.

The fact is, one doesn't take much to the Romans; they are not pleasing nor do they try to

please, like the Parisians. Also they lack the gayety of the French, the graceful tact, the response of heart, the manners debonair. A fund of sullenness seems to be at the bottom of their nature; it is a very exceptional Roman who will put himself out to direct you—that courtesy so natural in a Parisian. They do not laugh much, and their laughter is harsh, rarely tempting a stranger to join in it, though ignorant of the cause. They have a sort of coarse humor, with something cruel in it, a relish of savage or wounding banter—in a word, buffoonery; and Italy gives us the word. Horace, with all his refinement, had a liking for that coarse persiflage.*

I think it is Tom Moore who speaks of the “terrible eyes” one sees in Rome, calling to mind the type of Roman that so long demanded *panem et circenses* (bread and the circus), and whose nature was formed or deformed by the cruel and sanguinary spectacles offered to the idle crowd. Moore made this observation about a hundred years ago—a mere moment in the life of the Eternal City: the “terrible eyes” are still there, prompting the same reflection. I will add that, more effectively than the ruins, they recall the indomitable race

* *Vide* the scurrilous duel between the buffoons Sarmentus and Cicirrus, Lib. I-5 of the Satires. These were fellows of a low order, but Montaigne remarks upon the extreme license of speech which the great men of Caesar's time used toward each other. Cicero's terrible tongue invited his death at the hands of Antony; and his head having been sent to the Triumvir, the latter's wife Fulvia satisfied her spleen by sticking a bodkin into the tongue. Nothing was so hard to tame in the early Christian ages as the fierceness of the Roman manners. In later times the Pope himself was unable to suppress the Pasquin lampoons, though he or his favorites were not infrequently the butt of them.

possessing every trait except pity, which from these seven hills long ruled the world.

On this head I have a remark to make which I owe to nobody but myself: it is that the Romans of the present day, though so degenerate by comparison with their heroic ancestors, *in the soul of the race*, are yet astonishingly like them as regards their physical features. One may verify this observation by a careful study of the statues and busts of Romans of the great period, in the several galleries and museums. Often it was my experience, after several hours passed in this way, to go out on the street and meet the same heads and faces in the living flesh that I had been studying in marble. In particular, that noble feature, the Roman nose, has descended without change of structure or abridgment. As you see it in the busts of Caesar, Cicero, Pompey and many famous or unknown Romans of the great period, so it is on the faces of their descendants. I rather resented it at first, feeling that the latter had no right to such a distinguished mark of greatness, but presently I became reconciled to it (from purely ethnical reasons). Is it not amazing that there should be any genuine Roman blood in the Rome of these days?

The Roman nose was the naturally begotten sign of the *Imperium*—it indicated capacity for command, sovereignty, a race born to rule. Though a large feature and a prominent, it is not to be confounded with the *nasus judæicus* or Jew nose, nor what Heine specifically denominated as the “banker nose.” To make an end of the matter, it

occurred to me that with such noses prevalent as they were in classic times, there was small room for jealousy, as a father was not apt to become suspicious of his offspring. Perhaps we touch here the true explanation of that chastity for which the Roman matron was so long celebrated.

And this puts me in mind to say a word on the ladies of Rome. *Rerum pulcherrima Roma*—Rome, loveliest of things—is Virgil's characterization of the Ancient City: one would hardly apply it either to the modern Rome or the daughters thereof. I was in the City only fifteen days, at a time when I daresay the beauties were all away at the seaside resorts. At any rate, I scarcely saw any pretty women—in fact the one distinctly pretty woman I had the pleasure of seeing turned out to be a Greek. The Roman women are large and somewhat inclined to flesh; they have generally fine eyes and, slightly modified, the historical nose of their husbands or brothers. One might easily take them for Jewesses, on a casual view; closer inspection, of course, reveals essential differences. On the whole, I should not regard them as rivaling in beauty the women of New York, or in attractiveness the women of Paris. Indeed I saw much prettier women, and no small number of them, in Florence and Venice.

Curiously enough, the small children and babes-in-arms that one sees in Rome are often of amazing beauty (which must leave them as they grow up?) One recognizes that Raphael had no trouble finding models for his Infant Saviors and St. Johns. You come across them in every block, and

especially in the humble quarters; Italian beauty seems the free gift of Heaven.

Relatively speaking, Rome is a small city,* about 750,000 people, and of rather limited extent topographically (Paris has four times her population, and we know the figures for London and New York). A very considerable proportion of Romans are either soldiers or policemen, functionaries of one sort or another. Mark Twain in his day (something over fifty years ago) remarked that you could not fall from a window without mashing a soldier or a priest. Oddly enough, I saw fewer priests in Rome than in Paris; perhaps it was the "closed season" for them. I should add a very numerous contingent of street-car drivers and conductors—there seem to be three to every car.

One wonders, at any rate, how the real work of the city, which literally cries aloud for someone to class-conscious Roman avoids manual labor as scrupulously as his historical ancestors. There is work as regards the sanitation and cleanliness of the city which literally cries aloud for someone to do it—but I shall speak of this later on. Astonishing is the number of the apparent leisure class of all ages, but particularly young men with mops of hair and swagger sticks. Indeed the contingent of *jeunesse dorée* seemed to be more numerous than in Paris. However, a good many of them might have been clerks, as business hours are very short during the Roman summer.

*The population of Rome under the first emperors is largely a matter of conjecture, but it seems likely to have been over a million. The immense size of the Circus Maximus, the Colosseum and the Public Baths, as well as the numerous temples of religion, point to a great population.

I daresay existing conditions justify the maintenance of a large army, and it is not for a temporary sojourner to criticise or censure what he cannot fully understand. One may say, at any rate, that it seems a pity the people should be crushed by a burden so great and so disproportionate to the resources of the country. One would hazard the guess (and perhaps overshoot the mark) that one-half of the youth, the productive strength of the nation, are withdrawn to this idle business of soldiering. And somehow militarism seems more of a vanity and a show, with less serious justification, in Italy than in France. One gets dreadfully tired of it in Rome—the bedizened uniforms, the feathered shakos, the swords and the spurs, and “all the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war” which are bleeding the country to death.

The officers and soldiers in Rome—there seem to be more of the former than of the latter—appear to take a childish pleasure in the constant parading, saluting, etc. And no wonder; it is a nice clean job, with much that appeals to the Latin temperament; and the living is secure in a country where there is never too much to eat.

This recalls me to the First Person of our voracious chronicle. After my full courses in Paris, I took a violent aversion to the Roman food, greasy for the most part and sometimes of unknown origin (there were vegetables heretofore unclassified, to my knowledge)—so that I had a miserable time of it during most of my stay. And while I disliked the food I liked the water not wisely but too

well; in consequence of which I suffered the usual fate of unwary travelers, and my sightseeing was made very hard for me.

To be sure, the wine offered some alleviation—especially the Frascati, of a golden hue and not too sweet—certainly the best and most grateful memory I have of Rome.

Remains to say a word on the weather, concerning which the truth is never to be had from local sources, for obvious reasons. As a seasoned New Yorker, I supposed that I had nothing to learn about heat, but the Roman sun compelled a drastic revision of my ideas. It was a different heat from the best or worst that New York can do, with much less humidity, yet I think far more *punishing*, and especially *depressing*. I was never so out of love with life as during my first ten days in Rome, and what with the water trouble and my disrelish of the food, I began to have serious fears for myself. However, on turning to the faithful Baedeker, I was relieved to learn that my depression was a peculiar and unavoidable effect of the Roman climate, not lasting longer than the period mentioned. Thus encouraged (it was the seventh day) I put away my lugubrious thoughts of joining the Caesars, went to a nice *albergo* and treated myself to a bottle of Frascati done up in the cheerful straw fixings. *Euvoe, Bacche!* what a restorer it was! At once I was lord of life again; and, less poetically, I resolved that I should not leave Rome without getting my money's worth and seeing all that I had come to see.

On that very day my luck changed, though I was

not fully restored, physically, until I reached Florence. By a fortunate chance I met some friends who were on the point of leaving Rome. They were stopping at a neat small hotel in the Piazza Barberini. I dined with them and was further set up in hope and spirits by this unlooked for reunion. Unfortunately, they were leaving next day; I consoled myself, in a degree, by securing quarters at the same place.

I left the beautiful Tigress of the Piazza dell' Esedra without regrets on my part, and she hid her sorrow behind a formidable bill—my obligation for the week—that looked like a statement of the National Debt, but really was within due bounds. I did have some compunction at leaving this place, on account of a young American couple there resident, who were as nice as only our “newly-weds” can be. They were New Yorkers, too, a fact which helped on our intimacy. However, they promised to come and see me at my new home, which was not too far away; and they did so every evening, to my great content.

When they called we would usually go to a café on the Via Nazionale—the Broadway of Rome—and taking seats outside, enjoy the passing spectacle. The Roman beer was wet and cold—and that is the best I can say of it; in fact there is no beer made in Italy that is worthy of the name. Later on, however, at Venice I indemnified myself with genuine Muenchner, which in no way misbecame the City of the Doges.

Altogether, those were very pleasant times on the bright and cheerful Via Nazionale, with its

crowds of promenaders civic and military. Providence ordains that in the season of greatest heat in Rome, there is always a refreshing breeze at night, which mitigates the suffering of the day. If I have any genuine liking for Rome, any symptom of the affection that binds me to Paris, it is mainly due to those evenings and the friends who were happy there with me.

CHAPTER XXVIII

SAINT PETER'S

First Impressions of the great Church—Why the Dome disappoints—Emotions upon viewing the Interior—Lord Macaulay and Sir James Ferguson—Some Striking Monuments—Last of the Stuarts—Relics of Peter and Paul—Chair and Statue of Peter—The Treasury—The Scala Santa—Santa Maria degli Angeli.

SIGH not o'er Pagan glories gone,
The Past, what is it but a stone?
Seek rather thou and make thine own
The living truth of God alone!

The Faith that delved the Catacomb
And rising from the Martyr's tomb,
Soared to the height of Peter's Dome,—
That is the Marvel still of Rome!

MOST visitors on arriving in Rome rush off at once to St. Peter's. I did not, for the reason that I was half-blind from the journey heretofore described, and it was absolutely necessary to rest for a few days. Besides, the August sun was at its fiercest, and it was dangerous for an unacclimatized person to be abroad between the hours of noon and four o'clock—only Englishmen and dogs, say the Romans, go about the streets at that time.

So I slept on both ears (as the French have it) and deferred my sight-seeing for a few days; I was installed at the Pension in the Piazza dell' Esedra, and walked only about the Square on a short tether. Thus an accident gave me my first surprise in Rome, and a most delightful and overwhelming surprise it was.

I had noticed an immense, shapeless structure, evidently an ancient ruin of some sort, on the opposite side of the Square, looking from the *Pension*, and I crossed to investigate (the reader will bear in mind that I had not yet opened a Guide-Book of Rome or made any sight-seeing plans). I stumbled about until at length I found a door, and entering, stood rapt in wonder and admiration. What I beheld was the interior of a church dazzling with marble and silver and all manner of costly ornamentation. There were beautiful paintings on the walls and on either side of the High Altar, which was one of the grandest I had ever seen. I could scarcely believe my eyes, and I soon returned to my room in order to inform myself concerning this marvel.

It was, I found, the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli (Holy Mary of the Angels) erected by Pope Pius IV early in the Sixteenth century; Michael Angelo being the architect. The great surrounding structure in which this jewel is imbedded formed part of the Baths of Diocletian, the largest that ancient Rome possessed. They were built 302 A.D., and disused early in the Sixth century. Rome was then far advanced in her decline, and no doubt the frequent incursions of the barbarians battering the

walls of the Empire, had caused the people to become indifferent to bathing—a disposition which, it is alleged, persists with many Romans unto this day. At any rate, the pagans seem to have had superior notions on the subject of cleanliness. They gave Rome the most ample water supply of any city in the world, and to-day the City has nothing to take the place of the Baths of Caracalla or those of Diocletian. I made several visits to this church which is one of the most interesting of the four hundred and fifty odd churches in Rome, and I am offering this brief description as an earnest of good faith, so as to be excused from describing the others—with one exception.

The nave, which was the *tepidarium* of the ancient Baths, is of grand proportions, with eight colossal columns of Egyptian granite, and eight of stucco in imitation of granite. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the general effect of the interior, done in the grand style which belonged to the ancients. Christianity is here exemplified, as so often in Rome, building upon and utilizing the remains of Paganism.

A highly curious monument is seen in the pavement of this church, a long line in bronze marking the Meridian of Rome, with the Signs of the Zodiac, and a calendar designed by Monsignor Bianchini in 1703. This has been frequently copied, with variations, in America.

The famous painter Salvator Rosa is buried here, as also the less famous but excellent Carlo Maratta, and there is a noble statue of St. Bruno (not to be confounded with Giordano*) who founded the order

of the Cistercians. Good judges esteem the High Altar the richest and most beautiful in Rome, where the wealth of this world is not spared in the accessories of worship; it is flanked by two celebrated paintings: the *Baptism of Christ* by Carlo Maratta, and the *Martyrdom of St. Sebastian* by Zampiere (Domenichino). In the apse is an image of the Madonna surrounded by Angels, which gave its name to the church. Here lies Pope Pius IV who caused the church to be erected.

HAVING sketched out a plan of my intended sight-seeing, I made my first formal visit to St. Peter's as indisputably the first church in Christendom as Mt. Everest is the greatest of mountains. And I will say that this experience alone would have justified my trip to Europe.

The reader will not look to me for a description or attempted description of that which is universally known. A few notes setting down my personal impressions are all that I dare offer, and indeed all that the limits of my task will permit.

Standing on the farther side of the great square of St. Peter's, one is first of all impressed by the grandeur of the approach, which is justly scaled to the Basilica itself. I observed that a cab and horses near the steps of the church, were dwarfed to my

* Giordano Bruno, burned in Rome for heresy, 1600. There is an unhappy looking statue to him in the Piazza Campo di Fiori; I could imagine its feeling lonesome. The influence of the Church is so great in Rome and throughout Italy that even known Free Masons will not allow that they can be read out of it. Garibaldi, the maker of United Italy, was a Mason of high degree, and as he always claimed, in matters of faith, a good Catholic.

vision standing on the opposite side of the square; other things proportionately. From this point even the immense Doric colonnade on either side, with its 284 columns, looks small and low, diminished as it is by the great superstructure; while, standing beside these columns, one cannot wonder at them sufficiently. The colossal stone statues of Saints or Apostles crowning the façade have a fine effect.

I agree with most visitors and most writers on the subject, that the first sight of the Dome conveys a distinct disappointment. This is due to the high-shouldering façade, which prevents a complete view of the Dome; a result which Michael Angelo who designed it, wished to avoid, and for which later architects were responsible. The Dome of St. Peter's is therefore not seen in full relief, like the dome of the Cathedral in Florence, and on a first view appears smaller than the latter, though the difference is, in point of fact, scarcely appreciable.

But too much might easily be said on this point. My own experience, I found, was that of others: the disappointment soon changed to an overwhelming sense of wonder and satisfaction which left me no room or desire to pick any fault or flaw in the great edifice. In a word, it seemed perfect in all its parts, the greatest work of man's hand dedicated to the glory of God, and the Dome the crowning achievement of all!

Even so, I did not realize the grandeur and immensity of this dream of Michael Angelo until I had made the ascent, first by elevator and then by

found myself directly under the Dome and read these moving words along the frieze:

Tu es Petrus et super hanc petram aedificabo ecclesiam meam; et tibi dabo claves regni caelorum.

"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and I will give to thee the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven."

As you enter the great portico you notice a statue of Constantine, the first Christian Emperor, by Bernini, on the right; and on the left a statue of Charlemagne on horseback: figures that powerfully suggest the long history of the Church.

Perhaps the greatest moment, *spiritually*, of one's first visit to St. Peter's is that when you step inside the doors of the Church and embrace the grand interior with a single glance. It was the moment of highest exaltation I have ever known, and I thank God that I was permitted to experience it. Exquisitely contributing to this first impression is the beautiful simplicity of the High Altar (not the Papal Altar, of which I shall speak presently). You look toward it, anticipating something overwhelmingly grand, and see only its conspicuous ornament, an illuminated dove symbolizing the Holy Spirit: this contrast seemed to me a rare effect of genius.

As the reader may perhaps question such enthusiasm from the writer of many light pages, I will here give the word of a greater witness, Lord Macaulay, who (I need not remind the reader) had no sympathy with the religious faith of which St.

Peter's is the greatest shrine in the world: "In I went, and for a moment I was stunned by the magnificence and harmony of the interior. I never in my life saw, and never I suppose shall again see anything so astonishingly beautiful. I really could have cried for pleasure. I rambled about for half an hour or more, paying little or no attention to details, but enjoying the effect of the sublime whole."

May I confess that I did shed some tears, but *not from pleasure*? I hope that something deeper and holier was touched in me than the æsthetic sense.

Another high witness, Sir James Ferguson: "It thus happens that in spite of all its faults of detail, the interior of St. Peter's approaches more nearly to the sublime in architectural effect than any other which the hand of man has executed."

The truth is, that all Christians are of one faith in St. Peter's—"Christ's mighty shrine above his martyrs' tomb." It is *Home* to every believing soul!

One can never realize until one has been in Rome, how great, how incredible, how miraculous was the triumph of Christianity. Sectarianism, infidelity itself,* loses its motive there where the great battle was fought and the supreme sacrifice enacted. The Catacombs and St. Peter's are the two extreme

*Renan in his Letters notes this effect of the Roman atmosphere; his sister Henriette, he said, was a good Catholic in Rome, *i.e.*, was in accord with the Catholic feeling there universal. During my visit I particularly noticed, in St. Peter's and other great churches, the impressed and sympathetic manner of American non-Catholics. The same persons would perhaps scruple to enter a Catholic church at home.

symbols of the tremendous struggle and the final victory. There lives no man in the world who will not be the bigger and better for seeing them. . . .

LIKE Macaulay, we do not purpose to examine St. Peter's in detail, which task would require a volume; but we may not, reader, pass hastily by one of the great masterpieces of art and Christian inspiration, the *Pieta* of Michael Angelo* (representing the dead Christ and his Mother) in the first chapel on our right. It is, in truth, a piece of sculpture to admire on your knees!

Canova's monument or sepulchral tomb of Clement XIII, also on the right, will detain us amid so much that is striking and beautiful. It has been said that the figures of the angels and the lions on this tomb are inferior to nothing that was ever carved by the ancient sculptors.

Perhaps the most impressive figure of all the royal Popes herein commemorated is that of Paul III, to the left of the High Altar; it was modeled by Della Porta, under the supervision of Michael Angelo. A second to this work, if not fully equal to it, is the beautiful kneeling statue of Pius VI by Canova, placed before the confessional in front of the Papal Altar. This high altar, where the Pope alone can celebrate Mass, stands directly over the tomb of St. Peter. The splendid Baldaquin over it, designed and executed by Bernini (one of the great artists of the Church) was formed of bronze taken from the roof of the Pantheon. One of the appropriations for which the pagan-minded

* Vasari tells us that the *Pieta* is the only work of Michael Angelo on which he graved his name.

are wont to rebuke the Church. Bernini gave nine years to the construction of this work.

As to the question whether St. Peter really is buried here, I quote an independent, *Protestant* authority, Mr. C. G. Ellaby, who has done an excellent manual on Rome:—

“It is certain that St. Peter was buried here, and that his sepulchre has been preserved with the greatest veneration from the earliest times. But the Vatican quarter was plundered at least twice by infidel hosts who had no more respect for a Christian saint than English troops had for the Mahdi; and it cannot be certain if the priests had time to move the bones or otherwise protect them before the invaders arrived. If it is true that the cross of gold placed on the coffin by Constantine is still there, it is possible that the bones of the Apostle still rest beneath it.”

This is obviously honest but inconclusive. At any rate, you are shown the tomb of St. Peter (paying a little fee therefor) which is in a crypt below the church level. I did not have the nerve to ask to see his bones, and I found it easy to accept the statement that they were there. A receptive disposition as to such matters, which are exigent neither for this world nor the next, is highly conducive to peace of mind. I was assured that the mortal relics of both Peter and Paul—or rather a half-portion of the latter, the other half being at the Church of St. Paul’s-without-the-Walls—were buried here together. This was doubling the dose, if you like, but I took it quite as easily as the other. Even if assured that the bones were *not* there, the

fact would not cause me to lose any sleep. Good gracious! let us get on with our tour.

There is a bronze statue of the Apostle placed against the right wall of the nave, seated on a throne and holding a key in his hand. It is very ancient, perhaps of the second or third century, and a skeptical old *cicerone* whispered to me his belief that it was originally intended for a statue of Jupiter (Jew-Peter?) Thus even within the walls of St. Peter's, the voice of doubt makes itself heard! This statue formerly had a marble foot which was worn away by the kisses of the faithful—there's a testimony for you! I could not detect any signs of wear about the bronze foot, but it had a high polish from the same cause.

The Chair of St. Peter also asks our notice; it is of bronze designed by Bernini, enclosing a very antique papal seat in wood inlaid with ivory; and this bronze Cathedra or Chair is sustained by four large statues of the most celebrated Fathers of the Church—St. Ambrose and St. Augustine of the Latin Church; St. Athanasius and St. Chrysostom of the Greek Church.

I paid another small fee to examine the wonderful things in the Treasury of St. Peter's, which you enter through the Sacristy. It was well worth the price. One saw there the altar vestments, encrusted with gold and jewels, of many Popes and Cardinals, the value of which must be absolutely fabulous. One must not admit a light thought here. Certainly if the Lord dictated his wishes in the Urim and Thummim business, as all orthodox Christians must believe, then these fine clothes are

very grateful and acceptable to Him. Still, I couldn't help the thought that if those jewels and pearls were the real thing, it was a pity that they shouldn't be turned into money and put to some good use. I hope that isn't irreligious.

One also saw a Dalmatica all flurried over with jewels, which is said to have been worn by Charlemagne, who is still remembered as a good friend of the Popes: perhaps that is why they don't like to sell his fixings. There were many precious *objets d'art*, including a set of candelabra executed by the devout Benvenuto Cellini.

I was shown an even greater wonder—several slender and graceful columns of the most beautiful red porphyry, as smooth as alabaster, which showed transparent as a priest held a candle behind them.

Besides the kingly Popes, St. Peter's gives its shelter to some ill-fated Royalties who lost or never attained the crown, however just their title to it. Here is Canova's monument to the last of the ill-fated Stuarts, the Old Pretender and his two sons, nominated here James III, Charles III and Henry IX (the latter was Cardinal Duke of York). A most astonishing fact about this monument is that it was paid for by George the Fourth, of Teutonic origin, whom Byron styles "the fourth of the fools and oppressors called George!" Anyhow, let us allow that this was a princely act, whatever motives may have prompted it, from one who never earned a dollar of his own. Here also one may see a monument to Maria Clementina, daughter of Sobieski, King of Poland, and wife of the aforesaid Prince Charlie.

These tombs, with their pompous inscription, call up the bitter division between England and Rome. How different would have been the history of the last two centuries had James II possessed a modicum of common sense! One cannot wax sentimental over the Stuarts, (though the English got a poor exchange in the Guelphs). They were false and fatal to themselves, false and fatal to their adherents; and if not false, certainly fatal to the old Church who but for them might have recouped her losses at the Reformation. Entombed and monumented where they are, the Church seems to share in their defeat—alas, it is long since she has had any profit from her commerce with kings! . . .

St. Peter's has nothing more wonderful than the reproduction in mosaic of many famous paintings. This appears to be an art exclusively fostered by the Church and carried to a high degree of perfection. Only a keen and practised eye can distinguish between mosaic and painting.

Leaving St. Peter's, one gives more attention to the magnificent obelisk of Egyptian granite, originally brought from Egypt by the Emperor Caligula, and set up in that frivolous person's private circus between the Vatican hill and the Tiber. Pope Sixtus V had it erected on its present site in 1586. It bears this inscription on the base:

Christus vincit.
Christus regnat.
*Christus imperat.**

* Christ conquers, Christ reigns, Christ commands.

The two beautiful fountains in the Square date back to the Seventeenth century.

THERE is near the great church or Basilica of St. John Lateran (which proudly calls itself the Mother of Churches) a small structure which few pilgrims ignore, because of the peculiar and extraordinary interest attached to it. Within are housed the *Scala Santa* (Holy Stairs) twenty-eight marble steps brought, according to the legend, from the house of Pontius Pilate in Jerusalem, A. D. 326, by St. Helena, mother of Constantine, the first Christian Emperor. The steps are covered with wood, and one may ascend them only on the knees; an incision here and there reveals the marble underneath.

The *Scala Santa* form a central staircase, there being a flight of stairs on either side of it; above is the Chapel of St. Lorenzo, called the *Sancta Sanctorum*, having been in ancient times the private oratory of the Popes. At the foot of the Holy Stairs, on either side, are statues representing "Christ and Judas", "Judas at the Column", and "Christ before Pilate".

There are weaker legends in Rome than this of the *Scala Santa*, and I can see no good reason for scoffing at it—one would be as ill justified in rejecting the historical existence of Constantine or that of Pontius Pilate. For myself I confess that I saw nothing at Rome of a religious order which moved me more, or which had a stronger claim on my belief.

I made two visits to St. John Lateran (the cloisters of which rank with the wonders of Rome),

and on each occasion I visited the Holy Stairs. No, reader, I did not ascend them on my knees, but I respected the faith and piety of those who did so. When I was there the second time, two or three women were performing the devotion, and I recalled Dickens's abuse of humor in connection therewith. Myself only too prone to seize the humorous or satirical side of things, I can not imagine how any normally constituted mind could see anything absurd, ridiculous or degrading in this act of faith. It seemed to me right and beautiful, and though I did not share in it, I felt a sense of purification in the spectacle.

While I stood there, a man of middle age, poor and haggard-looking, came in, and without a glance at me flung himself face down on the stairs, which he kissed humbly, yet passionately. At the moment I would rather have been that poor man than the King in the Quirinal! The wonder, the beauty, the pathos of it went to my heart like a stab of reproach. Do not smile, candid reader: I have now related to you the deepest, the most poignant and unforgettable experience that was mine in Rome.

CHAPTER XXIX

ROME IN HER RUINS—I

Beauty and Splendor of the Ancient City—Her temples, buildings, parks, fountains, statues—Some Remarks on Archaeology—Results disproportionate to Labor and Cost—Principal Monuments of the Past—Thoughts in the Colosseum—The Mamertine Prison—Castle of St. Angelo—Some Famous Prisoners—Beatrice Cenci and her Legend.

WHAT did ancient, *i.e.*, pagan Rome look like? is the question one stumbling amid the *disjecta membra* of the Imperial City often puts to himself. I find it very well answered in Mr. Ellaby's short but excellent manual, from which I take the following succinct description:

"If most of the Romans had poor and inconvenient homes, it mattered little to them, for no city has ever possessed so great a number of magnificent buildings in which to pass the day pleasantly and luxuriously, or so many and such beautiful parks and gardens always open, and filled with running fountains and beautiful works of art. The whole of the vast district between the modern Corso and the river was still for the most part open ground, here and there studded with beautiful structures. It is only gradually and after visiting the halls of the Vatican and the sculpture galleries,

as well as the early Christian churches, that the visitor can call up before his eyes the brightness, color and magnificence of ancient Rome. For several centuries the world poured into Rome its wealth and beauty; the amount of marble of the most rare and expensive kind that was brought to Rome is almost beyond belief.* The most lovely statues from Greek temples were placed in the Forum and in the great public halls. There must have been thousands of columns of the most beautiful marble standing around the temples, and in the colonnades. Some idea of their variety and beauty may be formed by observing the rows of columns in the early churches, which were, as a rule, taken from pagan buildings. White marbles were brought from all parts of Greece, and used to decorate the outside of the temples, as may be seen in the temple of Castor in the Forum, and the gigantic columns, forty-two feet high, of the temple of Neptune in the Piazza di Pietra. The beautiful columns in Santa Maria Maggiore, of Hymettic marble, were taken from a temple of Juno, and many of those in St. Paul's-without-the-Walls from the Basilica Aemilia. The lovely cipollino marble from Eubœa, of various shades of gray crossing one another, may be seen in the temple of Faustina in the Forum; but colored marbles, as a rule, were used to decorate the interior. There is no one who has not admired the splendid columns in the Pantheon of Giallo Antico, from the quarries of Africa; and there are two of equal beauty in St. John Lateran, taken from Trajan's Forum. The most precious

* Augustus said that he had found Rome of brick and left it of marble.—M. M.

marble of all, rosso antico, from Italy and Greece, may be seen in the steps leading up to the High Altar of S. Prassede. Napoleon intended to carry them to Rome, but fortunately he fell from power before his order could be carried out. Four pillars above the high altar of S. Cecilia in Trastevere are of black marble from Cape Matapan; and there are ten columns of pavonazetto, so called from its variegated colors, like those of the peacock, in S. Lorenzo Fuori.

“These are only a few of the numerous examples still existing; and besides marbles, beautiful alabasters, black and white, were used for pillars and tombs, as well as baths and vases, of which there is a beautiful example in the Villa Albani. But all that still remains is but a very small part of what once existed, for while a few were taken to decorate new buildings, the great majority were melted down in the Middle Ages in order to get lime. The grandeur of the public buildings in Rome can hardly be exaggerated, and their number far exceeds that of any other town that ever existed. It has been calculated that there were as late as the Fifth century in Rome, ten basilicas or public halls, eleven great bathing establishments, thirty-six marble arches, six obelisks, four hundred and twenty-three temples, two circuses and two amphitheatres, twenty-two great houses, two colossi (those of Nero and Augustus), eighty gilded and seventy-seven ivory statues of the gods.”

EXPLORING the Roman ruins in late August is hot and dusty work; let us not attempt overmuch, pa-

tient reader, for even with the best guide, it is apt to be rather unprofitable.

Archæology is a science of guesswork and makes a large demand on the imagination: a ruined column or two stand for a temple, a fragment of wall for a palace, a few stones scattered about for the Forum—that heart of the public life of ancient Rome! I fear me time has had too long an advantage for the reconstructors of the ancient *Roma*; they have labored with vast skill and patience, with zeal and erudition extraordinary, but the results are disappointing—inevitably so. Without the aid of much previous study and an active imagination, what could one make of the Forum, to the restoration of which they have devoted their greatest efforts? Candidly speaking, if Rome were not so much occupied with living *in* and *on* the past, these archæological results would hardly justify the labor, time and money thus expended, and the large sections of the City withdrawn from any profitable use.

These are honest opinions, whatever their worth, and not unduly colored by any vexations or disappointments of my own. The monuments of ancient Rome which afford a reasonable satisfaction to the stranger, as being tolerably definite and complete, are few in number; the Colosseum, the Pantheon, the Castle of St. Angelo, the Catacombs, of the first order; and of secondary rank, the Tomb of Cælia Metella, the Pyramid of Cestius, the House of Livia, the Stadium of Domitian, the Mamertine Prison, not to mention others. Most of

these are of incomparable interest; the Colosseum alone would amply repay one for the journey to Rome.

A thousand pens have described these wonders of the past, which dispenses me from any effort in that kind and especially from any attempt at "fine writing". A few simple notes of my personal impressions and "reactions" may not, however, be regarded as superfluous.

The Colosseum is fully entitled to all the prose and poetry that have been lavished upon it; unquestionably it is to the Christian mind the most impressive monument in the world. I passed many hours in it, ascending from tier to tier, exploring its every part—the spell which it exerted upon my imagination, the trance of thought into which it threw me, was always the same. I now believe that my life would have been incomplete had I not stood within the walls of the Colosseum. There the victory of Christ was sealed with the blood of His martyrs—cold though you may be to the thought, reader, try to picture what a world it had been had He and they prevailed not! For myself, I could but feel infinitely small and mean and cowardly as I stood in safety where unnumbered souls had given their lives for the Truth!

The Colosseum was built by Titus in the First century, and was not disused until early in the Fourth. Battles of men and beasts were exhibited almost daily, a specially popular feature being the gladiatorial combats. Life or death was usually awarded to the beaten one at the will of the spectators, expressed by turning their thumbs up or

down. There was a gladiator called *retiarius* who sought to entangle his adversary in a net; which effected, he stabbed him to death with a three-pronged spear. The public went mad over these games, to which they were admitted free; schools of gladiators were maintained in Rome, at Pompeii and elsewhere. An incalculable number of Christians were here destroyed, being commonly fed to the beasts.

The effect of all this upon the character of the Roman people can be imagined—fancy the disposition of a child born of a woman who was in the habit of attending these bloody and inhuman spectacles. Lecky says in his “History of European Morals”:

“That not only men but women in an advanced period of civilization—men and women who not only professed, but very frequently acted upon a high code of morals—should have made the carnage of men their habitual amusement, that all this should have continued for centuries, is one of the most startling facts in modern history.”

I fancy some traces of that Colosseum habit are still to be found in the Roman blood—the “terrible eyes” that we have spoken of already, are perhaps a legacy from the long vanished games of the Colosseum. “The evil that men do lives after them.”

Very near the Colosseum stood the colossal statue of Nero*, about one hundred and twenty feet high, which that Imperial Ape caused to be erected to his honor and glory. It seems a clear proof of

* The Colosseum probably derived its name from the near-by statue of Nero.

the quick degeneracy of the Romans, after Augustus, that they endured fourteen years of this madman who degraded humanity in every possible aspect. The egregious vanity of the wretch was the least harmful of his vices; you see statues or busts of him in all the foreign galleries, and God never more unmistakably stamped the fool and the degenerate. His death cry—*Qualis artifex pereo**—was his greatest achievement: it is the only thing one remembers of him except his murders and stuprations.

FROM early reading of Sallust I was especially interested to see the Mamertine Prison, called the *Tullianum* under the Republic, which the historian has thus described in his account of the conspiracy of Cataline:

Est locus in carcere, quod Tullianum appellatur, ubi paululum descenderis ad laevam, circiter duodecim pedes humi depressus. Eum muniunt undique parietes, atque insuper camera lapideis fornicibus vincta, sed incultu, tenebris, odore foeda atque terribilis ejus facies est. In eum locum postquam dimissus est Lentulus vindices rerum capitalium, quibus praeceptum erat, laqueo gulam fregere.

Which I translate, not because I enjoy it, but as an earnest of good faith, as follows:

"There is a place in the prison called Tullianum where, a little to the left, you are dropped about twelve feet under ground. Strong walls enclose it on all sides, and overhead is a room formed of

* "What an artist now perishes!"



The haunting eyes of Beatrice

stone arches, but unfurnished, gloomy, exhaling a foul smell and of a terrible appearance. When Lentulus was dropped into this place the executioners, as they had been ordered to do, strangled him with a rope."

This was also the fate of Jugurtha, the unlucky king of Numidia, defeated by Marius, Second century B. C.

Sallust's description exactly fits the place as it is to-day, allowing for the fact that it is no longer used as a prison: which seems marvelous after so great a lapse of time. You enter the prison by the church of S. Giuseppe dei Falegnami (there are few things in Rome which have not some contact with a church), and if you have my good fortune, you will be shown about by a nice-looking young acolyte. Coming in from the strong sunshine, one shudders at first sight of this ancient den of death. The prison has two chambers, one above the other, and it is in the lower one that some of the most famous persons in history were shut up before the end—for it was always an ante-chamber to death. There were no stairs descending to the lower dungeon; the prisoner was simply dropped through a hole to the foul place beneath. Sallust has preserved Jugurtha's remark—"Phew! I do not like your bath!" Here perished the brave Vercingetorix, defender of the liberties of Gaul, whom Caesar had not the magnanimity to spare (he reserved that virtue for the noble Romans who murdered him). A den of death to how many known and unknown! Looking down into that fearful pit, unchanged in its ugliness and horror, those things so

remote in time seemed quite near—it was reading history by a flash-light on the past.

The prison had a communication with the Tiber and the *Cloaca Maxima* (Great Sewer) and the bodies of the condemned were often thus disposed of. Near by are some slight remains of the famous *Scala Gemoniae* (Wailing Stairs) on which the bodies of great criminals or enemies of the state were exposed after execution. After the Colosseum, there is no place in Rome where one is so strongly moved to reflect upon the cruel traits, amounting to inhumanity, that marked the old pagan race.

A pious legend has it that St. Peter and St. Paul were confined here: hence the church built over it. It is further related that St. Peter converted his jailers and some soldiers during his confinement, and that he might baptise them, a spring of water gushed miraculously in the prison. Some persons have been at pains to assert that the spring existed in the days of Augustus—but why discredit the one lovely story associated with that frightful place? Indeed, but for that, it might well be forever blotted from the sight and memory of men!

From this prison, in all likelihood, the Apostle Paul was led to execution outside the city walls, on the road to Ostia. He had to pass through the old Porta Ostiensis, since named the Porta San Paolo; and just outside this gate is the Pyramid of Cestius which, considering the lapse of time and all that Rome has since suffered from the barbarians, etc., one might allow to have been miraculously preserved. At any rate, the brave Apostle, the unconscious founder of a power that was to defeat and

supplant the old pagan Rome, must have cast his last glances on this Pyramid of Cestius as he was led to the place of his death, near the Three Fountains. This fact makes that otherwise not specially distinguished relic one of the most memorable things in Rome. What a witness is that mute pile of stone raised to the memory of a pagan, but rendered forever sacred by its accidental association with him who "fought the good fight"! I count my visit to the Pyramid of Cestius* and my meditations there as among the most profitable of my experiences in Rome.

ANOTHER substantial and, so to speak, satisfying monument of ancient Rome is the Castle of St. Angelo, originally the Mausoleum of the Emperor Hadrian, built in the Second century A. D. Historically it is of great interest, having in the Middle Ages often sheltered the Popes during times of war and siege. Next to the Colosseum, it is the most imposing of the ancient structures, but like that also, its present appearance affords no idea of its pristine beauty and grandeur. Originally it was coated with marble and richly decorated with pilasters and friezes. In the centre rises the tomb, a circular construction, which also was covered with marble and adorned with columns and statues (two

* This monument was erected by Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus, to the memory of one Caius Cestius who left a sum of money for the purpose—a rich man, one conjectures, who wished that his money might serve him after death. The pyramid is 112 feet high and contains a sepulchral chamber (empty) decorated with frescoes. It is of marble blackened by time and weather. The last restoration is credited to the Borgian Alexander VI in the Fifteenth century.

of these works still remain, the *Dancing Faun* in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, and the *Drunken Faun Asleep* in Munich). On the summit of the tomb was a tumulus in which cypresses grew, and crowning all was a statue of Hadrian, long since displaced by one of St. Michael, who seems to have a prescriptive monopoly of those high perches.

Thus one of the greatest of the Roman emperors reckoned not wisely with the accidents of time. The little verse he composed in his last illness, addressed to his soul (although a pagan) has lasted him better than his mighty tomb. I give Merivale's translation.

Soul of mine, pretty one, flitting one,
Guest and partner of my clay,
Whither wilt thou hie away—
Pallid one, rigid one, naked one—
Never to play again, never to play!

Hadrian is also remembered, perhaps less honorably, by his great affection for Antinous, a young Bithynian of astonishing beauty, who became the Emperor's favorite, accompanying him on several of his expeditions. On one of these Antinous was accidentally drowned, to the extreme grief of Hadrian. The great Emperor must have been very proud of his favorite's beauty, for one sees many statues of him in the galleries of Rome and Florence, as also in the Louvre. The finest I saw were

*It remains doubtful whether Antinous met his death by accident or devoted himself as a sacrifice to the Emperor. Hadrian raised a temple to him and wished it to be believed that his soul had been changed into a constellation. The nature of the tie between them was rather Greek than Roman in its origin.

in Rome, and the comeliness of form and face which one or two of them exhibited, would be difficult to convey in words. It is curious perhaps that the beauty of Antinous in nowise suggested the hermaphrodite type, of which there are several examples in the Roman galleries.

Alexander VI, the Borgian Pope, or rather the more evilly famous one—for Calixtus III was also of the family—lived here for a time, and one sees his dining room painted by the pupils of Raphael. One notices in the Oil Court this Pope's coat-of-arms, not infelicitously chosen, the Bull and the Crowns. Under the pavement of this court, built within the tumulus, are several prison cells which have held some famous prisoners—Cellini, Cagliostro, Petrucci, Giordano Bruno, and most famous of all, the ill-fated Beatrice Cenci.

These cells could never have been much different, and the sight of their bareness and rudely terrible aspect chilled the heart. Here once again was the true Roman touch of the Mamertine palpable in a prison of the Popes. But looking at the matter without prejudice, one recognizes that such a man as Alexander VI was simply a Caesar made Pope by a caprice of destiny. And it is allowed even by those who detest him, that his strong military qualities were useful in that age. Also in those times, and until much later, there was no tenderness for the criminal or political offender. Humanity toward those under the ban of the law is a quite recent development of civilization.

The cell of Beatrice Cenci claims much attention from tourists and, as I have said, invites one to

reflect upon the hard hearts of those mediaeval Italians. It is indeed frightful to think of a high-born delicate girl being shut up in a dungeon where one would not keep a dog. But the crime with which she was charged—the murder of her father—was the most atrocious possible in Italian eyes, and in earlier times would have entailed a more horrible punishment. Then it must be allowed that the legend of Beatrice has been much idealized—most notably for English readers by the poet Shelley, who wrote in ignorance of facts that have been established by later inquirers. Even more powerful in rousing sympathy for her has been Guido Reni's portrait* of that beautiful young face with the haunting eyes and expression of unmerited doom. The genius of this great artist has invested her, to the vulgar mind, with something of the martyr's halo; but "pity 'tis 'tis true" that she suffered justly, and that her father Francesco Cenci, though a bad and violent man even for that time, was *not* guilty of the unspeakable crime (incest) which has been laid to his charge. She and her brother Giacomo were put to death by order of Clement VIII, a Pope not in any way singular for his harshness or inhumanity.

It did not occur to me to shed any tears over the claustration of the pious Benvenuto Cellini who during his enforced sojourn here consoled himself

* This portrait was painted *after* her death, which occurred in 1559, and was therefore from memory. It is in the Baberini Palace which was closed to visitors during my stay in Rome. I failed in two attempts to prevail upon the custodian to let me see this *one picture only*—perhaps I did not bid high enough!

with reflections upon his own beatitude, made apparent and tangible, as he avows, by a halo which at times encircled his head. Admirable Benvenuto!—what a favorite he was both of God and the Devil!

Ascending the tower, we reach a large hall decorated by the pupils of Raphael, which was used as a library by Pope Paul III. Thence by a narrow staircase we gain the grand upper terrace from which one has a wonderful view of the City, with St. Peter's and the Vatican in the foreground, and in the distance the hills of Latium and the Sabine mountains.

THE famous column of Trajan still stands in its ancient place, a memorable relic of the last of the great Emperors; but what is by archæological courtesy called Trajan's Forum surrounding the column, has much the appearance of an abandoned quarry. How this place looked in the days of its glory we may guess from descriptions that have come down to us. There is a notable reference in the historian Ammianus, who tells us that when the Emperor Constantine visited Rome, he greatly admired the Colosseum, Pantheon and other great buildings; "but when he came to the Forum of Trajan, that structure unique in all the world, and as I cannot but think marvelous in the eyes of the Divinity Himself, he beheld with silent amazement those gigantic interlacings of stone which it is past the power of speech to describe, and which no mortal may in future hope to imitate."

Later Constantine gave a less worthy token of

his admiration by stealing some statues and reliefs from this forum to decorate his own Arch near the Colosseum; a highly interesting monument but decidedly inferior to the great works of the classic period.

Trajan's column is covered with small sculptures depicting his wars with the Dacians, which it is difficult to see fairly. The French have imitated it in some instances and perhaps surpassed it with their brazen column to Napoleon in the Place Vendome. It is perhaps only the advantage of time that makes the Roman trophy appear far nobler.

Much similar to Trajan's column is that of Marcus Aurelius in the Piazza Colonna. I was eager to see the depiction on it of Jupiter Pluvius sending rain in answer to the prayers of a Christian legion—a miracle which is said to have greatly helped on the new faith. The scene of the "Thundering Legion" is there undoubtedly, but lacking a powerful glass I could make out nothing of it.

CHAPTER XXX

ROME IN HER RUINS—II

*Pantheon, Pride of Rome—Tiber, Father Tiber—
Some Famous Bridges—The Pons Fabricius—
Yahooism and Public Monuments—A House Twen-
ty Centuries old—Caligula and the Covered Por-
tico—A Walk on the Appian Way—"Quo Vadis
Domine?"—In the Catacombs—Tomb of Caecelia
Metella—Graves of Keats and Shelley.*

O TIBER, Father Tiber! the ancient race is gone
That paid thee grateful worship when Rome's first glory
shone;
The Legions long have vanished, the Consuls are no more,
Nor would they know the alien folk that desecrate thy
shore.

The Arches and the Triumphs are but a dusty tale,

And even that, O spite of Time!—like Babylon's must fail;
Yea, all the grandeur of the past, unstable as thy foam,
Survives but in the ruins that tell the might of Rome.
And so I bring my grief to thee and drop a friendly tear,
For thou art, Father Tiber, the only Roman here!

A WISE man of my acquaintance once re-
marked to me: "What is the use of expat-
iating on Shakespeare? You have said all
when you say, Shakespeare is."

I would apply this thought to the Pantheon and spare both myself and the reader an attempt to "describe the indescribable".

The Pantheon *is!* And glory be for that: it is the most perfect and beautiful of all the existing monuments of Pagan Rome—a creation so grand and awe-inspiring, so alien to our atmosphere, that we stand humiliated therein, and the thought surges, Have we really understood the higher part of paganism?

Agrippa, the friend of Augustus and his right-hand man—that strong-jawed, bullet-headed person whom you are always glad to run across in the galleries—built the Pantheon 28 B. C. It was partly destroyed several times, and was reconstructed the last time by the Emperor Hadrian in the Second century, who changed the form of the building from a square to a rotunda. The wide portico has sixteen great monolith columns of granite. The diameter of the interior is 132 feet, and its height is the same from the pavement to the roof. Light is received from a circular aperture in the roof, 28 feet in diameter, which is never closed summer or winter. Although the history of the Pantheon, as has been said, is one of spoliations by the church people, and though long since deprived of its statues, marbles, bronzes, etc., it still retains its magnificent antique aspect, and Rome has nothing grander to show than this admirable structure which is virtually nineteen centuries old. In 609 A. D., the Pantheon was converted into a church. Raphael the divine artist is buried there, as also the young girl to whom he was betrothed. In re-

cent times it has become the Mausoleum of the Kings of Italy.

I may not close this too summary notice of the principal monuments of ancient Rome without a word on that living monument, the witness and participator of all her glory—*Flavus Tiberis*—the river Tiber! Being an American, I was at first disappointed by the smallness of the historic stream, but this feeling wore away as I came to estimate things by proper scale. The Tiber is much less wide than the Seine at Paris, and narrower than the Arno at Florence, but it is a river for all that, and not a mere creek or canal. Besides, I was looking at it in the height of the dry season; in the winter and spring its volume of water is greatly increased, and its floods are still formidable. But I must confess that my first view of Father Tiber took me down considerably; as I recalled Horace's famous lines—

*Vidimus flavum Tiberim, retortis
Litore Etrusco violenter undis
Ire dejectum monumenta regis
Templaque Vestae.*

Or in Father Prout's apt version—

We saw the yellow Tiber, sped
Back to his Tuscan fountain-head,
O'erwhelm the sacred and the dead
In one fell doom,
And Vesta's pile in ruins spread,
And Numa's tomb.

The Tiber has thirteen bridges in Rome, and there surely is luck in odd numbers, for I covered most of them on two broiling days, without incurring a sunstroke. Several of them are ancient, and of these the most interesting is the Ponte Fabrizio (*Pons Fabricius*) which connects the island in the Tiber with the left bank. It was constructed by Lucius Fabricius, a Commissioner of Roads 62 B. C., and is the only one of the antique bridges which remains intact. The structure is of great blocks of a sort of stone called *peperino*; there are two large arches and a smaller one which serves especially in case of flood. It was a thrilling satisfaction to walk across this wonderful bridge and feel twenty centuries of history under one's feet!

The ponte Sublicio or Sublician Bridge, constructed 1910-1919, is said to be located very near the site of the *Pons Sublicius* of Macaulay's hero, the bold Horatius, who held the bridge in the brave days of old. Not far from it, on the hillside, a sort of cave is pointed out in which the celebrated She-wolf suckled Romulus and Remus. "And if you will not take my word for it", said my guide, a young man with a humorous twinkle in his eye, "why, you may ask Remus—there he is on the river bank!" . . .

Handsome and well built are the modern bridges such as the Garibaldi, the Mazzini, the Umberto and the Victor Emmanuel, much in the style of the Paris bridges. I regret to say that my visit to them was spoiled for me by a circumstance which reproaches the municipal authorities or whatever body is charged with the care of these edifices. As

in Paris, I made it a point to cross each bridge and go down the steps to the river bank; this I could only venture to do with the greatest circumspection, as in every instance the steps were covered with human filth, and the indications were that this disgraceful condition was of long continuance. I may add that the bridges are not the only public monuments in Rome which are subject to this sort of Yahoosim—the vilest I have ever seen anywhere, and which would not be tolerated in Paris for a moment. I have come upon the same nuisance in the Colosseum itself, which draws pilgrims from all the world!

I need not dwell upon the reproach, the odium which all this casts on the Roman name. And to reflect that it should be calmly ignored and, so to speak, tacitly licensed in the great City of Rome, the Capital of the nation, where idle soldiers and police almost monopolize the public promenades,—is enough to give one a very poor idea of the modern Romans.

I am bound to set down here that I saw no outrage of the sort noted in Florence or in Venice—both cities whose regard for cleanliness approximates to the American notion. But friends tell me that the same kind of nuisance, only more of it, prevails in Naples, and that a “Watch-your-step” warning should be posted in all the public places—aye, even in the Cathedral itself!

THE House of Livia or, as it is sometimes called, the House of Germanicus, on the Palatine, is the

most ancient existing at Rome, dating as it does, from the First century before Christ; it was discovered and exhumed in 1860. The preservation of this extraordinary relic is supposed to be due to the veneration in which the brave and virtuous Germanicus was held by the Roman people. The reader may recall (after looking up the matter) that Germanicus died in 19 B. C., prematurely; being poisoned, in the belief of many. Four rooms of the house, in tolerable preservation, still remain; they contain some beautiful frescoes which are, however, fast disappearing from the effect of air and light. One can see them to better advantage in the Palais des Beaux-Arts, Paris, the reproductions having been made at the time of their first discovery. One admires the original mosaic pavement and notes the use of flange-tiles with which the walls of the dining-room are lined, evidently to keep the room dry by a circulation of air. It seems a very simple house for the great people who dwelt in it—a fact which adds the more to its melancholy and fascinating interest.

Of quite recent discovery is the long, covered cryptoporticus or corridor, close to the House of Livia, in which the Emperor Caligula, that worthy precursor of Nero, was assassinated by his guards A. D. 41. A very long time ago, but an imaginative person can manage to extract a thrill from the place—I didn't work extra hard at it myself, and yet I heard him squeal! . . . The story goes that Cherea, the centurion of his guard, plotted against Caligula because the fiend had forced him to torture an innocent woman. For a long time no chance

offered itself, until one afternoon Caligula was returning from the circus by way of this corridor: then the incident happened which gave him and me two very different yet related sensations at the end of a great interval of time.

In this locality also is the wonderfully preserved Stadium or Hippodrome of Domitian, another imperial person of like kidney, of whom some horrid tales are still extant. He was the son of a good man, Vespasian, and the brother of another, Titus; which shows that vice is no respecter of families. He perished 96 A. D. in the same way as Caligula (being the last of the so-called twelve Caesars), and his wife helped in the job. But the Stadium is very pretty, and my thoughts often return to it with pleasure. . . .

Now, fellow pilgrim, let us step forth on the Ap-pian Way, the most famous road in the world, constructed by Appius Claudius 312 B. C. It crossed Italy to the sea, and at a later time was continued on the African shore, thus connecting the most distant provinces with the heart of the Empire. And it is under our feet, good as ever, an immortal witness to the most rugged and indomitable race the world has ever known. Over this road the great generals, consuls and emperors marched with their legions down the long procession of ages during which Rome was the mistress of the world. Camillus, Cincinnatus, Regulus, Fabius, Scipio, Pompey, Caesar—what names they are, great and fixed like the stars in heaven! And once there came along this road, panic terror preceding him, one as

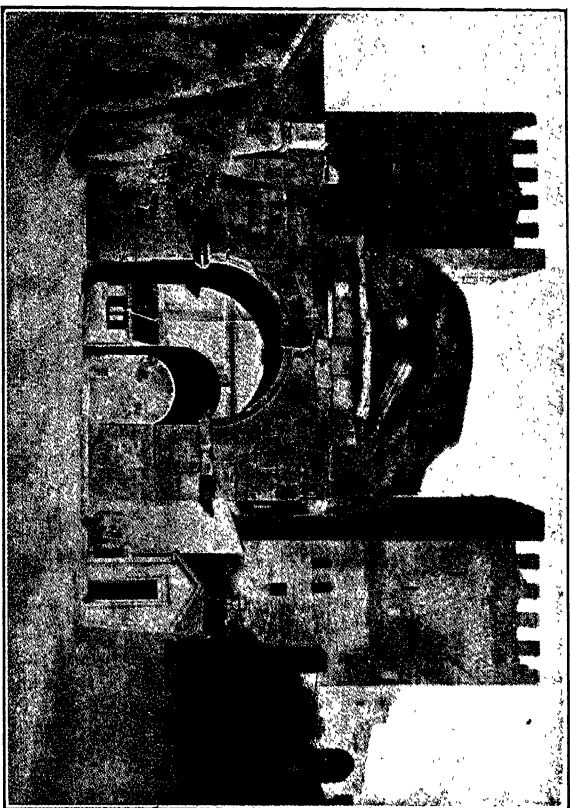
great as any of these, though leader of an inferior people—Hannibal, scourge of Rome! What other history but looks paltry beside this, a mere anticlimax? Is she not well named the Eternal City? Reader, it is good to set your feet on the Appian Road.

A little way out we come to a small church on the left called “Domine Quo Vadis”, from the well known tradition that St. Peter, fleeing from the persecution in Rome, met our Lord here carrying his cross, and asked the question, “Lord, whither goest thou?” The Saviour answered: “I am going to Rome to be crucified again, since thou art deserting my people”. Then Peter, ashamed of his cowardice, returned to face persecution and death.

A wonderful story, credible enough in faith, and another crown for the Appian Way.

In Italy, owing to the universal faith in Christianity, all religious legends are implicitly accepted by the mass of people; and when you are there it seems natural and right enough, so that skepticism appears ugly and out of place. Thus, the beautiful legend above related, though without the least authority, is as firmly established as any in the popular mind. The Church acquiesces in it, as making for edification*, and so we have a chapel erected on the exact spot to commemorate the miracle! A statue of our Lord is shown inside (being a copy of Michael Angelo’s “Christ Carrying his Cross”), the foot of which you kiss, and you are expected to make a small pecuniary offering. I

* See the Eighth Chapter of this book, “The Madeleine,” especially the concluding remarks.



Interior of the Gate San Sebastiano, on the Appian Way,
Ancient Walls of Rome

was told that the *actual print* of our Lord's foot is also shown, but it must only be on extraordinary occasions—I know it wasn't exhibited to me. To finish with this episode, I protest that I wasn't in the least shocked or repelled by it, and for the reason mentioned—it seemed a natural manifestation of the wonderful religious faith of those people.

Of course I did the Catacombs—at least one of them, the Callixtus, and it was quite enough. I may be excused from detailing an experience which is become stale from constant repetition. And yet it is spiritually the most moving experience that anyone with a scintilla of Christian faith can have. Again you ask yourself as in the Colosseum, "My God, am I worthy to hold a faith for which those people suffered so much?" It is a wholesome and chastening thought; and as time goes by winnowing your memories, it stands out at length like a star amid your recollections of Rome.

A very agreeable Trappist priest conducted us; he spoke English, French and Italian fluently, and translated with ease the ancient inscriptions in Latin and Greek. There was a distinction about him that denoted aristocratic blood, while his culture was manifest in every word. I am informed that this extremely severe Order is to no small extent recruited from the higher classes in Europe. I should surmise that our Trappist had been at the least a Prince. . . .

We were scarcely ten minutes in that blind labyrinth and I was under a foolish fear that our tapers would give out. Oh, what a relief to breathe the sweet air and see the blessed sun again! Yet

from those darksome burrows has come in very truth the Light of the world!

A little farther on is the tomb of Cæcelia Metella, which asks even fewer words of description. There is no sentimental interest about it—we know little of her save that she was the wife of the son of Crassus, the rival of Pompey and Caesar. It is, however, a very remarkable monument, and though much altered and disfigured in the course of ages, remains the most perfect tomb of the kind surviving from ancient Rome. It was originally coated with marble which Pope Urban VIII is said to have taken for the Fountain of Trevi near the Quirinal (into which you cast a few coins if you wish to return to Rome—s-sh! I did). A singular fact in connection with this famous tomb is, that the bodies within it were so carefully and ingeniously concealed that they were only discovered in comparatively recent times.

On this same memorable day I paid my visit of duty (which every man who loves letters is glad to pay) to the graves of Keats and Shelley in the Protestant Cemetery near the gate of St. Paul; a lovely and retired place, partly sheltered by the city wall—the “Aurelian wall” of Bliss Carman’s fine poem. Of this place Shelley said that it was enough to make one in love with death to think of resting there!

The cemetery is shaded with dark trees and evidently looked after with scrupulous care; it appeared cool and restful even on that day of blazing sunshine. I lingered there an hour or more, meditating upon the kindred fate and glory of

these two so different yet fraternal poets; of equal genius but cunningly discriminated by the wise hand of Nature. On Keats's tomb I read the strange, pathetic inscription dictated by the poet himself—"Here lies one whose fame was writ in water"—a sentence utterly and astoundingly reversed by the award of time. Similar has been the reversal in the case of Shelley, and both sleep now in the golden fulness of fame. One loves Rome with more than a little added reason for thinking that she holds them in her mighty arms!

CHAPTER XXXI

THE VATICAN GALLERIES

A Rapid glance at their Treasures—Laocoon and Apollo—Gems of Ancient Art—Sistine Chapel—Michael Angelo's great Frescoes—The Last Judgment—Anecdotes of the Artist—Raphael's Masterpieces—Portrait of George IV.

THE power that dwelt in Angelo
And did his three-fold* gift bestow;
Of Raphael's breast the mystic glow
Prevailing over time and death
With miracles of mimic breath,
The fairest trophies Art may show—
These keep for Rome the empire still,
And bend us to her sovereign will.

LOOKING over the last few chapters, faithful reader, I perceive, to my regret, that they lack something of the holiday spirit in which this book was conceived; in fact there are signs of *work* upon them, and our vanity is to achieve a carefree, otiose style. Let us brush up, now, and finish in a canter, for the end is within sight. Three months our tour lasted—all too brief—and it has taken about that period, allowing for interruptions, etc., to transcribe this honest chronicle. Napoleon

* He was architect, painter and sculptor, achieving the highest rank in all three departments of art. In architecture alone his work was so great and so manifold that it remains a wonder how he found time for sculpture and painting.

said that all things must be paid for, and this tour of mine is no exception to the rule. Thanks for the kind thought that I have paid faithfully and well!

Rises now before us the tremendous theme of the Art Galleries and Museums of Rome, which I must beg leave to deal with very summarily. In a previous chapter on the Louvre, I stated certain general considerations which may not be repeated here. And, of course, the reader is keeping in mind that I have no pretensions to the rôle of art critic or connoisseur. Very well, then. Remains for me only to touch lightly some points of strong personal interest to myself.

The Vatican collections of works of art, sculptures, paintings, relics of antiquity, etc., are less in volume and number than those of the Louvre, but very many of the treasures are unique and priceless, and the collection as a whole is, in point of interest, second to no other in the world.

I spent several successive days in this grand treasure-house of the Royal Popes; the hours of exhibition are, however, short in summer, and there is so much food for curiosity and admiration that I am obliged to limit my recollections to a very few specific works. Any person who in youth has read the grim fable of Laocoon in Virgil must feel an extraordinary emotion when he first stands before the celebrated group of that name. For myself I can honestly avow that I have had few sensations to compare with it. Surely never was such mortal stress of agony, such a hopeless struggle, expressed in lifeless marble; but in truth the stone is *very life*, frozen at the supreme instant of hor-

ror. Even though mature knowledge makes this tragedy impossible to have occurred, all one's boyish faith awakens in presence of the grand work, and one's feelings are wrought upon to the highest point of sympathy.

The *Laocoon* is a product of Greek art and is usually referred to the Second century B. C. It was discovered, in 1506, in the Golden House of Nero. Some recent critics have sought to call attention to themselves by questioning the artistic excellence of the work and attempting to degrade it from the eminent position it has so long held. I don't think they will succeed. The *Laocoon* is as distinctive a triumph of Greek art as the *Venus de Milo*, and it is unique of its kind.

The *Apollo Belvedere*, so long esteemed as the most perfect surviving example of Greek art and the ideal representation of virile beauty, has been censured, though less boldly, by the same critics, with even less effect. I could not make out that his immortal serenity was in the least disturbed; a few flies in his cabinet would perhaps trouble him more than the critics referred to. And he seemed to me the most glorious thing in the world—even more beautiful than his sister the *Venus de Milo*.

The Louvre may well envy the Vatican's Hall of the Animals, which is unrivaled anywhere. Eight granite columns support the vault. The collection of marble animals from various sources (many in part restored) is of the greatest value. There are, in especial, two dogs which, as someone has justly said, are fit to be taken as the *Apollo* and *Venus* of

animals. In that old pagan world it seems that animals as well as men and women were more beautiful than their modern descendants.

There are five statues of Venus (Cabinet of the Masks) the most famous of which is known as the *Crouching Venus*. The pavement of this room is a masterpiece of mosaic representing masks. De Angelis has painted the vault, which is upheld by eight columns and four pilasters of alabaster. Throughout this and other rooms are scattered vases of colored marble, of porphyry and alabaster, priceless in value.

In the Gallery of Statues notice particularly the *Sleeping Ariadne*, the *Apollo Sauroctonos* (Apollo with the lizard—type of Praxiteles), and a reproduction of the *Amazon of Phidias*. Also the head of young Augustus.

In the Hall of the Rotonda, paved with mosaic taken from the ancient structures, you will see a basin of porphyry over forty feet in circumference, which comes from the Baths of Titus. I felt the smooth and priceless stone with lively interest, for at the moment I was stopping with the Tigress in the Piazza dell'Essedra, where the bath was an antique affair with a ridged bottom, contact with which caused me the most exquisitely disagreeable sensations. And yet the Tigress would have fitted in admirably with the epoch of Nero! . . . Notice the busts of Hadrian and his beloved Antinous, the splendid head of Jupiter, and the Hermes from Hadrian's Villa. Also the colossal statue of Juno with the spear, and the bronze Hercules.

In the Hall of the Greek Cross you see the sarco-

phagi of the mother and daughter of Constantine the Great, and a noble statue of Augustus in the act of sacrificing. The beauty of Augustus is remarkable in all his busts and statues; his features are smaller and more delicate than those of the Emperors in general, inclining to the Greek type, and there is no marked resemblance to Julius.

In the Braccio Nuovo is the finest extant statue of Minerva; also there are heads of Euripides and Demosthenes, and a *Wounded Amazon* (from an original by Cretilas) of great interest. The colossal statue symbolizing the fertility of the Nile, is of curious rather than artistic attraction. Notice the *Athlete with strigile*, a copy from Lysippus.

An object of very great interest is the ancient *Roman Two-Horse Chariot* in marble, which you find in the Hall of the Biga. The body of the chariot is antique, but the rest has been almost entirely restored in modern times.

In the Gallery of Candelabra I liked nothing so well as the "*Old Fisherman*", perhaps the finest example of realistic art among the Vatican sculptures. I could not learn the date of this work, which seems to me rather Roman than Greek.

AND now, in regard to the famous Sistine Chapel in the Vatican, I have a confession to make which will shock the reader: I was unable to appreciate it fully, because of the difficulty of *seeing* a great part of the work, high up as it is on the lofty walls and ceiling of the great room. At the time my sight was still weak from the effects of the railway journey, heretofore related, and the Roman

sun was still at its fiercest. And so I had to take largely for granted the wonders of Michael Angelo's *Last Judgment* frescoed on the walls and ceiling, and critically esteemed his most sublime performance. The outline I saw indeed and marveled at, but the details were beyond me. It was a heavy disappointment, to which I am not yet reconciled, but the case was without remedy. Had I thought to provide myself with an opera glass, the result might have been different. I noticed several gentlemen equipped with this ocular aid, lying on their backs and studying the work on the ceiling to their apparent satisfaction. Very heartily I envied them. Also I remembered that the great artist well nigh ruined his eyes at this work, from painting so long in an unnatural posture. Indeed he was totally blind in his last years.

My cicerone related to me, as if it were a professional secret, the old story of Michael Angelo's depicting one of the Pope's officers in his representation of Hell. Also he pointed out the person to me on the wall, but I never could identify him again. As the reader may possibly have missed this anecdote, I give the authentic version from Vasari, abridging it to suit our purpose.

“Michael Angelo had brought three-fourths of the work to completion when Pope Paul went to see it, and Messer Biagio da Cesena, the master of ceremonies, a very punctilious man, being in the Chapel with the Pontiff, was asked what he thought of the performance. To this he replied that it was a very improper thing to paint so many nude forms, all showing their nakedness in

that shameless fashion, in so highly honored a place; adding that such pictures were better suited to a bagnio or a roadside wine-shop than to the chapel of a Pope. Displeased by these remarks, Michael Angelo took his revenge; drawing the portrait of Messer Biagio from memory, he placed him in Hell under the figure of Minos, with a great serpent wound round his limbs and standing in the midst of a troop of devils. Nor did the entreaties of the aggrieved Master of Ceremonies both to the Pope and the artist avail to have the picture expunged or the resemblance altered."

From another source we learn that the Pope replied to Messer Biagio's complaints: "Had the painter put thee into Purgatory I would have done my utmost for thee, but as he has placed thee in Hell I can do nothing for thee; since as thou knowest, from Hell there is no redemption!"

Vasari wrote in the Sixteenth century, but Michael Angelo is still taking his revenge: time doesn't count for much in the Eternal City.

According to a different version, the Pope authorized Bramante, an inferior artist, to paint over the nudities in Michael Angelo's work, which greatly incensed the latter. Bramante was ever afterwards known as the "breeches painter". Which reminds me to note that the virile sculptures in the Vatican, unlike those in the Louvre and other great galleries, are all appropriately fig-leaved. Michael Angelo's great statue of David, the original of which I saw in Florence, is without this addition.

In the Vatican as elsewhere I received my high-

est pleasure from the paintings of Raphael, of which the greatest is undoubtedly the *Transfiguration of Christ* in the Hall of Raphael. This truly sublime work was left unfinished at the artist's death in his thirty-seventh year, and was admirably completed by Giulio Romano, the most distinguished of his pupils. The upper and larger part of the picture showing Christ transfigured between Moses and Elias, is exclusively by the hand of Raphael; the lower part, with the subordinate figures, is mainly by Romano. The effect of this truly inspired work is quite beyond the power of words to describe. It is the most precious gift of genius to the Christian Faith, or say the noblest work that Faith has inspired.

The Stanze of Raphael, exhibiting his grand frescoes, need no description here. The *School of Athens* reveals with a fulness perhaps unapproached by any other work of his, the versatility of Raphael's conception and the extraordinary generosity of his spirit. I should think that a smile from that heaven-born young genius would have made anyone happy for life! Somewhere in the Vatican I saw a painting of his funeral, with Michael Angelo, Benvenuto Cellini and other famous artists in the mourning procession. Surely that was the saddest day that Art has ever known in Italy!

Other great works of Raphael in the Vatican, all priceless, are: the *Madonna of Foligno*, the *Theological Virtues*, the *Coronation of the Virgin*, the *Annunciation*, *Adoration of the Magi*, *Presentation in the Temple*. The amazing efflorescence of genius in Raphael's time and the succeeding century

gave him not a few rivals of extraordinary genius; but not one of them has been able to touch his crown. That divine spirit which was Raphael will always revolve proudly in its own orbit, unfellowed, unattended, alone!

In the section of Foreign Painters I received something of a shock on seeing a portrait of King George IV of England by Sir Thomas Lawrence. His Britannic Majesty was depicted with such accessories of wig and curls, stars and orders as to vividly recall Thackeray's conception of the Glorious Creature as *Prince Florizel*. One wonders how the picture came to be there, or why Rome should so far honor the man who shed tears when obliged to sign the grant of Catholic Emancipation to Ireland. Queer things do happen in the high places of this world! Perhaps his paying for the tomb of the Stuarts in St. Peter's (mentioned above) may suggest an answer to the riddle.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE THRILL OF GREAT ART

Masterpieces at the Capitol—Caesar's Noblest Statue—Huge Monument to Victor Emmanuel—Borghese Gallery—Choice Works of Canova and Bernini—Michael Angelo's "Moses" and "Christ Carrying his Cross"—Is the Latter Inferior?—Garibaldi on Guard—The Piazza di Spagna.

I MADE an early visit to the Capitoline Museum, which contains many priceless works of art and is itself rich in historical associations. Rienzi, for example, was slain here (1354) on the platform where stands the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. As a rule, reformers have been unfortunate in Rome.

At the head of the steep stone stairs by which you approach the Capitol, are two statues blackened and defaced by time which are said to represent the gods Castor and Pollux, each standing by a horse. It is further alleged that they stood anciently before the theatre of Pompey, and they are evidently of great antiquity. However, it is equally clear that they are not the work of Praxiteles or of any extraordinary sculptor. I was fascinated chiefly by the thought that Horace must have often seen them.

The first Caesar being one of my *Dii Majores* I

greatly admired the noble statue of him in the right-hand court, a work of his own time presented, as the original inscription states, by the Senate and Roman people to Caius Julius Caesar, Perpetual Dictator. It is the noblest statue of Caesar that I saw in Europe, and there is an aura about it of genius and power such as no other fictile representation of a man ever conveyed to me. The greatest man of all time, he has been called. One does not wonder that the Romans deified him; the misfortune was that the precedent once made, they went on deifying fools and mediocrities.

In the same court is a statue of Augustus, the nephew of Caesar, a man of more cunning but of far less genius—in fact the higher genius, of which Caesar was a supreme example, is incapable of cunning, the mark of powers essentially mediocre.

I think this great statue of Caesar is poorly exhibited; it is placed in a side court where one might easily overlook it. At the Louvre it would have a room to itself, like the Venus de Milo, or be made the *pièce de résistance* of a gallery. But they order these things better in Paris!

Of course you must visit the famous bronze "*Wolf of the Capitol*", miniature copies of which you see everywhere in Rome (she is before me as I write). A very ancient work is this Wolf of the Republic, which is said to have been struck by lightning in the time of Cicero (marks of the injury are still visible). In keeping with the celebrated legend, this statue admirably typifies the power that so long dominated the world. The fig-

ures of the nursing children were added by Bernini in the Seventeenth century.

"*The Dying Gaul*" or "*Gladiator*" is also here, one of the great statues of antiquity which asks no comment from me. I will say, however, that it abundantly satisfies my personal test of great art, i.e., I could never tire looking at it! Readers of Byron will recall the famous stanzas in *Childe Harold*, "I see before me the gladiator lie," etc.

The "*Venus of the Esquiline*" is ravishingly beautiful, without being too much accentuated in a sensual way. She is a worthy rival to her sister in the Louvre, who yet somehow excels her. This is a case where choice is so difficult that one really must take both. The Venus de Milo is much the more ancient work.

Two things from Hadrian's Villa that you should not miss—the *Drinking Doves* and the *Faun* in red marble, the latter a rare masterpiece.

Nothing in the Capitol Museum interested me more than the collection of portrait-busts of Roman Emperors and members of their various families from Augustus down to Heliogabalus. Physiognomy is rather a discredited science in our day, and yet it seems fully warranted by a careful study of these busts. The great and good men are not difficult to distinguish from the weak or vicious ones. God tells the truth somewhere in every face.

The *Boy and Thorn*, the *Boy and Goose*, are delightful works of art, copies of which one finds in all the galleries. Of the two the former is the better known, being the work of Myron, a celebrated Greek sculptor, Fifth century B. C. A highly cur-

ious work is the colossal statue of Ocean you see in the court, of Roman execution but in the Egyptian manner; it was anciently used to adorn the temple of Isis near the Pantheon.

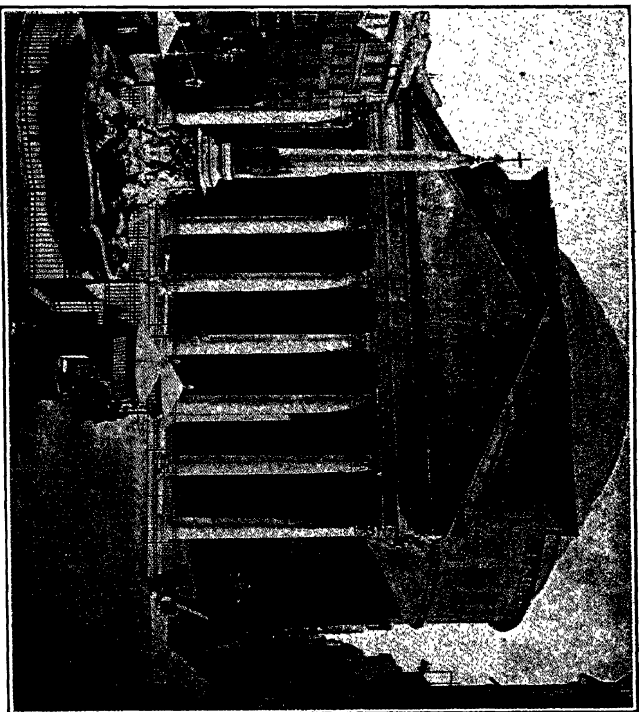
The Picture Gallery is not very large, neither is it negligible, as it contains masterpieces by Guido Reni, Titian, Velasquez, Tintoretto, Caracci, Guercino and Veronese.

As you leave the court raise your hat to the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, a great man and the most virtuous of the pagan Emperors.

Behind the Capitoline Museum is the monument to Victor Emmanuel II, an immense and showy work, which seems too large for the man and perhaps too large for modern Rome. It is said to have cost a frightful sum of money. The profuseness of the gilding strikes one as in bad taste. Parts of the work are creditably executed, beyond doubt, but the monument as a whole lacks distinction and genius. However, time is a highly important factor in toning down and giving value to such a work as this.

To-day the French are better artists than the Italians—indeed they have been so for a long time; and in other respects the French people may claim to have possessed themselves of the better part of the Latin tradition. The sceptre has passed from Rome to Paris, or rather, as Dr. Ferrero justly expresses it, Paris is the modern Rome.

THE pleasure grounds of the Pincio where in Caesar's time stood the palace of Lucullus, and the Villa Borghese (now known as Villa Umberto) be-



Pantheon, pride of Rome.

tween the Corso and the Tiber, recalling the former splendors of the Princes of the Church, cannot be ignored in the most summary account of Rome. Very beautiful are the gardens, park, lake, open-air amphitheatre, promenades, etc., but unluckily the season did not permit me to see the place at its best, and I devoted most of my attention to the famous Picture Gallery.* As we should meet all our old friends here, I need not offer any detail, beyond noting a few exceptional works. This gallery impressed me as the richest and most important in Rome, outside of the Vatican galleries (I missed one or two large exhibitions, however) and as one of the best conducted that I saw in Europe. Its Catalogue, in French,* is a great improvement over this type of literature as you find it in Rome; being excellently written and giving all the requisite information. It would seem that the French language does not readily lend itself to obscurity and incompetence.

The *pièce de résistance* of the Borghese collection is by general consent Canova's statue of Pauline Borghese as *Venus Victorious* reclining half-nude on a couch. Pauline was a sister of the great Napoleon, who said that her goodness surpassed even her beauty. That she was extremely beauti-

* Many of the treasures it formerly possessed were looted by Napoleon and may be found in the Louvre, as their origin is usually stated in the label.

* Certain Guide-Books of Rome purporting to be written in English but of Italian authorship, are pretty bad, being ill-written, ungrammatical and sometimes pedantic to an absurd degree. One never sees anything so incompetent in Paris. It is curious that the best book of this kind that I saw in Rome should be in French; while the best manual that I could pick up on Venice, though written in English, was by a German author.

ful, this admirable work does not permit one to doubt. In past times Pauline was greatly slandered by the enemies of Napoleon and English pens were, as might be expected, the most active in this unsavory work. The truth seems to be that she was quite as virtuous as most ladies of her time and station.

Of the antique statues, the *Hermaphrodite Sleeping* is beyond doubt the most valuable, and next to this, if not of a parity, the *Dancing Faun*. Both have the indefinable something which modern artistic genius has been unable to retrieve from the pagan past.

Jean Laurent Bernini, a Seventeenth century sculptor, painter and architect, whose fame has considerably declined since his own time (whether deservedly or not I must leave to the cognoscenti to say) has four important works: *Aeneas and Anchises*, *Apollo and Daphne*, *David*, and the *Rape of Proserpine*: the first he executed at the age of fifteen and the David at eighteen. There is hardly another example of such precocious ability among the sculptors. Perhaps Bernini ripened too early, for though he is said to have made over two hundred statues, none of them surpassed the works of his youth above named. It was this artist who executed the famous Baldaquin for the Papal Altar in St. Peter's.

One of the richest treasures of this gallery is a very full collection of busts and statues of the Roman Emperors, also ancient Roman worthies. Personally, I saw nothing in my round of the foreign art galleries that interested me more than the por-

were the work of any other artist it might receive more favorable consideration, but as the creation of Michael Angelo, it disappoints us, and in the respect in which he usually triumphed over most artists—*it lacks character!* The figure is noble and the face handsome, but the expression is as of one fearful of his destiny. How often is genius unequal to itself! But though this is my honest feeling, I am humbly conscious that it may well be unjustified and the effect merely of a personal sentiment. Vasari the painter, a contemporary of Michael Angelo, includes it among the works of the great artist “finished in such perfection that not a single grain could be taken from them without injury”.

It remains also to be said that the light in the church is very poor and consequently the work suffers from not being shown to advantage. Nor am I singular in the opinion here expressed. Mr. Ellaby in his “Rome” observes, that “the statue has been spoilt by the addition of some bronze drapery, and the face perhaps is rather weak and effeminate in appearance; but as to this the visitor must judge for himself. It is curious that so many pictures of our Lord have the same type of face.”

Finally, I must confess that I catch myself more frequently thinking of that pensive, irresolute Christ than of the commanding Moses. Did the great artist foresee that one would, and so emphasized the *human* in Christ? Who shall answer for the calculations of genius? . . .

When you are in Rome, kind reader, and plan to visit the Capitoline Museum, approaching it by the street in front you will notice on the left a modest

albergo where the Frascati and Orvieto are of the best; and I trust you will take a cheerful cup there in memory of the present chronicler. Art is a great and wonderful thing, but it does not suffice alone to this complicated exigency we call life. For the heart hath its bitterness even amid the glories of art; we shall do well to remember the wisdom of Horace,—

Since man his cares may not resign
Save only with the aid benign
Of God's best gift to mortals—*Wine!*

The statue of Garibaldi on the Janiculum (by Emilio Gallori) is a competent work which at least does not err in point of extravagance or pretentiousness. Garibaldi was not a specially heroic figure, though no doubt a useful person, and his work seems to endure pretty well. I was advised to notice how he—the statue—seems to keep an eye on the Vatican, from his lofty station on the Janiculum. But I would not bet any money that the Vatican may not have the last look! Waiting is the easiest game in the world to those people.

I did not much admire the column set up in the Piazza di Spagna and crowned by a statue of the Blessed Virgin, the object of which was to signalize the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception (1856). Perhaps the column would be more tolerable without the statue, which seems better suited to the interior of a church. But in such matters there is a hopeless diversity of taste between the Italians and us. Some countenance is given to this monument by the College of the Propaganda Fide, founded by Gregory XIII, which stands in this busy square. Missionaries for

all parts of the world are trained in this institution, and the students seen to be of most races. One may occasionally see here the scarlet liveries of a Cardinal or catch a glimpse of his bright robes fluttering into or emerging from the College. Roman beggars, the most impudent in the world, ply their vocation boldly in this neighborhood (one fellow used to thrust his naked, mutilated stump of an arm into my face whenever I encountered him and no matter how often I had repulsed or gratified him). Another still more ancient vocation is openly practised here, without apparently concerning the police.

If the reader please, the Piazza di Spagna, together with being one of the focal points of Roman life, has some interesting literary associations. Byron, Keats and Shelley lived here at different times a century ago. The locality was a favored one with the writer of these pages, who chanced to sojourn close by in the Piazza Barberini.

CHAPTER XXXIII

IN THE HOUSE OF THE POPES

The Vatican Library that is like no other—Some Literary Treasures—Henry the Eighth's Love Letters—Valuable Gifts from all the world—The Borgia Apartments—Strange and Terrible legends Recalled—Cesare and Lucrezia—Incident from a Vatican official's Diary—Ave et Vale!

THE Vatican Library is not the least attractive of the wonders exhibited in the house of the Popes. It was founded by Nicholas V in the Fifteenth century, and has been greatly enriched by succeeding Pontiffs. Within its archives and secret documents enough matter might be found on which to base a new version of much accepted history.

We are informed that the Vatican Library contains 300,000 works in Latin, not one per cent. of which probably a half-dozen persons in the world have read; 20,000 Greek (same ratio) and as many more in Oriental languages. With all this learned literature at his command the Pope very likely prefers to read the evening papers or to connect with the Radio.

I wonder what indexing system is in use (there was nobody to tell me) or how one would get a book, if he wanted it. No books or shelves are visible—one doesn't murmur at that, for the two great

galleries or corridors are splendidly frescoed with scenes in the history of the Church or the lives of the Popes that claim the eye at every step. Even more, profusely scattered about are all manner of precious objects, marble vases, porphyry columns, ceramic tables, antique and modern jewelry, many of these things having been presented to the Popes. Extraordinary was the range of donors from Asiatic princes or Turkish sultans to the late Theodore Roosevelt (whose gift was a book of some sort—probably one of his own amusing works). I noticed a statuette of Joan of Arc—pardon—Jeanne d'Arc—and was thereby reminded that, although she has been some little time canonized, there are no statues to her honor in the Roman churches. However, this does not necessarily argue any prejudice against Jeanne, though she did bother the Church a long time before she was called in and matters adjusted. A good priest explained to me that Rome is not specially interested in “national saints”, having quite enough of her own to take care of. That is obvious indeed to the transient sojourner.

The books are stored away in wooden cases ranged round the walls, and somehow one gets the notion that they are never opened or read—which might not be such a bad thing for St. Peter's interests! At any rate, that elegant layout offers a Barmecide feast to the book-worm; the fittings are all that could be desired, but there is apparently nothing to eat!

However, not all the learned treasures are put away; in several glass cases are exhibited some rare curiosities, *e.g.*, the Codex Vaticanus, Fourth

century, from which our English Bible was translated; a Virgil and Terence of the Fourth century, the latter being the most ancient extant; the famous *palimpsest* De Respublica of Cicero; a Pliny with miniature paintings of animals; the Four Gospels, a rare edition of the Twelfth century, and a Hebrew Bible with miniatures by Pinturicchio; Dante transcribed by Boccaccio, etc. Of a lower order of interest are some letters of Henry VIII of England to the unfortunate Anne Boleyn (whose Breviary also is shown). They are in French and it is little that one can decipher of them through the glass case—but who does not turn away in disgust from any relic of that monstrous butcher of women whom Dickens happily characterizes as a “blot of blood and grease upon the history of England!”

ON my last visit to the Vatican, the same day on which I left in the afternoon for Florence, I went to see the Borgian Apartments which had a great interest for me as having given some attention to the history of this Pope Alexander VI, and his family, loaded with odium as it is and the accusation of unspeakable crimes. His son Cesare, his daughter Lucrezia have become in the popular mind, Catholic as well as Protestant, types of a peculiar infamy no longer existing in the world; and their acts would seem to be more in keeping with the era of Nero or of Domitian than with the period in which they lived, rough as it was.

How much of this ill-fame was deserved by the Borgias, father and children, is a difficult question

which may not detain us, but it is certain at least that of recent years something has been done by independent writers to show that they were not so black as they have been painted. This by no means sponges the slate for them; but it is a great point in their favor that their alleged crimes were for the most part committed from motives of political ambition and not, as was long contended, from sheer love of crime itself. The Protestant Bishop A. H. Mathew, in a recent work on Alexander VI, says:

“Of his ability, of his genius even, there can be no two opinions; indeed if vigor of body and mind were all that was required of a pope, Alexander VI would have been among the greatest. He had a remarkable capacity for hard mental work, and his buoyant jovial nature enabled him to bear his burden of vice and crime with a lightness impossible to a man of less sanguine disposition.”

The Borgias were of Spanish extraction. Their rise to power in the Church may be regarded as an inevitable incident at a time when men of daring character and vigorous ambition were strongly solicited by the prizes which it offered. Under other conditions Alexander VI and certainly Julius II would have filled the rôle of Caesar: the former's ill-luck with posterity consists in their refusing to see in him aught but a churchman, or in their failing to make allowance for the complex personalities of the Renaissance.

The Pope is said to have fallen into his gravest errors through partiality for his gifted but criminally ambitious son Cesare. Lucrezia is alleged to have had no will of her own, and to have yielded

implicitly to her father and brother. Whoever was mainly guilty, the crimes in Rome at that time, the poisonings, assassinations, etc., would have startled the City in Caligula's day. Cesare finally died the death of a soldier:—it is maintained in his defense that he never sanctioned an useless crime; which in truth leaves something to be desired.

Titian's famous portrait of Lucrezia, a copy of which I saw in the Borghese Gallery, leaves an enduring memory of this strange daughter of the Renaissance. It is allowed to her credit that she was exceedingly liberal in her patronage of artists. Less known, but equally a masterpiece, is Bronzino's painting of Cesare, which does full justice to that incarnation of energy, will and passion. In his prime of youth he had been strikingly handsome, but in later life his countenance was somewhat marred by the effects of a nameless disease.

Cesare, who had been a Cardinal at fifteen, died in his fiftieth year, all his bold schemes having crumbled into dust. Legend has it that the Cardinal Corneto poisoned the Pope and his son at a banquet in 1503—a method of removal to which they were themselves much addicted, by common report. Alexander succumbed, but Cesare by force of will and heroic remedies conquered the poison and lived four years longer.* From all that has been set down it seems clear that the Borgian episode in Papal history is on most counts regrettable, and some wonder was expressed when the great and good Pope Leo XIII partially restored the old apartments of Alexander VI** in the Vatican and opened them to the public. In all essential res-

pects the six rooms are in the state they were when the Pope died therein, August 18, 1503. Certainly 'tis pity, if this Pope was a great sinner, that his memory should draw the general public better than that of many saints; but such is the fact, and the Vatican receipts are not diminished thereby.

I found nothing at the Vatican more interesting. The sombre coloring of the walls and furniture, the many weapons, suits of armor, etc., effectively called up the mediaeval atmosphere of Pope Alexander's time. It was a stern time, a time of blows, and here was a Pope who could give them as well as the next—indeed a trifle better. Many of the frescoes are by Pinturicchio; Christian as well as Egyptian myths are painted on the walls and ceilings of the several rooms, also legends of the saints, prophets and apostles. The Hall of the Seven Sciences is dedicated to these, as making the sum of human knowledge: Grammar, Dialectics, Rhetoric, Geometry, Arithmetic, Music and Astronomy. As estimated to-day, there was very little science in those Seven Sciences. Amid the fanciful decorations one frequently noticed the Bull of the Borgian coat-of-arms.

Perhaps it was the recurrence of this symbolic animal that recalled to me the following entry from the Latin Diary of the Rev. Johannes Burchardus,

* Machiavelli had Cesare Borgia in his eye when he wrote "The Prince," a political treatise which betrays a total want of conscience; hence the adjective Machiavellian.

Victor Hugo has made Lucrezia the subject of a drama, and Donizetti has used her legend in an opera.

** The body of Alexander VI at one time reposed in St. Peter's, but it was secretly removed, when or by whom is unknown, and of its ultimate disposition nothing has transpired. The grave of Cesare is also unknown.

Pontifical Master of Ceremonies at the Court of Alexander VI—a book of which the authenticity and fidelity are beyond question:

“On Monday, the 11th of November, 1501, there entered the city through the Porta Viridarii, a peasant leading two mares laden with wood. When these arrived in the Place of St. Peter, the Pope’s men ran towards them and cut the saddle-bands and ropes, and throwing down the wood they led the mares to the small place that is inside the palace, just behind the portal. Then four stallions, freed from reins and bridles, were sent from the palace, and they ran after the mares, and with a great struggle and noise fighting with tooth and hoof, jumped upon the mares and covered them, tearing and hurting them severely. The Pope stood together with Donna Lucrezia at the window of the chamber above the portal of the palace, and both looked down at what was going on there with loud laughter and much pleasure.”

A singular and, we may not doubt, veracious incident throwing light on the manners of the time (one might quote worse things from worthy Burckhardus, but to what good end?) I tried hard to identify the particular window at which father and daughter stood, but could not assure myself of it, and contented myself with making sure of the room.

Is it not extraordinary that this bit of eaves-dropping by the stiff old Pontifical Master of Ceremonies should have come down to us with such color and vitality? Lucky for the reverend man that Cesare never got a peep at his Diary—had he done

so, like enough there would have been another "incident" to explain! . . .

I left the Vatican unwillingly enough, saluting the picturesque Swiss guards on my way out—their job was never more of a sinecure than it is to-day, since the *fascies* are lodged at the Quirinal. The great sun of August poured down its fierce rays upon the yellowish buildings and the stone-paved court—the most shadeless imaginable. One felt infinitely small in leaving those immense halls, and brief-lived as an ephemera under the weight of their accumulated ages of history. In the square of St. Peter's I stopped to take a last long look; and reviewing the wondrous history of the Church which has survived so many kingdoms, wars and conquests, suffering the greatest vicissitudes herself, yet eventually recovering from them all; stronger than ever now, perhaps, though stripped of the visible symbols of power:—gathering all this in mind, I tried to imagine what and when the end would be. And then I laughed at the infantile folly of my thought—it was like trying to picture the consummation of the world! For it is of the Eternal City we speak, not subject to the

*innumerabilis annorum series
et fuga temporum.*

Before saying my *addio* on the fifth day of September, I sought relief for my feelings in the sub-joined farewell to Rome:—the verse is of the order called pedestrian (*Musa pedestris*), i.e., it owes nothing to Pegasus.

AVE ATQUE VALE!

. . . *illa incluta Roma*
Imperium terris, animos aequabit Olympo.

VIRGIL—ÆNEID VI.

GOODBYE, old Rome! I leave thee without tears,
Albeit the goal of many vanished years.
I leave thee safe upon thy Seven Hills,
Where Roman life its heady current spills,
Where Caesar brawled and Nero fired the town,
And the stout Popes pulled god and goddess down.

Farewell the broken arch, the ruined wall,
The Sbirri short, the Bersaglieri tall,
The little Monarch in the Quirinal!
Farewell the motley crowd of Roman cits,
The fleshly donnas and the tavern wits,
The swagger beaux, the soft-foot Jesuits.

So-long to Romulus and Remus too,
To Mamma Lupa eke I bid adieu,
To lovely Venus in the Capitol,
And every girl that looks like her at all!
Farewell, you heroes of the promenade,
May duty call you to no sterner trade!

Adieu to Roman sun and Roman sweat
And Roman smells that I shall ne'er forget,
Which poison us amid the classic scene
That Caesars dead a late revenge may glean!
Farewell the strong right hand that asketh alms,
Farewell the pride that sometimes raiseth qualms.

* Roman plumbing is quite antiquated, for the most part, and the sewers are not equipped with traps as in the United States. In my hotel the odor of sewer gas was almost suffocating at times; to this cause, in no small degree, I impute the illness and depression from which I suffered while in Rome.

Goodbye, old Rome!—a sober word I'd say
Ere from thy storied hills I turn away:
Thou art unique—so much all men confess—
In deeds of virtue as in wickedness
(Antique, of course!—no modern case I press).
By every glory thou art sanctified,
By much of ill that glory is denied;
Heaped full and high each measure—happy he
Who sees the balance still incline to thee!

Well mayst thou smile while petty states decay,
Who hast the secret evermore to stay!
What if the rogues have filched a crown from thee,
They cannot touch thy grander empery.
Thou hast the Crozier still—thou hast the Keys,
And half the world salutes thee on its knees.
Ave et vale!—the long centuried line
Behind thee points the future too as thine—
Eternal—all too human—yet divine!



Julius Caesar—still the most popular Roman

CHAPTER XXXIV

FLORENCE

A Charming City and its Pleasant People—Pretty Women with Unbobbed hair—Mediaeval History—Long Domination of the Medici—A Note on Savonarola—Memorials of the great Dominican—the Duomo and other Churches—Uffizi and Pitti Galleries—Michael Angelo Museum—Fiesole.

WEARY and sick at heart I came
And saw thee in the glorious frame
That Nature reared unto thy fame,
Fiesole! Fiesole!

A voice within my bosom spoke,
My soul from out its durance broke,
And all that's high in me awoke,
Fiesole! Fiesole!

Now I have climbed St. Francis' height,
Whence all the vale in golden light
Spreads out enchanting to my sight,
Fiesole! Fiesole!

Spreads far and wide the landscape fair,
The peace of Christ is in the air!—
What soul could see thee and despair,
Fiesole! Fiesole!

Fain would I to this hilltop cleave,
Of God the favor to retrieve,
And like a child, love and believe,
Fiesole! Fiesole!

The knowledge that has brought me woe,
The guilt that makes my tears to flow,
These would I cast far, far below,
Fiesole! Fiesole!

Too long have I with purblind sight
The works of men sought with delight,
While thou to Heaven didst invite,
Fiesole! Fiesole!

Ah teach me evermore to keep
The vision from this mountain steep—
Let me not lose it, wake and weep,
Fiesole! Fiesole!

Be thou my kismet pure and free,
To watch between my soul and me,
And hold us ever true to thee,
Fiesole! Fiesole!

I LOVED Florence at first sight, which is true of all my grand passions; and though my stay was only too brief—five or six days—I completely recovered there my health and spirits.

It is a peculiar charm of the greater Italian cities that they are so different one from another, recalling those distant times when they were separate and frequently hostile commonwealths. The difference is not merely superficial; it is deeply marked in the character and manners of the people. The run from Rome to Florence is about six hours

(my train was not especially fast), and yet the change in almost every respect was as great as if I had crossed the frontier of an alien country. The exception was, of course, with regard to the common language. Otherwise Florence in no way reminded me of Rome and the Romans; which was no matter of grief to me.

Not to speak invidiously, the Italian seems to improve palpably as you go north from Naples and Rome, in point of amiability, *savoir faire*, and most of all, in respect of cleanliness. The Florentines are a more agreeable folk than the Romans, easier to deal with, more desirous to please, less grasping for the *lira*. Now that I bethink me, I did not make a single Italian friend during my stay in Rome, while in less than half the time at Florence I met at least three persons whom I was sorry to leave. However, I would not insist too much on this point of difference, as it may have been due to my special environment, or to what is known as "traveler's luck".

One thing at least is beyond doubt—Florence is cleaner than Rome, especially in regard to those sanitary matters which with us Americans are of the first concern. I saw none of those disgraceful abuses in Florence, the defilement of public bridges, etc., which had excited my wrath and disgust in Rome.

Also I found the food better and more "relishing" in Florence, though perhaps not quite up to the Venetian standard, as I was to experience later on. However, there was a certain café near my hotel in the via Calzaiuoli (Hotel Patria)—I

think the second turn to the left on emerging from the hotel—which had been recommended to me by an artist in Paris, where the food and drink were the best I had tasted since leaving France. Unluckily I have forgotten the name of the place, which was much affected by artistic folk and tourists, and whose atmosphere was really genial and hospitable. Here the meals were excellent and the tariff reasonable (the reader will guess that we were not on the trail of Brillat-Savarin), and I at once recovered the for-some-time-mourned-as-lost art of relishing my food. To be quite fair to Rome, I missed the Frascati wine, which I maintain is the best product of the Eternal City; the more heady Chianti and Marsala were favored in Florence.

Another curious point of difference between these famous towns: Rome is pagan or classical, Florence is mediæval. In Rome the middle ages are rather ignored (except by those specially interested in the Church) and the cult is that of the ancient classic period—the Republic and the Rome of the Caesars up to Constantine. This is probably due in great part to the sentiment of tourists and temporary sojourners. In other words, Rome sells what she can to the best advantage; her pagan stock is gilt-edged and her mediæval offering considerably below par. Be it not overlooked that the Quirinal has given an impetus and an emphasis to the classical cult, which tends to depreciate that of the Church. It is a fact, ironical in certain implications, that the late Caius Julius Caesar is to-day a more *living* and interesting figure in Rome than any of the Popes—one recollects with some-

thing of a shock his precise date in history. No doubt some of the pagan-minded recall that he also was a Pontifex Maximus in his day.

On the other hand, the glory of Florence is purely mediæval or of the Renaissance, Fourteenth to Sixteenth century—she brings us nothing from the classical or pagan past. Her greatest poet Dante—perhaps the greatest of all poets—died in 1320. In that century the Medici rose to their unequalled power, which they maintained without serious or long interruption for more than two hundred years. They gave a steady succession of rulers to Florence and not a few Popes and Cardinals to the Church. Their history, stained with many crimes and never wholly free from oppression, is yet part of the glorious legend of Florence. In point of their services to Art and Literature, it remains one of the most splendid pages in the history of Italy.

Florence has still much the appearance of a mediæval city. Her huge palaces of rough stone are in strange contrast with the marble remains of ancient Rome and the more recent structures of the latter city. They are rather strong keeps, fortifications, than palaces; but such as they are, they give Florence a striking physiognomy of her own. The Pitti, the Uffizi, the Palazzo Vecchio, the Bargello are unlike anything in Rome—they are, so to speak, the title-deeds of Florence, the enduring warranty of her past greatness.

Florence is something less than one-third the size of Rome, having about 240,000 population. It is a beautiful city, with a beauty all its own, toned in quiet colors and harmonized by the long effects of

time. The river Arno divides the city into two unequal parts and is crossed by four quaint bridges; it adds much to the loveliness and picturesque charm of Florence. I am bound to say that I was not disappointed in this famous river, which troubled the dreams of Dante in exile. It is much broader and handsomer than the Tiber at Rome; historically, as we know, it has far fewer sins on its conscience.

I trust the reader is young enough to pardon the observation that the Florentine women are generally prettier than their Roman sisters; they incline less to fleshliness, and one often notes blue eyes and light hair amongst them—an agreeable change from the monotonous dark beauty of the south. They dress well, even stylishly, but without the exaggerations familiar to us in America. I take it that the Jews do not design the costumes of Florentine women; and glory be, I did not perceive a single case of bobbed hair in the City of Dante!

The great Cathedral of Florence or the Duomo, as it is universally called, was within a stone's throw of my hotel, in a square which serves as a terminus for the tramways; so that I was passing it constantly. I admired it greatly, without feeling that it was in any sense a rival to St. Peter's. Even the celebrated Dome impressed me less than Michael Angelo's creation, and for a singular reason. The common objection to St. Peter's dome is that it appears dwarfed by the body of the church, which does not afford it sufficient relief. Now to my thinking, the dome of the Florence Cathedral is too much in relief, or better still, it is too great

and preponderant a part of the church—not architecturally, perhaps, but in order to satisfy the æsthetic sense. Certainly it is no rival to St. Peter's dome in point of that beauty which exalts the human spirit.

However, the Campanile at the other end of the church, admirably balances the great dome and completes the harmonious *ensemble* of the structure which Florence deems second to none in the world.

The Campanile was erected toward the middle of the Fourteenth century from the designs of Giotto, one of Florence's truly great men. It is 255 feet in height and is faced with colored marbles. The numerous bas-reliefs are of high artistic value, being the work of Giotto himself, Donatello, Luca Della Robbia, Pisano, etc. In my humble view, Florence has nothing better than the Campanile.

The Baptistry, an octagonal structure standing beside the Cathedral, is said to date from the Seventh century and was restored in the Twelfth. It is famous from Michael Angelo's praise of one of its bronze doors (heretofore alluded to), that it was "fit to be the gate of Heaven". This door, looking towards the Duomo, is the work of Ghiberti who finished it in 1452. I looked at it often and always found a number of persons engaged in the same study. There are ten panels or compartments in the door with incidents from Scripture sculptured therein; the figures were necessarily so small that I was unable to study them with perfect satisfaction. Even so, I count it a precious privilege to have seen the work which Michael Angelo crowned with such praise.

Magnificent is the interior of the Duomo, adorned with many statues, bas-reliefs, etc., and a majestic monument to Pope Giovanni XXIII by Donatello. The mosaics in the dome by several famous artists are of great beauty.

English or American visitors are especially attracted to the famous church of Santa Croce from literary references (as Byron's in "Childe Harold"), and the fact that it is sometimes called the Pantheon of Italy, on account of the many great artists, men of letters and other notable persons buried or commemorated therein. This church was built in the Thirteenth and restored in the Sixteenth century. Among those honoured with tombs or monuments are Michael Angelo, Dante, Alfieri, Niccolini, Macchiavelli, Countess of Albany, Princess Charlotte Bonaparte, Cherubini, Donatello, etc. The church possesses many fine works of art which I am unable to mention. Entering or leaving the church you notice Pazzi's fine statue of Dante in the middle of the square.

The beautiful church of Santa Maria Novello (which Michael Angelo called the *Betrothed*) detains me for a word. It possesses one of the few authenticated paintings of Ciambue, and works of Giotto, Filippo Lippi, Ghirlandaio, Brunelleschi, Luca Della Robbia, Vasari, Bronzino, etc. I commend the reader's attention especially to the Spanish Chapel, which is famous for its frescoes depicting the history of the Church. One might well suppose from the fulness of these that the Christian Dispensation was fulfilled and the heavens rolled

up as a scroll. But it seems that we may have a long way to go yet!

The fame of the Medici family demands a brief mention of their famous Chapel in the piazza degli Aldobrandini (there is another less celebrated in the Riccardi Palace). This building is in obvious imitation of the Pantheon at Rome; it was begun in 1604 and remains unfinished. Originally it was intended to receive the Blessed Sepulchre when recovered from the infidel, but later Cosimo II decided to make it the mausoleum of his family. It looks more like an apotheosis, and it makes one reflect on that species of megalomania which appears so often in Italian history. It cost an immense sum of money, being all in splendid marble to the roof, thus suggesting the appearance of the Pantheon in its pristine glory; it is, however, much inferior to that grand structure, the gem of ancient Rome. There are statues of Ferdinand I and Cosimo II. The frescoes in the cupola were painted as late as 1837 by Benvenuti (whose tomb by Thorwaldsen may be seen in the Basilica of San Lorenzo).

The adjoining New Sacristy is of even greater fame, having been executed by Michael Angelo upon the order of Leo X (Medici) and finished under Clement VII, also of the family. For the tombs of Giuliano and Lorenzo de Medici he made the statues symbolizing *Day* and *Night*, also *Twilight* and *Dawn*, which good critics regard as the sublimest of his works. In certain small details one or two of these grand statues remain unfinished—Michael Angelo was slow to admit that he had brought a work to perfection. There is also shown

here a striking but uncompleted group of his, representing the *Virgin with the Child Jesus*.

As I must here close the subject of the churches, I wish to mention the tomb of Giovanni and Piero, sons of Cosimo de Medici, in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo, which seemed to me the most beautiful that I saw in Italy (excluding the grander tombs in St. Peter's). The sacophagus was of rare porphyry, that marble of kings, supported by four bronze feet exquisitely sculptured; the whole a masterpiece of Verrocchio. Living or dead, it was of great advantage to belong to the Medici family. One can imagine their shocked incredulity amid the celestial company with whom they are sometimes depicted, on hearing of certain later arrangements and dispositions in Florence!

THIS naturally leads us to Savonarola, whose memory Florence holds in great honor, though he receives no more attention in Rome than one Giordano Bruno. He seems to have been the type of reformer that Rome, never lacking common sense, has always especially detested—the fellow who wants to clean house and throws the baby out with the bath!

This unfortunate priest has been greatly heroized by writers like George Eliot and J. A. Symonds, chiefly perhaps, because he affords a stick with which to beat the Devil, *i.e.*, the Catholic Church. Symonds, in particular, has done the story *ad nauseam*, draping it with all the graces of his factitious style, rich in epithet but weak in historical sense. I don't think he has made much of a case, pathetic and lamentable a figure as Savona-

rola is on several counts. Let us look very briefly at his legend—since there is no getting away from Florence without giving it some attention.

One undisputed fact reveals Savonarola as an “impossible”: he aimed at *two* revolutions, a political one in Florence, the unseating of the Medici, and a religious one in Italy, the shaking down of the Pope. Observe: either of these undertakings called for courage and genius of the highest order, backed by opportunity, fortunate chance, and the strongest popular support. But Savonarola wished to put them both over, in a double play, and risked his head to do it. I say there can not be any doubt that, whatever his gift of eloquence, his piety or patriotism, his head was a weak one in that age of powerful and subtle brains.

For consider, the Pope was Alexander VI, our Borgian friend (whom we have glanced at in a previous chapter) able, unscrupulous, a man of will and action, and whatever may be urged against his private character, resolute in maintaining the authority of the Church. What chance had the poor Dominican against this terrible Pontiff? Assuredly not the ghost of one!

But the Pope was in Rome—a long way from Florence in the Fifteenth century, and the Medici ruler was right here on the spot, with all the weapons of power and prescriptive right—the right of long successful tyranny, if you will. Pietro de’Medici was one of the weakest of his race, and the Monk might have made him some serious trouble had he limited his effort to this one object; with

the two schemes in hand, he was easily and quickly destroyed.

I believe the poor fellow's brain was upset from brooding over the undoubted corruptions in Church and State and seeking a remedy in the Hebrew prophets, with whom he came soon to identify himself. We read how his fervid denunciation of sin and sinners nerved the people to make a great fire in the street and burn all their little harmless trinkets, etc., as an atonement for their faults. Even in the Fifteenth century that sort of religion would not be much appreciated in Florence, nor the rumors of it in Rome, where everybody was getting as much out of life as the cloth would warrant, and perhaps something more. I don't think the people were really heart and soul with the Dominican, else they would have risen to save him. But my goodness! all this was such a long time ago, and I can spare only one chapter to Florence.

At the Museum of San Marco (the ancient Dominican monastery) one is shown the cell of Savonarola and sundry memorials of him, pages of his written sermons, his crucifix, etc. Also there is a portrait of him by Fra Bartolommeo* which seems to bear out the idea of his character that I have sketched above—I mean the visionary excess, that mark of the hallucinated, and the inefficient practicality or brain-work. The features are strikingly like those of an American Indian, coarse and

*There are many fine paintings in this Museum, by Fra Angelico, Fra Bartolommeo, Tiarini, Poccetti, G. B. Vanni, and others. The most valuable are those of the first named artist, who frequently approached Raphael in the spiritual beauty of his conceptions.

prominent; the deep eye and the large, flexible mouth indicate the orator.

In the square of the Palazzo Vecchio there is a slab let into the pavement on the spot where the Friar and his companions were first hanged and then burned, March 23, 1498—not the least illustrious victim to that Cause of Righteousness so dimly understood, so variously judged and misjudged in all ages.

The best thing I know in the legend of Savonarola is that he was admired by the great and wise Michael Angelo who (according to Vasari) “delighted in the reading of Scripture, like a good Christian as he was, and greatly honored the writings of Fra Girolamo Savonarola, whom he had heard in the pulpit.”

I made a last visit to the Duomo in honor of the fiery zealot whose voice had so often filled its vast spaces, and I recalled the many legends of his power as a preacher, terrifying the multitude as with the visible wrath of God. Came back to me the words of Pica della Mirandola, that the “mere sound of Savonarola’s voice, startling the silence of the Duomo thronged through all its space with people, was like a clap of doom: a cold shiver ran through the marrow of his bones, the hairs of his head stood on end as he listened.”

Florence does well to perpetuate his name and memory.

THE Old Masters are here again before us in Florence and as formidable as ever, but it will have to be short shrift with them now in this penulti-

mate chapter. Of the two great galleries, the Uffizi and the Pitti, perhaps equal in their artistic treasures, I rather preferred the former because the disposition and hanging of the pictures are such that one can examine them with ease and comfort. So unusual is this condition in foreign galleries that one would add to the Beatitudes in order to complement the Uffizi!

This whole gallery is equally rich in marbles and paintings of all periods and all schools. Perhaps the gem of the sculptures is the famous *Venus de Medici*, with its expression of startled modesty, so rare in Greek art. It was found in Adrian's Villa at Tivoli, 1680. Next in importance is the *Dancing Faun*, a masterpiece ascribed to Praxiteles and partly restored by Michael Angelo.

There is a perfect feast of Raphael in both the Uffizi and Pitti galleries; in the former is his greatest portrait, that of *Pope Julius II*, which is unique even among masterpieces. How idly we talk of life if this portrait does not *live*! A great man reproduced to the very soul of him; the massive head, the strong features, the luminous eyes, the ample beard, and about all, the intangible aura of personality and power. Miraculous, too, in the smallest detail; there are three rings on each hand, the stone and lustre of each ring being different from the rest, and their "gem-like flame" is exactly reproduced.

Raphael's portrait of himself is also in the Uffizi; the face is feminine in its delicacy of feature, and the picture is without the least suggestion of pose. It scarcely affords a hint of the unequalled

genius which he possessed or rather which possessed him.

My favorite Madonna of Raphael's (since the greatest of all is at Dresden) is the *Madonna della Seggiola*, in the Pitti. Words are vain in presence of this divine creation. The eyes with their ineffable purity of gaze seem to be aware of you, without directly looking at you; alas, they force you to *look into your own breast*, and few of us can bear the inspection. This gallery also possesses his *Vision of Hezekiel* and *Portrait of Leo X*, together with several priceless Madonnas.

There are many pictures by other great artists in both galleries, scarcely less deserving of notice, but I dare not particularize further, and must therefore incur the suspicion of having a pronounced case of *Raphaelitis*.

At the Accademia or Gallery of Ancient and Modern Art (Via Ricasoli) you see Michael Angelo's great statue of *David*, which stood at the entrance of the Palazzo Vecchio from 1504 to 1873, when it was put under cover for its better preservation. I felt upon seeing it that it fully repaid my journey to Florence. There is a fine bronze reproduction of this work in the Piazzale Michael Angelo, and around its base are copies of his *Day, Night, Twilight and Dawn* (heretofore noted). This Piazzale, by the way, is an elevated square or esplanade, and one of the most delightful public resorts in Florence.

In this gallery, which is surprisingly rich in great paintings of the several Italian schools, one dare not overlook Sandro Botticelli's *Allegory of Spring*,

one of the most *haunting* pictures that I have seen anywhere. In this idyllic composition the Florentine painter has revealed himself as a brother to Theocritus. No other attempt that I know of, to recapture the pure pagan intoxication of life and love and youth, has been so successful. Botticelli has many other fine works to his credit, but perhaps this alone stamps him as divine.

I commend the reader to visit the highly interesting Michael Angelo Museum or Gallery, which contains some notable pieces of art as well as numerous mementoes of the great sculptor, original sketches, manuscripts, etc. One derives here the just impression that Michael Angelo, like Leonardo da Vinci, came very near to being a universal genius. Painter, architect, sculptor, and supreme in all three provinces, he was also a poet of genuine inspiration. If Italy seems poor in great men during the last century, it is perhaps because she exhausted herself in the age of Michael Angelo and needs more time for recuperation.

We cross the Piazza della Signoria, a square famous for its historical associations, and study the sculptures in the arcade of the loggia de Lanzi, of which the most celebrated is the *Perseus* of Benvenuto Cellini. Every one has seen a picture or copy of this masterpiece, the work of one of the bad men but good artists of the Renaissance. The hero is represented holding up the head of the Gorgon which he has just severed with his sword. Anything more truly classical in spirit and execution were difficult to conceive. It is perhaps the greatest of a class of works that might be called



Michael Angelo, greatest of artists

“little masterpieces”—Cellini, with all his technical skill and diabolic cleverness, was not of heroic size, whether as man or artist. The *Perseus* bears plainly the marks of time and none too gentle usage: one wonders why it is exposed in the open arcade where it suffers from the weather, and where any passing “crank” might hurl it from its pedestal (exquisitely sculptured and also the work of Cellini).

The Palazzo Vecchio, associated with the glories of the Medici, is of unique interest historically, while it possesses much to attract the student and lover of art; it dates from the beginning of the Fourteenth century. Several of the halls are of great size and superbly decorated, and there are some notable paintings and sculptures. One is glad to see here a statue of Savonarola by Pazzi (1861) and the chapel where he received the communion before he was led to execution. Leaving the palace, one notices the *Marzocco* or *Lion of Florence*, a bronze bust of Donatello’s work, and an equestrian statue of Cosimo I (1594).

The Bargello or Palace of Justice was built in the middle of the Thirteenth century. During a great part of its history it was used as a prison, and many executions were held within the place. It contains a very interesting National Museum which has an extraordinary art exhibit, including many sculptures by Michael Angelo and Donatello, frescoes of Giotto, memorials of Dante, many valuable bronzes, armor, ivory and majolica collections, etc.

And this, please God, shall be our last word on art, for the present chapter.

THE hardy reader who has held out so far on our pilgrimage, may believe that I was by this time full fed on art and history, with their crowding associations, and was glad to seek relief in one of the finest spectacles of nature. Fiesole, or rather the incomparable prospect which its hills afford, is the real masterpiece of Florence—a picture that ever returns to memory when the recollections of its galleries are become dim and confused. My fast diminishing space warns me that I must leave the artless verses which stand at the head of this chapter as my best expression of what Fiesole meant to me, inadequate as it is.

Very pleasant is the little excursion you make by tramway from the Duomo in the heart of Florence to the hills of Fiesole. The cars are clean and the people you meet apparently happy and well cared for; the sullen faces, the brooding eyes, the haggard discontent, so common in other parts of Italy, are very rarely seen in Florence. For this reason alone it would be eminently justified in calling itself the Holiday City of Italy. I have met few tourists who were not of this opinion. Of course there is Venice—but I reserve her as dessert to our feast.

The Fiesole tram carries you up pretty high, but in the end you must walk to attain the summit on which is perched the little church of San Francesco, which is not without its modest quota of art—what place of any note is, in the neighborhood of Florence? This point is over a thousand feet above sea level—no great altitude, but the beauty of the panorama which it affords is not to be conveyed by any

words of mine. The day of my ascent was a perfect one in early September. I strolled about during two hours, resting at times on the brow of the hill; and the content of spirit which gradually possessed me was the fullest I had known in Italy. Fiesole is a dream, some one has said; I pray God that it may be with me an abiding one.

The "sights" at Fiesole are the Cathedral, dating from the Eleventh century but fully restored in 1883; the Oratory of Santa Maria Primerana (Tenth century) with a *Crucifixion* by Della Robbia; and still more interesting, an old Roman Amphitheatre or the remains thereof. This is said to be more ancient than the Colosseum at Rome, and the rows of stone seats are in a good state of preservation. There are some other relics of importance, but these suffice to complete the outline of the structure. Excavations are still in progress. It is a pity that there seems to be no authentic record of this theatre, its date, etc., but perhaps the genius of some future archæologist will supply it.

On the sixth day I said *addio* to Florence with hearty regret, and my good friend at the Hotel Patria endorsed my bill with a cryptic sign of recommendation to a brother Boniface in Venice. But was I really going to set my foot in that City of Wonder?—though our train started away from Florence (about 2:30 p.m.) and I kept looking at my ticket on which *Venezia* was printed boldly, I could not quite make myself believe it.

CHAPTER XXXV

VENICE

Finding a Hotel in the dark—Dodging the Old Masters—Pleasant Memories of St. Mark's Square—St. Mark's Unique and Splendid Cathedral—The Question of Relics—The Ducal Palace and the Campanile—The Rialto Bridge—Byron's legend in Venice—In Quest of his House.

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs—"

And so did I, but I was shut in there,
And saw no structures from the wave arise,
Because the walls were neither glass nor air!
Ah, Byron, could you not have played us fair?
Poetic license? . . . Well, let's leave it so;
For Harold holds us in his ancient snare,
And o'er thy page the dreamer yet may glow,
And on thy fancy feed and thy deep passion know.

And thou art dear to Venice—thy proud verse
Is cherished by the lovers of her fame,
Who keep thy laurels green and aye rehearse
Thy titles great, mayhap to England's shame;
For she still measures thee the dues of blame,
And still excludes thee from her Pantheon;
While Pharisees deride thy splendid name,
Reviving tales long dead or newly spun,
And seek to blot thy line and leave thee all undone!

A hundred years have passed since thou wert here,
And mocked staid England with thy daring scorn,
And lived thy life sans piety or fear,
With reckless waste that mingled night and morn :
Yet looking back, 'tis with a sense forlorn
We mark the fulness of that mighty power,
Hurling its levin at the proud and strong,
Unmatched and peerless to the present hour,
And ever more to be, amid the chiefs of song!

MY arrival in Venice was attended by circumstances not in the least romantic but very disagreeable and inconvenient to a stranger. It was nearly midnight when I left the station in quest of the hotel to which I had been recommended, and which I understood to be quite close at hand. Venice is poorly lighted at that hour, and I almost immediately went astray—I have already confessed a born difficulty of orientation. Presently I found myself crossing a little bridge, with water on both sides of me, and I began to recall the many tales of Venetian bravos I had read. Certainly there never was such a handy place for a stick-up. There were very few people abroad; I ventured to accost one or two, but they hurried on, whether from inability to understand me or from mere Italian indifference or from regard to their own safety, I can not pretend to say, I saw nothing that looked like a hotel and began to fear that I should have to pass my first night in the streets.

At length I spoke to a gentleman who understood a little French, and his civility quite made up for the rebuffs I had met with. He took me to the hotel, which was at no great distance; but here an-

other difficulty offered itself—the house was shuttered up and quite dark. My unknown friend, however, was a person of resources; he belabored the door until a man came and very grudgingly opened it partly on a chain, at the same time informing us that it was closed for the night and there was not a single bed to be had. But my friend having entered the breach so far, was not to be repulsed. He demanded the Porter (who has important functions in continental hotels), and on this functionary coming down I handed him my bill, endorsed by the Florentine Boniface. Instantly his face lighted up and he became all amiability. The house was actually full, but he would give me a cot in the reading room, and I should be properly assigned in the morning. It was now after one o'clock, and my relief was extreme. Such was my introduction to the Hotel Terminus where I was well taken care of and passed six very comfortable days; a good restaurant was a feature of this hotel which I appreciated highly, as it dispensed me from going abroad at night. I should want to know Venice familiarly before giving myself overmuch to noctambulation. See how those bravo stories stick!

I had determined not to “work” at sightseeing in Venice, but to relax and yield myself fully to the holiday spirit. I knew, of course, that this plan of mine would encounter and perhaps go smash on one great snag—I allude to the Old Masters. It seemed to me that I had rendered them full tribute and was entitled to be let off on the, so to speak, last lap of my tour. But I had said this before, and still succumbed at the first sight of a catalogue.

Now, however, I resolved to be firm. The Old Masters would be waiting to entrap me, I felt sure of that, but I would steer clear of them—at least not seek them with malice prepense. One must guard oneself sternly against the Old Master habit, which is the most insidious thing in the world. Knowing my weakness for talk and aesthetic disputation, I decided to curb myself inexorably and ignore every challenge. If anybody brought up an Old Master in casual chat or with any of the usual leads, I would acknowledge him in a sort of friend-of-the-family tone, but positively balk at discussion of his merits, etc. Finally I would see all the eligible sights in Venice, but I would not go Old-Master-hunting by myself, as I had done in other places. This plan worked very well, chiefly so I guess because Venice is herself so attractive and different from all other cities that the Old Masters don't get half a chance. Of course I saw a few of them here and there, in this church or the other, but my *dé-gagé* play was perfect, and they were unable to rush me or force me back into the old rut. And so I continued to have a very happy time in Venice—I was happier there indeed for a few days than I had ever been in all my life. If there had been a Fountain of Trevi there, I should have flung myself in, boots and all, to insure my return.

READER, do you wish to know where I was most happy in Venice, so that my thoughts more often return to the place than to any other in Europe? It was in the Square of San Marco, before the world-famous Cathedral, older than St. Peter's in

Rome and different from any other of the great foreign churches. It is a very large square or, more correctly, trapezium, enclosed on three sides by fine old buildings the ground floors of which are occupied by fashionable shops reminding you of those in the Rue de Rivoli, Paris. St. Mark's Cathedral closes one end of the square, with the new Campanile and the old Clock-Tower*.

From the most ancient times of the Republic, this was the favorite meeting place of the Venetians, and historically it is of the greatest interest. To-day it is the rendezvous of the social life of the City and the Mecca of all strangers and tourists. It would be hard to imagine a more cheerful and animated picture than the great square presents, with the crowds of well-dressed people seated in the open square or in front of the cafés, or promenading hither and yon, while a sprinkling of officers and soldiers and the gaily uniformed musicians add touches of color to the scene. But I must not omit the most important element of picturesqueness in the whole bright composition—the famous

*The old Campanile fell in 1902 at two o'clock in the morning, causing not the loss of a single life—miraculously, as the Venetians believe. It had stood for a thousand years. On exactly the same spot rises the new Campanile, a majestic and imposing structure about 330 feet in height. In shape it is somewhat pyramidal. The five bells in the tower have a total weight of ten tons. The cost of rebuilding the Campanile, completed in 1909, was about four million dollars. I made the ascent to the summit of the tower (by elevator) and was well repaid by the glorious view over the city and the lagoons. I also ascended the Clock-Tower (built in 1496) and saw in operation the curious mechanism of the three Magi, the Madonna and Babe, the Angel, etc. Also the Lion of St. Mark and the colossal Bell on which two gigantic figures have struck the hours and half hours during five centuries.

and quite innumerable pigeons of St. Mark flying about everywhere in the golden sunlight, or walking on the ground with all the air of privileged promenaders. And privileged they are in faith—not one of them will bestir her little pink feet or take a short flight to get out of your way. It is thus seen that privilege breeds bad manners in the animal kingdom as among men. But these feathered aristocrats are spoiled by all classes, and especially by the young people who gorge them with dainties, notwithstanding that the Municipality provides for their keep—an ancient custom deriving from the times of the Republic.

Florian's café is the best and the most fashionable of the restaurants in the square; the food and drink here are little inferior to the best in Paris. Especially I was glad to taste good German beer, Muenchner, for the first time since leaving the banks of the Seine—if we may now properly call Alsatian beer a *German* product.

If one could wait long enough in the due season at Florian's he would be apt to see all the migrant fashionables of Europe and a liberal cross-section of American millionaires. My time was so brief that I cannot boast of any great achievement in this way. But I remember the place with pleasure and gratitude for the happy hours I spent there, enjoying myself, listening to the good music, and watching the throng of elegant folk from all the world, all intent upon extracting the greatest possible happiness out of the fleeting moment. Can you blame them, surly philosopher? The sum of such moments is but a brief time for the most fortunate. Often I catch myself in a day-dream, seeing

the great blue skies and golden sun of Venice, the Campanile, St. Mark's with her three domes and her Brazen Steeds, the Winged Lion, the Grand Square with its throngs of happy idlers and hundreds of flying, fluttering, promenading pigeons—and the music ever playing at Florian's!

THE history of great peoples seems to run in millennial periods, during which they rise, develop and exhaust themselves. To take a few examples that instantly occur to mind: Pagan or greater Rome had about a thousand years of it from the foundation to Constantine—we need not reckon the later decadence. The true glory of Greece was not of longer duration. Regarding strictly the temporal Sovereignty of the Popes, it extends from the Ninth to the Nineteenth century—again the fatal Millennium. And the aristocratic Republic of Venice, which was something like a rebirth of ancient Rome, rose in the Seventh century, culminated in the Fourteenth, and declined to insignificance in the Eighteenth. Up to the present hour no people that has thus passed through the millenary experience, has ever been able to retrieve its past greatness. I leave this large question to the philosophers: Will future history witness a reversal of this rule? . . .

In the vestibule of St. Mark's Cathedral a place is pointed out where the warlike German Emperor Frederic I (Barbarossa) knelt in submission before Pope Alexander III on July 23, 1177, and peace was thus concluded between them. Except the Cannossa incident in which another German Emperor,

Henry IV, figured with greater humiliation, this is perhaps the most dramatic episode in the related history of Popes and Kings. Nowadays the Kings are fewer in number, and they have other troubles; while the Popes, of necessity, attend more strictly to the proper business of the Fisherman. It would seem that there has been some progress made along this line.

St. Mark's, with its wonderful mosaics and gorgeous Byzantine decoration, offers such splendors to the eye as may not be equaled by any other church in Europe. Most people doubtless prefer churches in the occidental taste, like those of Rome and Paris; St. Mark's is, at any rate, distinguished by its Oriental uniqueness no less than by its history, which takes us back to the Crusades. Unlike St. Peter's, the first view of which is rather disappointing (no doubt from too great anticipation) St. Mark's instantly captures one with its grand façade studded with gold and mosaic and adorned with numerous columns in Parian porphyry and other splendid marbles. Above the gallery of the peristyle which forms the entrance hall of the Church, rise several great arches supported by columns variegated with Byzantine sculptures and bas-reliefs. Graceful spires spring up amid these arches bearing statues of the four Evangelists; upon the centre one is posed the winged lion of St. Mark, with his right foot placed on the open Gospel. Above this rises a statue of our Lord.

On the large central arch above the entrance stand the famous four bronze horses of St. Mark, mentioned by Byron,—

*Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
Their gilded collars glittering in the sun.*

Very striking is the effect of these sculptured animals upon the front of the great Cathedral; they are said to have been brought as war booty from Constantinople early in the Thirteenth century. Legend has it that they once belonged to the Arch of Nero in Rome, whence Constantine carried them to his new Capital. Napoleon took them to Paris in 1797; whence they were restored to Venice in 1815.

I may not offer even a cursory description of the interior of St. Mark's, beyond noting its varied magnificence and the effects of color obtained from the lavish use of gold, agate, jasper and other precious stones, of mosaic and different-hued marbles and porphyry in decorating the walls and pillars. A good-sized book would be required to do full justice to the various monuments, tombs, sculptures, pictures in mosaic, paintings, altar decorations, bas-reliefs, etc., which make of St. Mark's at once a Temple of Religion and of Art. In this Church an American more fully realizes than elsewhere that Christianity is not a mere ritual or form of words, but a tremendously vital history, glorified by every type of heroism and enriched with the finest legends of humanity.

Both the interior and exterior of St. Mark's are in the shape of a Greek cross. One should not fail to note the pulpit from which the fiery Doge Enrico Dandolo in the Thirteenth century preached the Crusade.

The traveled reader needs not to be informed that almost every great church in Europe has a *Treasury* of precious things, historical souvenirs or pious relics, for the privilege of seeing which one is not unreasonably expected to pay a small fee, over and above that due to the *cicerone* who takes one about. (I found the Venetian *cicerone* the best informed and most courteous of the tribe). In St. Mark's Treasury are the following objects: A crystal vase containing some drops of Christ's Blood, some pieces of the True Cross, a silver column with a piece of the Column of the Passion, a bone from the head of St. John the Baptist, and corporeal relics of other saints.

The reader may be interested to know my opinion of these things. Frankly, I do not believe in them at all as *actual facts*, but I am far from imputing conscious imposture to the exhibitors. No doubt the several relics are very old, coming down from the time of easy and childlike faith; and belief in them by the Venetians has become the most natural thing in the world. In my view it is impossible that several of these relics should be genuine, but I cannot see that belief in them does any harm, since it is voluntary and not coerced. As I have heretofore noted, religious faith in Italy actually *craves* such tangible tests and makes no difficulty of accepting them. I would not deny anybody the pious gratification desired. Too many non-Catholics are unaware that the Church does not hold belief in relics necessary to salvation. . . .

THE grand Ducal Palace in Venice is enormously interesting for historical reasons, and it is one of the best preserved structures of its age in Europe. I would be glad to dilate upon its many artistic treasures and memorials of great men gone, but we are almost at the end of our task. A few lines are all I may devote to this great subject.

In the verses prefacing this chapter allusion was made to Lord Byron's famous stanza in "Childe Harold" descriptive of Venice, from which it would appear that the Bridge of Sighs afforded him a prospect over the lagunes for the splendid visions he summoned before us. I was therefore surprised and poetically disappointed to find this, alas, too famous bridge merely a short, enclosed passage between the Ducal Palace and the Prison, crossing a narrow *Rio* or water-street. Of course, the first two lines of the verse need not be taken in a connection too close with what follows. I quote it here that the reader may judge for himself.

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand;
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of some enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times when many a subject land
Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred
isles!

I saw the "Lion's Mouth," recalling the terrible judgments of the Ten, and made a visit to the prison cells or dungeons of the Seventeenth century, which are not so bad as they have been depicted by romancers. The Hall of the *Tre Inquisitori*

(Three Inquisitors) had very conveniently a narrow staircase leading down to these cells called *Pozzi*, which were dark and divided into two tiers; but not subterranean and flooded with water, as has been often alleged. However, a little more or less discomfort in such a place wouldn't matter—the unfortunates sent down there were commonly as good as dead men. There are curious inscriptions on the walls scratched by condemned prisoners. One written by a priest whose friend had betrayed him, starts off—"May God preserve me from friends!"

Rooms of torture and execution were connected with these frightful dungeons. I was shown a low door opening on to the canal by which the corpses, tied in sacks, were taken out to a distance and sunk in the sea. I stood in the place where victims innumerable had received their death; a veritable slaughter pen, there being a hole in the solid masonry allowing the blood to flow down.

A better sort of prisons known as *Piombi* were provided under the roof of the Palace, which was covered with sheets of *lead*; hence the name. There were originally four of these, but three were destroyed in the revolution of 1797. Poor Bruno was a prisoner here before he was turned over to the Inquisition—the reader will recall our reference to his dungeon in the Castle of St. Angelo at Rome.

The Ducal Palace is an immense structure comparable to the great palaces of France; the Hall of Scrutiny (examination of votes) and the Hall of the Greater Council are among the largest and most magnificent in Europe. Of the pictures, I can but

say that the great Venetian painters, especially Veronese, Titian and Tintoretto, are well represented. I dare not omit mention of the work which John Ruskin called the greatest picture in the world—Tintoretto's *Glory of Paradise* on the wall of the Throne Room.

Were the pictures really too large and too numerous that one saw there, or was it that the contrast of all this past imperial grandeur of Venice with her later and present insignificance rather detracted from the show? I dare not pretend to say. It is profitable at least to reflect that Venice did not build those terrible dungeons and appoint those swift and secret means of death until early in the Seventeenth century when her true glory and ascendancy were long past and her degenerate sons, unworthy of their great sires, had given themselves over to luxury, licentiousness, idleness and intrigue.

Everybody going to Venice wants to see, first of all, the celebrated Bridge of the Rialto—indeed the most celebrated of all bridges, perhaps—and I found it one of the most interesting monuments in Venice. The Rialto spans the Grand Canal and derives its name from the quarter in which it is placed, one of the most ancient in the City. This bridge which Shakespeare has, more than any other writer, helped to make universally famous with his "Othello" and "Merchant of Venice", was first built of wood in the Twelfth century and rebuilt of Istrian stone late in the Sixteenth. It has one arch of marble, and there are twelve shops on either side of the thoroughfare. Shakespeare may have had in his mind's eye the Rialto as it appears today,



Moses by Michael Angelo—Rome

since it was constructed when he was a young man, and the hypothesis of travel not being allowed, he might easily have seen a picture of it. One hopes, at any rate, that this pleasure was not denied to the most illustrious of its god-fathers.

The Rialto is a much frequented place, though not by actors good or bad, as it is supposed on Broadway. I had occasion to cross it several times, the Post Office being near by, and may I confess ingenuously that it was always a great pleasure so to do?

By the way, the Grand Canal is a little over two miles long and has an average breadth of sixty yards. One runs everywhere by the little steamboats, which are clean, efficient and economical; there are several delightful excursions to be made, to the Lido, the islands, etc. The gondolier, beloved of romance, has not been put out of business, by any means, but what there is of the race must be a highly select survival. Not being in the romantic line myself, I had very few occasions to use him; young couples, I observed, were his main source of income.

Venice is surprisingly small for a city that had once imperial pretensions—scarcely 160,000 population.

The Venetians are generally a comely, courteous, agreeable folk, much like the Florentines, and I should guess, decidedly more religious than the Romans (in both Venice and Florence I was more deeply impressed with the religious spirit of the people than I was in Rome). I recall neither seeing

nor hearing anything grossly offensive in my peregrinations about the City of the Doges.

While in Venice my old passion for Byron revived, and I went about crooning to myself verses from "Childe Harold" which I had known since boyhood, and which have inspired many English readers with the only interest in Venice they have ever felt. I am aware that a later English poet, Browning, has, to a degree, supplanted or outmoded him in this respect, and to-day "In a Gondola" has doubtless more readers than the "Ode to Venice" which Shelley so frankly admired. But the personality of Byron, his "hero legend", is worth as much as or more than his poetry, and here the author of "Sordello" is quite outclassed. Therefore, the thought of Byron was very much with me and I sought his *vestigia* in Venice with a lively zeal—alas! the waters of time have mostly washed them away.

I went to the Lido where he was in the daily habit of horseback-riding and of which there is frequent mention in his letters—those letters alive with genius and wit, which hold us now even better than his poetry. The Lido is a long narrow island stretching across the Adriatic and making a barrier to protect the islands of the Lagune from the heavy roll of the tides. This place is greatly changed since Byron's Venetian period (1818), and the change has been greatest within the last ten years. In Byron's time (and for long afterwards) it was barren, lonesome and practically uninhabited; hence he liked to ride there for the real

or affected reason that he might escape the gauntlet of English tourists.

The Lido is now thoroughly built up, with a number of fine hotels, restaurants, places of rest and recreation, bathing establishments, etc., and many handsome private villas, the number of which is constantly increasing. What with the mild, delightful climate and the scenic beauties of the locality, it is the most attractive resort in the neighborhood of Venice. I saw no place in Italy where I would rather live, if the choice were open to me.

I followed the road beside the sea which Byron must have taken so often, and I thoroughly enjoyed my pilgrimage.

On another occasion, I visited the island of San Lazzaro where is a community of Armenian monks, with monastery, church, library, museum and polyglot printing-office. These pious and useful *religieux* have many interesting things to show the visitor, and there are some fine sculptures and paintings in the church. I was, of course, chiefly interested in connection with the Byron legend—he used to come out here whenever he wanted to “break his mind on something craggy”, study Armenian or modern Greek, and argue with the monks. They are very proud of the fact to this day, and one is touched by the modest legend which they have preserved of his visits. I quite sensibly felt that the great Poet had been there.*

The tracing of his house in Venice was a more difficult matter, since one is referred to four contiguous *palazzi* (palaces) on the Grand Canal, and it is not very clearly indicated which had the hon-

or of sheltering the author of "Childe Harold", while the rights of private ownership are rigidly maintained, to the discomfiture of Byron worshippers. I could but think, how dull the Venetians are, compared with the French! If this house were in Paris the Municipality would convert it into a Byron Museum (what an interesting one it could be made!)—has not Paris had this long time a *Rue Lord Byron*? . . .

I have to relate an amusing adventure of mine in the quest of Byron's Venetian residence, and it seems more convenient to do it in verse which, I fear, will shock the *vers-libristes*.

In Venice it was I made this rhyme—
Damn the Doges!—think of Guggenheim.

You see I was looking for Byron's house
Where he had good times and many a rouse,
And wrote his "Beppo," likewise his "Juan,"
Or at least the first or second duan;
And ironed his foes out nice and clean,
And eased his heart and lightened his spleen,

And with poems and pranks made such a stew
That the Devil had little else to do
But to stand at the elbow of Milord
And help the fun with a wink or a word;*
At least the pious folk took that view,
As I should have done, mayhap, or you.

Well, I hired me à husky gondolier
Who charged by the hour just fifteen lire,

* Byron says of this community of monks, that "it appears to unite all the advantages of the monastic institution without any of its vices." He commends the "unaffected devotion, accomplishments and virtues of the brethren of the order." Among his prose miscellanies is a translation of two Epistles from the Armenian Scriptures which he made with the assistance of the learned Friar of San Lazzaro.

And away we skimmed o'er the waters clear,
Till we came to a palace fine and tall,
Just on the edge of the Grand Canal.
Then said I, this looks like the place, for sure,
Where he had his larks with Thomas Moore,
And that jealous lady, in wild despair,
Tried to drown herself, but just wet her hair!

So I went to ring at the lofty door,
And a maid came down with her bib before,
And I asked, "Did Lord Byron once live here?"*
But she stared at me with a visage queer,
And said, "It never was in *my* time,
"For our master is Mr. Guggenheim.
"But there was a Doge here long ago,
"Who lost his money or head, you know.
"Maybe he was the party you're wanting, sir?
(I was held in trance nor could speak or stir)
"For strange folks often come to inquire—
"Such questions they ask a body to tire!
"And they always want to see the place,
"But I have to shut the door in their face.
"Not that I likes to, many a time,
"But it's orders from Mr. Guggenheim!"**

Here darkness came and I thought to fall
Into the waters of the Grand Canal,
When the gondolier sprang to my aid,
And whisked me away from the startled maid.
I raved a little, but raved in rhyme—
Damn the Doges!—think of Guggenheim!

* Byron's life in Venice is all too frankly described in his letters, in those of Shelley and Moore, and the recollections of Hunt and Trelawny. . . . According to Moore's Diary, Byron was shocked afterwards at the life he led in Venice and hated to think of it.

** The house Byron occupied in Venice is actually one of the Palazzi Mocenigo, four in number, dating from the Sixteenth century. It does not seem to be well known to the natives, and the present occupants of the place make no concession to a legitimate public interest. Venice should look to it—Byron has been worth more to her than at least a dozen of her Doges!

CHAPTER XXXVI

ADIEUX

Farewell to Venice—The Return to Paris—Ten Happy Days in the Latin Quarter—Second Honeymoon with Lutèce—Goodbye or Au Revoir?—Liberty wears a Smile and a Wink—Home again—A Pilgrim's Verses.

I CONFESS that it was a hard pull to break away from Venice. (*Indulgens animo pes mihi tardus erat*), where there was not a moment without its charm and satisfaction. But time is the most inexorable of all things, and the hour came when I was obliged to say *Addio* to the City of the Doges; to St. Mark's, its Brazen Steeds, the Campanile, the Great Square with its petted pigeons, fashionable folk and Florian's musicians; to the sun-lighted lagunes, the old palaces that time has touched with colors so softly harmonious, the Grand Canal and its gay traffic, the Rialto eloquent of Shylock and the Moor, the romantic gondoliers, and all the rest of that unequaled pageant. Whether the show would pall on one in course of time, I know not, and the question is unprofitable; my short sojourn did not allow of the first symptoms of lassitude.

I returned to Paris about September 15th, by way of the St. Gothard, and this time I put myself

under the protection of the Cook's people, as I did not care to risk a repetition of my awful experience on the P. L. M. In foreign travel it is best to follow the beaten track, where the difficulties have been ironed out and contingencies provided for. Going it alone is apt to be costly and inconvenient, especially in Italy, where ordinary railroad traveling comes in the category of cruel and unusual punishment.

The return journey was pleasant enough, since we were enjoying the coolness of mid-September. Good meals were furnished in the Buffet car at prices (barring the wine) about the same as in America. We passed through Switzerland in the night, and I therefore saw less of that famous country than I had previously seen in cinema shows. About the time that we were visited by the customs officers—a perfunctory business that profits nobody, as it seemed to me—I looked out of the window and saw the ground covered with snow. And that is all I am able to report of Helvetia. I judged, however, that it would be a hard place to scratch a living in; but the Swiss, like their goats, have developed a wonderful aptitude in this line.

On arriving in Paris I had all the sensations of a real home-coming, such is the extraordinary friendliness and charm of this unique city—more apparent than real, perhaps, but very grateful to the stranger, none the less. Glad I was to have ten days before me, as I wished to digest and co-ordinate my impressions. I had decided to return by the French line, and my ship, the Touraine, was booked to sail on September 26th. I thought my-

self fortunate in securing a single state-room, which turned out to be the smallest one in the world, so that I usually undressed after going to bed. This time, however, I was without the problem of an Unsinkable Safety Suit.

A friend had bespoken quarters for me at the Hotel Venitia, on the Boulevard Montparnasse, not far from my old stamping ground. It was a quiet, well-conducted place, happily exempt from the nuisance of fugitive amours—that pest of the small Parisian hotel. I was still in the Latin Quarter and returned to the restaurants which had formerly pleased me. My compatriots had mostly vanished from the cafés and *terrasses*; the “American season” was well nigh over. . . .

I enjoyed Paris herself during those ten last days, having given up my gallery-and-museum hunting (save for a look or two in the Louvre) and other prescribed punishments of the regulation sort. *Apropos*, I found by comparing notes with friends,—long seasoned Parisians, if you please, and alive to everything in the æsthetic way,—that I had seen far more of the art treasures, historical relics, etc., of the City than any one of them. This is not to pat myself on the back, however, for a Parisian, without working very hard, might make the same retort upon me in New York. I know cultivated persons (New Yorkers) who have never set foot within the Metropolitan Museum of Art; and in Paris I met an exceedingly clever and well-informed Frenchman who had never seen the interior of Notre Dame, though he had spent his whole life in the City.

We are prone to take things for granted when they are within easy reach. There are four hundred and fifty churches in Rome, but I never chanced to see that number of Romans in any one of them. . . .

Delightful was this second *lune de miel* with Paris, and never have I grudged the flight of time as during those beautiful September days. I strolled about wherever my vagrant fancy dictated, I measured the Boulevards, I explored the Parks and the Bois de Boulogne; not overlooking the lovely Parc Monceau with its fine bust of Guy de Maupassant. I must have astonished The Man on his Column (observant as he is of all the doings below him) by starting up so often under his feet, and surveying him from all possible points of view. Meantime I ate, drank and slept well; with Romeo I could have said:

My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
And all the day an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thought.

Just to be alive in Paris, is it not as great a privilege as to possess all the adjuncts of fortune elsewhere? You remember how Heine clung to the mere shadow of life here—wasting on his mattress-grave during several years, so that he was almost forgotten of the world!

There is an old saying that good Americans, when they die, go to Paris. It is not a bad arrangement, but I should prefer to make sure of her in this life.

Nearer and nearer I drew to Lutèce as the days sped away, and when the parting moment came and

I was obliged to say *Adieu*, my pain and sorrow were so great that the word died on my lips and I faltered out, *Au revoir!* . . . It was then she clasped me in her arms, crying—"Ah, I wanted this to make sure that you love me!" . . .

Now this was very well in Paris, but on the fourth day of October, passing Liberty in the Bay—she wore a cheerful understanding smile and the merest suggestion of a wink, so that I guessed the Puritan wouldn't get her pedestal for a while yet—I recanted all vows of foreign allegiance and like a good, hundred-per-cent. American, sang the song of "Home, sweet Home".

AMERICA! hail to thy shore!
Too long a pilgrim have I strayed
Thro' alien lands of dusty lore,
In the shadow of time decayed.

What from my travels do I bring
Like the great throb that swells my breast,
To see thy proud flag fluttering
And feel my own land is the best!

Thrice glad is thy son to return
Back to thy sheltering arms,
From climes where the hate-fires burn,
And the air is thick with alarms.

Not thine are the trophies of art,
Nor the sculptured titles of fame;
But deep in my innermost heart
Is the love that wakes at thy name!

Not thine is the laurel of age,
That asketh the world to admire;
Nor the lure of a historied page,
With its legend in blood and fire.

AMERICA!—leave them the past:
Thy glory is not of the scroll
And the gilded arch—far better thou hast
In the living *Now* and thy soul!

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Oh, keep thine altar clean and bright,
Where burns the flame of liberty,
And still uphold the shining light
That guides the exile unto thee.

If thou hast from the fathers turned
E'en but a step—retrace the path,
And let the false misleaders, spurned,
Taste the full vengeance of thy wrath!

Thine is the love I may not share,
Tho' free the wide world o'er to roam—
This natal soil, this patriot air,
My God, my country, and my home!

THE END.

